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Rev. L. Studebaker,
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Evangelize
To make known the good news
To make acquainted with the gospel

The Pastor His Own Evangelist

The Pastor His Own Evangelist

METHODS, TEXTS, SEED THOUGHTS
AND ILLUSTRATIONS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

AND A PRELIMINARY CHAPTER ON
PREPARING FOR A REVIVAL
BY
CHARLES L. GOODELL, D. D.

F. M. BARTON
CLEVELAND, OHIO

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WHY?

Many a pastor feels the urgent need of an annual season of special services of an evangelistic character.

The problem of securing desirable assistance, whether that of an evangelist, or of ministerial brethren, is often difficult of solution.

The busy minister who has been in a pastorate for some years often shrinks from the special drain involved in the preaching of a score of sermons, on as many consecutive days of evangelistic services, while engaged in the other arduous duties incident to services.

This volume is intended, not to be a crutch, but rather, to stimulate the minister's own thinking by making easily available, suggestive texts, seed thoughts and fresh illustrative material for specific sermons.

A particularly valuable feature of the book is its provision of practical, actually tested plans for the details of the services the influence of which it aims to make cumulative by following a natural order of sequence.

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INTRODUCTION

This book presents to us the ideal as regards evangelistic effort. There will always be a place in the Church for evangelists who are called and equipped of God, and especially adapted by training and temperament to do a special work. I have always believed, and more firmly during the past few years than ever before, that the call to be an evangelist should be as distinct and clear as that which one receives to be a minister of the Gospel or a pastor of a Church. It ought to be true that every pastor would possess, in some slight degree at least, the gift to do evangelistic work, but even if this be true, nevertheless the fact remains as above stated, and in my own experience I was as clearly called to do the work to which I am now devoting my life, as in the other days I was called to preach the Gospel in the church of a special congregation. However, I am clearly convinced that an evangelist cannot settle the problems of a church, who as an emergency man is called to render a service which, when it is needed at all, is sorely needed. The only man of all others who can do this work and do it well, and do it continually, is the pastor himself. Any form of general evangelistic effort which does not leave him stronger in the affection of his people is not worth while, and any evangelistic effort which fails to make his work easier when the special helper is gone, is not worthy of the name.

Each pastor should be his own evangelist; at the same time, he should hold himself in readiness to assist his brother ministers. This is an ideal position to take and the suggestions made by the author of this book are practical and helpful.

I am firmly convinced that a great revival is possible. I am not unmindful of the dark clouds above us nor of the dangers that menace us and sometimes seem about to defeat us; but with every pastor on fire with the passion for souls and a fair proportion of the membership following the leadership of such a pastor, defeat is impossible and victory absolutely sure.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN,

New York City.

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Preparing For A Revival

PREPARING FOR A REVIVAL

CHARLES L. GOODELL, D.D.

A Prepared Man.

It was a prepared man, a prepared message and a prepared church that received and answered to the first Pentecost. It is to a consideration of this threefold preparation for the coming of our Pentecost that I give myself.

In astronomy it is possible to predict to the fraction of a minute when a given star will cross a certain meridian. God is a matchless timekeeper and there are few things that more stir the soul than to set one's transit-instrument according to reckonings made years before and on the tick of the clock to see a star world sweep into the field of vision, fulfilling to a second its appointed time and place. In spiritual astronomy we are not able, alas, to make such certain calculations. Another Pentecost is long overdue but it has not come. There are many watchers who are crying "Watchman, what of the night?" It is not so dark as it was, but it is true for the full sunrise.

Why are not nations being born in a day? Why are not Pentecosts falling in every land? There is only one answer. Men are not yet ready. There is no resting place for the divine afflatus. This is the reason why pastors and people are not mitred with celestial fire. A hundred ships are sailing on the great deep, and their voyagers long in vain for news from home. Neither wind nor wave give answer to their cry. But yonder is a steamer where every hour there are messages from the shore. For those who voyage thus the throbbing air is vocal with messages of love. The sea is no longer silent and shoreless. A little instrument on board is keyed to the same pitch as another on the distant shore, and whether there be sunlight or storm the harmony holds and the messages come. Why are the heavens dumb? Is there no wireless telegraphy in the upper air? Alas, we are out of harmony. There are messages enough from God if only we could hear, to make this old world vocal with celestial joys. The call is for preparation. Let us get into tune with the infinite. God wants to talk with

us, and the only thing that breaks the connection is a non-conducting soul. God does not whisper his secrets to those who are out of tune with him.

I have been saying for some time that the church can have its belated Pentecost whenever it is ready to pay the price, and the answers which come to me from the scores of churches where the power has fallen leave no doubt as to the truth of this statement.

The message of the hour is the old message, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." It goes without saying that this preparation must first begin in the ministry of the Christian church.

I am no accuser of my brethren. I do not mean to say that there are not thousands of pastors today as faithful and devoted as any who worshiped in the catacombs or wore togas of flame to light up Nero's palace garden. But there are many of us who need to be reminded of the things we know, to the end that we may double our faith and diligence.

No one is prepared for the great work of winning men until he is mastered by a few great principles. He must first believe tremendously in the great verities of the Christian life, and that he has a commission fresh from the court of heaven to declare them. If he is doubtful of the temper of the sword of the spirit—which is the word of God—he will do no great execution with it. I do not mean by that that he cannot critically examine it; but I do mean to say that the question of where it was forged and in what shop; who etched its inscriptions and wrought its scabbard, has little or nothing to do with the quality of its steel; that must be settled in actual battle. Some of us have tried it thus and have found out by the test of experience that it is a Damascus blade, keen enough to clip an egg-shell and stout enough to "carve the casques of men." The time spent in the criticism of the form of things is out of all proportion to the value of the results gained. Of this much we may assure ourselves, "The Christian church is forever committed to the supernatural view of religion and the Bible. It is the spinal column of Christianity." There is room for great difference of opinion as to non-essentials, but if a man

does not hold to this great fact he is not prepared to fight God's battle. Infidelity will knock his sword into the air and smite him to the earth.

We must believe that we are God's men and that we can be used by him—poor and ignorant and wicked and weak as we are by nature—if only we will surrender ourselves to the full tides of his purpose. He has taken peasants and fishermen, miners and tinkers, liars and libertines, transformed them by his grace and made them mighty; and he can do the same by us. We must also have faith in the ultimate triumphs of his kingdom, whose advent we preach, and be certain that no individual case is beyond his power.

We must have a very clear conception of the lost condition of men out of Christ and the passion which consumed our Lord must fairly master us. So long as we can be comforted and content with good salaries and social enjoyment, and men sweeping by unto death, we have no right to call ourselves followers of Jesus. We are only hirelings and the sheep are not ours. I have elsewhere written at length of the yearning soul. I must only say here that no man is worth much for God or men who has not come to the place where he cries from his Gethsemane, "Give me, or I die!" Our word "bless" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word for blood. That derivation is true to fact, for it is only the heart that bleeds that can really bless. So far as I know the road to every victory, both for one's self and for others, lies through Gethsemane and over Calvary. "When Zion travaileth she shall bring forth." May God lay upon us all a warrant of soul for those who are being lost!

Thy hands are twain; by one with pain
Seize fast some lofty crag;
By one then clasp some brother's grasp
Who else may downward drag!
Thy hands are twain for self in vain!
Thy hands despair shall grip but air,
If both dare clutch the sky
And let a brother die.

I have thus indicated the general line in which our preparation should lie. Let me now briefly call attention to methods which have been greatly blessed by God in the preparation of my own soul to teach and win the hearts of men.

We are all of us conscious of a need which we call in general terms "the endowment of power;" or, tracing that power to its source, we say "we must have the Holy Ghost with his anointing." But the true question comes, "How shall we gain this great chrism of the Holy Spirit?" First of all we must find it as Jesus found it, and as the company in the upper room found it, waiting before God in prayer. After that busy day at Capernaum, Jesus, "rising up a great while before day, departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." In the day of his transfiguration it is recorded, "As he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered." The great effect of prayer is not in things received; it is in an altered "countenance." While I do not wish to belittle intercessory prayer, for the Bible has much of it and more things are wrought by it than this poor world realizes, it is still true that most of the Savior's praying was not of that kind. It will be a great day for God's workmen when they go to prayer with a burning thirst to adore God and to commune with him. In that kind of praying faith will grow, and a yearning soul will send every man to heroic toil.

"Speak to him thou, for he hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

In such exercise the baptism of the Holy Ghost will come if we are careful to wait and listen until God talks back. Let us do more praying. Something will happen when we each can say,

"Yea, I will be found
Dead at the threshold of thy mercy,
With the ring of thy door in my hand."

Next to prayer I put the study of the word of God as of prime necessity. I do not mean now the critical study nor entirely the devotional study of the word. I mean such a study as shall reveal the great motif of the Bible—man lost, a Sav-

ior found. For the lack of a better term I call it the evangelistic study of God's word. I try to catch the zeal of Moses, of Caleb and of Joshua. I seek to have a love for men as intense as the love of the old prophets for the lost sheep of the house of Israel. An English preacher has said that however many Isaiahs there may be he is glad there is but one Jeremiah. I presume he means that a smiling prophet is better than a weeping one, and that one set of Jeremiahs is enough. But I am not so sure about that. It might happen that a multiplication of prophets whose yearning heart was crying, "Oh that my head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people," might multiply the number of those who would return unto the God of mercy. When we pass into the New Testament we are face to face with him who "had a passion for saving the lost," and whose followers we profess to be. He is a son of solitude, of sacrifice and of tears, and says that if any man would follow after him he must deny himself and walk in the path of pain. It is difficult to see how any can refuse after such reading to pay the price of evangelistic service.

I shall name one other method of preparation that is marvelously stimulating. When you have finished Arthur's "Tongue of Fire," read the lives of the saints. In these days of calculating materialism we need a touch of the heroic. There is good need of it, "For the bravest of men will find stern work to do, in the day of the Lord at hand." The history of the Christian church assures us that there has been "a joy in dungeons and on scaffolds passing the joy of harvest." Some of the martyrs went home on a short, rough road and others journeyed long with bleeding feet, but all affirmed that Jesus went with them. Read the story of the first century of Christian martyrs; read of Savonarola and of Luther; of Knox and the men of the covenant; read how Wesley and Whitefield went among the miners in Cornwall, the colliers in Kingswood, the drunkards and harlots of Drury Lane until they were fairly "out of breath pursuing souls." If anything more is needed to fire the soul, read of Brainerd, Paton, Finney, Taylor and Moody.

Are we prepared? God and men have done for us all that can be done. Here is the commission. Let us execute it, "I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness."

A Prepared Message.

Our subject opens up the whole question of effective evangelistic preaching. "Fine form in fit action" is a good definition of preaching as an art, but the preaching which amounts to an incarnation is of another sort. Preaching is not an end,—it is a means to an end. Hence the object bulks larger than the subject. The value of a sermon is not in its form but in its effect. What is a great speech? Ask the Athenians and they will tell you it is the speech which makes every citizen take up arms against Philip of Macedon; ask the colonists and they will tell you it is the speech which makes every man resolve, "Give me liberty or give me death;" ask the man on trial for his life, and he will tell you it is the speech which makes him a free man. If you ask, "What is a great sermon?" you have already the key to the answer. The sermon which leads a man to forsake his sins, to give up his indifference, to take up the work of a holy life,—that, by every standard of holy judgment, is a great sermon, no matter what the critics may say about it.

The prerequisite for all successful preaching is conviction. A man may not have many articles in his creed, but he needs to have a few concerning which he has no doubt whatever. If one believes tremendously in these articles of religion,—man a sinner, Christ a Savior, the present the only safe time for reconciliation,—he will not be likely to go far wrong on the other thirty-six articles. It is the man of conviction who begets conviction. The trouble with much of the criticism and speculation of our ministry is that it develops a temper of mind which unfits a man to preach any truth with great power. It cuts the nerve of all religious zeal. The weapon of scepticism is not the stiletto but the sandbag. It confuses, benumbs and deadens. People miss the note of courage and conviction which once swelled from the pulpit like a holy symphony, and they stand shivering about altars whose fires have gone out. It

is cold comfort for the man who goes to church with his heart oppressed by doubt and unbelief, to have his burden augmented at the preacher's hand by the latest rationalistic speculation. The preacher is a prophet, but if he has no message, he has no function. He is a seer, but if he does not see he is an impertinence in the sight of God and man. The men of vision move the world. The critics of the forms of things bring out their microscopes and scalpels, but that is nothing new under the sun and stars. The planets watched their ancestors in the days of Moses and Jeremiah, and said, "Whither so fast, little men?" and God took care of the prophets. Let us be wise in our day. Sin and pain and heartache have not gone out of fashion, and the remedy that the ages have tested is still the only safe one. If you look carefully enough, you will see that the world's gaze is fastened on a hill and a cross.

"That cross like a far-seen beacon stands
In the midst of a world of sin,
And stretched out are his bleeding hands
To gather the wanderers in."

If the spell of that cross is on you, you will not lack for power.

Our next concern is the form of the message. In evangelistic preaching the simplicity of the form has much to do with the force of the sermon. The thought should be direct and forceful, and the words such as befit the thought. I heard a great lawyer plead for the life of his client and I marked the words he used. Every man in the jury box knew their meaning. Not a single word or reference diverted their attention from the great matter in hand. The speaker felt that it was life or death that day, and the dread alternative lay in the venture of his speech. When a preacher obtrudes his personality by calling attention to his achievements and abilities, he dooms his cause. He is not speaking as a critic nor as a literateur. He is only a voice. He must sink himself out of sight. The value of his message is not in the human element but in the divine. It is his duty to give it a fitting form, but he must never obscure the "Thus saith the Lord," which is the basis of his message to dying men. Many of the brightest preachers

of our time are recasting the form of their message. These men are liberal enough and literary enough not to be classed with literalists and fanatics. I have seen them come down from the most famous pulpits of our metropolis and walk down Fifth avenue and Broadway with thousands of the common people with them, and then when they reached our great squares they mounted dry goods boxes and preached Christ in a language which laborers and loafers could understand. In many places the most cultivated men are renouncing the scholarly ease of one essay a week and are feeling a thrill of holy joy in preaching from the tail of a cart or the curb of the street to the sinning and the poor the gospel which the Master preached to the same class of people, and with the same simplicity.

An evangelistic sermon ought to be interesting. It is not enough to have it orthodox. There ought to be something about it that will stir the interest of the listeners, otherwise it will have little effect. One reason why so few of the unconverted go to evangelistic or regular services is that there is so little that interests them. That could never be charged against Whitefield or Beecher or Moody. An unexpected turn of a sentence will arouse the careless and indifferent. Sustained pathos or pleading or even eloquence wearies. Let us study how to interest men that we may thereby win them.

Again, ours is a direct and eager age. It asks for much in little. It is the age of small books, of short addresses, of thirty-minute sermons,—"with a leaning to the side of mercy." Many an evangelistic sermon is too long. It dissipates the interest which it aroused. It is a wise preacher who knows when to stop. Let us talk as if we meant it. Let us use our words like sunbeams,—condense them until they burn. When wise methods are aflame with love and zeal, men are likely to listen and come again.

Of even greater importance than the form is the substance of our message. To the question "What shall I preach?" the answer comes, "The preaching that I bid thee." If a preacher in his personal preparation will follow the suggestions I have made, he will be likely to have a message which is his own,

borne in upon his soul by the Holy Ghost. In general terms we are to preach Christ and him crucified, but that is a very broad theme. You may speak of suns and planets, but they are the work of his fingers. All moral law is from him, and all ethical maxims are embodied in him, who is the way, the truth and the life. Nor is the cross a narrow theme, for there centers humanity and divinity, brotherhood and love, sacrifice and redemption. To press the matter a little further, we must center our preaching on Jesus Christ, our example and our Savior. All theories of the atonement aside, the great fact of the need of an atonement will not down. His is the magic name. All our hopes center in his life and death and resurrection. These are to be preached, not as a matter of argument but as a matter of experience. Important as the theory of the virgin birth may be,

> "Were Christ ten times in Bethlehem born
> And not in me, my case were still forlorn."

"Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" is the challenge which Jesus gives to every believer. A series of revival sermons should not be a course of apologetics. If we happen to know one man of sceptical tendencies, it is folly to preach especially for him and disregard the needs of hundreds of people who are not sceptics. As a matter of fact, our experience with the sceptical and critical has shown us that nothing so moves them as actual experiences in the lives of common people. For them a testimony is better than an argument, and a fresh miracle in the transformation of a wicked life will bring conviction to a wavering heart. There is doubtless need for instruction, and the teaching function of the pulpit must not be forgotten. But after all what we need is not so much more light as more sight. People need to be urged to do the things they know to be duty. It is the will, and not simply the intellect or the emotion that we must reach. Give us the appeal to conscience. Give us the blind man's creed, "This I know that whereas I was blind I now see." Apply the gospel, and the gospel will do the rest. It has vindicated its claims by actual test among all classes of men for two millenniums.

It remains to add a word about the delivery and application of the message. You must have an evangelistic heart if you are to preach the evangel and preach it with a soul on fire. If you are not moved, no one else will be. The sermon must lead up to immediate decision. It must reach a climax and stop, and there must be grip enough in it to reach and hold men. Izaac Walton says, "It is a great matter to take a trout early in your trial. It gives more heart." And Jowett adds, "The joy of catching a soul is unspeakable. When we have got one soul, we become possessed by the passion for souls. Get one, and you will want a crowd." Insist upon victory on the spot. We will hope that there will be results which do not now appear, but some results we must have at the present time. Agonize for it until you cannot be denied. As we bleed we bless and when the world sees the marks of the nails in the preacher's palms it will be no longer faithless but believing.

A Prepared Church.

We may say at the outset that the church fitted to lead the new age must have the same preparation for which the church of the first century waited in the upper room. She may not have the gift of prophecy nor understand all mystery and all knowledge, but she must have met her risen Lord and found her Pentecost. The cup she lifts to the parched lips of the world may have a modern form, but it must still contain the water of life, which alone is able to satisfy a thirsty soul.

I will not assail the church, for she is the Lamb's bride, and weak and wicked as she has been at times, still, in any age, she has been the best thing on the face of the earth. It is a comfort to note that her reformations have come from the inside and not from without. In spite of all her defections there has yet been a remnant that has not bowed the knee to Baal, and that remnant has been the saving power in the church and hence in the world. But it still remains true that the average church member is not a phenomenal success either subjectively or aggressively, and until the average church member gets a new vision and quickens his pace in the march of conquest the average church will be the dull and lifeless thing over which the angels mourn. There is much in the New Tes-

tament that is likely to disturb any self-satisfied and complacent slumberer if he really gives himself to meditation upon it. There are things written there which make it quite certain that he who has had many chances but has refused them all will come at length to the end of his opportunity. There will be a fixedness of character which is final. The unrighteous will do his unrighteousness still and the filthy will make himself still more filthy. Of the tree which has long appropriated soil and nourishment to no purpose it will be said, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

Of the unprofitable servant the sentence will be, "Cast him into the outer darkness." There are late comers at the wedding feast who will find the door shut. They forgot about their lamps and were more concerned about their own affairs than about the coming of the bridegroom. And who are those people who stand outside and vainly knock? Are they of the rabble and did they hoot at the bridegroom and stone the wedding procession? Oh, no! These are the bridesmaids. They were supposed to be the personal friends of the bridal couple. They are well-known and well-dressed and well-behaved. They are not ignorant, ill-bred or wicked; they are, so to speak, members of the church, but they are on the wrong side of the door and the door is shut. Does that mean that the gate of heaven will one day be shut and some will be outside the gate and vainly seek to enter? I fear it does. And who will be found in that company? Bad people, of course. One would expect that the jails and the slums would make up that company, but it is a fearsome thing to be told by the only One who knows anything about it that pulpit and pews will make a heavy contribution to that number; that people who have hired sittings and dressed well and observed the proprieties will be told by him whose name they bear, "I never knew you." It seems to me that the first thing to be done by way of preparing the church for its work is to stir up the average church member to a realizing sense of his critical position, and a good text would be, "He that hath ears to hear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

I hasten to say, however, that in the work of preparing the church for the high duties, imitation is better than denunciation. Never despair of any church or any community.

"Take heart! no Waster builds again—
A charmed life old Goodness hath;
The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death.
God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night.
Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray
With morning light."

In nature a single day will break the drouth of a summer; the wilted lily will lift up a full chalice, the dry brooks run full-banked to the sea and the fields will change from russet to green. Who could have supposed on the morning when Paul rode forth breathing threatenings against the church that before the sun had passed the zenith he would become the most zealous advocate of the cause he had defamed. It seems a far cry from Zaccheus the publican, climbing the tree to sate his curiosity, to Zaccheus, God's almoner, but the change took place somewhere between the limb and the ground. Now, as in Jonah's day, a great city may repent in less time than it takes to clean its streets. Pray a cloud no bigger than a man's hand out of the sea of God's grace and there will come out of it enough to break a drouth of years and deluge all Israel.

The next step in the preparation of the church is the realizing sense that it has a mission in the world. The field of operation is not finally the church, it is the world. "Ye are the light of the world," is the solemn injunction, "Ye are the salt of the earth." Now salt is good for nothing so long as it is kept by itself. Salt preserves by contact. The church will save the world in no other way. Put the church into relation with the world's corruption and if it has not lost its savor it will stop the evil. It is the saltness of the salt that counts; and it is Christ in the Christian that avails. Once the disciples undertook to help the epileptic and failed—just as so many fail in our time—for lack of faith. It is Christ in you that will

win, and the church may know how much Christ it has by noting how much the passion to save the lost dominates its life.

There are not two kinds of religion, one for the pulpit and another for the pew. The form of activity may vary, but one Christian is under the same constraint as any other, to do the full will of God. The need of the hour is for consecrated laymen. The church was inaugurated by laymen. The men who conquered the Roman empire for Christ and lit up the Roman night with their winding sheets of flame were for the most part laymen. The monks were laymen and the church has won some of its greatest victories through lay preaching. The most hopeful thing today is that laymen are awakening to their opportunity. It is the layman who supports the church, who calls the minister, and who must stand by him. A few men among us have ventured into the field that a mistaken notion had reserved for the ministry, that of personal, individual work for the souls of men and the delight of it has fairly intoxicated them. In one case within our observation, a Presbyterian elder has saved—if not absolutely saved—in his religious experience has won more than two hundred men to Christ in a few months. After all there is no preparation for a great work that is so heartening as the winning of a single soul. There will be no more trouble as to criticism; the faults of the church and of the ministry will be forgotten, the apathy of the community will be gone—all this and more will happen when, in our sight, that transcendent miracle, the birth of a new life, has taken place. Get any church member to undertake this work to the extent of a single convert, and you have filled him with a new passion. That will do more to make him a power for God than a month of sermons and special meetings. To accomplish this I have used with success a "win one" card, which is signed in duplicate, the member keeping one part to which is added the names of those who have actually been won to the church, and this is handed to the pastor at the end of the special period for which the work was undertaken. The card reads, "Looking to the Holy Spirit for direction, I am willing to undertake the winning of at least one soul to a per-

sonal choice of Christ and to membership in his church." Frequent meetings of the signers are held for conference as to methods and prayers for wisdom and power, and the reports they give sound like the report of the seventy whom Christ sent out. There are some things that cannot be taught in the schools, and the winning of men to God is one of them. If the way to learn how to preach is to preach, the way to win men is to go at it. It is a marvel to see how God opens the way to any eager heart. It often happens that the one who is sought is more eager than the seeker and God, who sends his rain to fields that have not asked for it, prepares in unexpected ways the heart to which he sends his messenger. When Peter and Cornelius find each other they discover that God was interested before they met.

The final preparation of which I wish to speak, and one which in some sense covers all the rest, is to be found in personal contact with the Master. "I will make you fishers of men," is his gracious promise. A casual observer bore witness to the fact that the disciples had been with Jesus. Happy for us if we so convince the world.

"As some rare perfume in a vase of clay,
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So when Christ dwelleth in a mortal soul
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown."

We must catch this spirit and this perfume. The church must give itself to days of toil and nights of prayer. It must be consumed by the same love which sent him to the cross. We must "fill up that which is behind in the sufferings of Christ." Daily dying for men, we shall make real to this world the love which stopped not at the cross. It will matter little what we set down in our creeds. An ounce of deed weighs more with the world than a ton of creed. The world says the church does not believe its own message, and on the face of it there seems to be little doubt that the world is right. But it must be true no longer. The church is hearing anew the call to service. It is the Master's call, and it is hot with haste. "Go, quick, everywhere!" and with it comes the enheartening promise, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world."

SERVICE ONE—Sunday Morning

The Church's Obligations and Opportunity

TEXTS FOR SERVICE I

Feeding the Multitude

Give ye them to eat.—*Mark 9:37.* Matt. 14:16

I am debtor.—*Rom. 1:14.*

Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already for the harvest.—*John 4:35.*

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.—*Matt. 9:37, 38.*

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. *Rev. 3:15.*

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—*Rom. 12:1.*

Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.—*Matt. 5:13.*

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. * * * Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. —*Matt. 5:14, 16.*

Am I my brother's keeper?—*Gen. 4:9.*

Why could not we cast him out? * * * This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.—*Matt. 17: 19, 21.*

Would God that all of the Lord's people were prophets.—*Num. 11:29.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

Give ye them to eat.—Mark 6:37.

1. They need it; are starving for it.
2. You have it; in unlimited supply.
3. God expects it; this is your mission.
4. There is a rich reward; your own supply will be increased greatly.

I am debtor.—Rom. 1:14.

1. Salvation implies obligation; "freely ye have received, freely give."
2. I owe God an infinite debt; "for his unspeakable gift."
3. Ministry to man for Christ's sake is evidence of my appreciative gratitude; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these."

Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.—John 4:35.

1. Our blindness to nearby opportunities for service; "four months."
2. The duty of cultivating keenness of spiritual vision; "Lift up your eyes."
3. What quickened vision will discern; "white fields."

The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.—Matt. 9:37, 38.

1. "Bumper crops."
2. A labor famine.
3. Prayer as a resource.
4. Self-answered prayers.

I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot.—Rev. 3:15.

1. God looking on; "I know." "All things are open unto him."
2. A lukewarm congregation seen through Christ's eyes.
3. The threatened penalty; "spue thee out."

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—Rom. 12:1.

1. Consecration is a living sacrifice of self, not of slain animals.
2. The controlling motive, gratitude; "the mercies of God."
3. Consecration reasonable; in accordance with the laws of life, physical, mental, spiritual.

Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"—Matt. 5:13.

1. Christ relies upon Christian influence for world-winning.
2. But the influence of worldly Christians is an obstacle.
3. Worldly Christians will be discarded as useless.

Ye are the light of the world. * * * Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 5:14, 16.

1. Lighthouse Christians; lighted to give light to save.
2. Life's real work is lamp trimming and reflector cleaning.
3. The unseen lighthouse; the light, not the lighthouse, seen.

Am I my brother's keeper?—Gen. 4:9.

1. Everyone within my sphere of influence is my brother.
2. I am responsible for his welfare.
3. Negligence here means condemnation.
4. Fidelity in service brings commendation; "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least," etc.

Why could not we cast him out? * * * This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.—Matt. 17:19, 21.

1. Abortive Christian effort; failure; disappointment.
2. The price of success; living closer to Christ, prayer, detachment from the world.
3. The rich reward of Christlikeness; increased influence.

Would God that all of the Lord's people were prophets.—Num. 11:29.

1. All Christians called to service; not the duty of a few.
2. Refusal means forfeiture of privilege; spiritual dwarfing.
3. Fidelity brings personal blessing.
4. Universal zeal on the part of Christians would mean speedy world conquest.

SUGGESTIONS

This service should sound the spiritual keynote for the congregation, bringing the members into the right attitude toward the services which follow.

Emphasize the ideas of obligation, responsibility, accountability, in the church's relation to those without.

Make this personal—the individual Christian's responsibility for withholding the gospel from others.

Seek to awaken a keen realization of what failure to meet Christ's expectations in this respect means with reference to obstructing the progress of the kingdom; with reference to the spiritual peril of others, and in its bearing upon our own forfeiture of the blessings which come with spiritual fidelity.

A brief meeting with the Sunday school workers before the school session for the purpose of pressing home a sense of their responsibility, will be fruitful in good results.

A meeting for prayer with the officers of the congregation, for fifteen or twenty minutes before or after the church service, should be held.

Every legitimate plan calculated to awaken and deepen the church's sense of responsibility for others, should be used.

Let the pastor clearly grasp the fact that the moment the spiritual life of the church is toned up, all the conditions for a general religious awakening will be present. There is no evangelism like that of Christian character. Once let the church throw off the spirit of selfish indifference to the welfare of the world and the world will know it and respond to it. This is equally true of the Christian in the pulpit and the Christian in the pew.

As long as you and I are looking upon religion as a series of precepts which we feel we ought to obey, the more we shall feel a reluctance to have anything to do with it; when it is brought to us we shall feel that it sheds rather a lurid light across our path; we shall fight against it. As long as that is the case, you have not entered into the spirit of Christ, you have not understood the power of an indissoluble life. When we look at what real religion is, we see it should be a living thing. I see it in Christ my master. All that he does is simply the outcome of what his very nature is. The life is within him and he lives according to it. It is his joy to do the Father's will. He applies himself for the well-being of mankind. The very virtue of the sacrifice of Christ lay in this, that it is by his will that he offered himself unto God, it is the love in it, the willingness in it. And this is what religion ought to be—a joy; it ought to be our nature; it ought to be our freedom, a delight to us. If we say, "Oh, some day I shall turn over a new leaf, I will bring my life into harmony with the Decalogue and begin to act in the way in which the clergymen say I ought to act, according to the precepts of the Ten Commandments," we look through dim glass, we do not see the real significance of faith and religion. Religion is a life and ought to work out from you as a life, and therefore should be your very nature.—*Churchman.*

With many Christians this apparent indifference is more a habit into which they have been permitted to drift, than a fixed and settled lack of interest in others. Numbers will respond to the challenge to use their opportunities for influencing others for Christ and his church, if the challenge has a ring in it.

The pasor cannot be too careful in making personal preparation for this service and those to follow. Prayer; the reading of some book like James' "An Earnest Ministry" or some more recent appeal for fidelity and zeal; heart-searching reading of the Bible; a careful study of local conditions and needs —all these things will help to get him into a proper spiritual frame, and this will make its influence felt upon others.

Resist the temptation to think of the services as a mere member-getting campaign. Exalt the soul-winning thought.

Make the services for a month or two previous to the evangelistic services lead up to them. Refer to them in announcements, sermons and prayers. Kindle expectation. Help the people to get a correct conception of the true purpose of such services.

What are the conditions necessary to secure the needed revival of spiritual life and power? May we not clearly discern the answer in the conditions hitherto fulfilled on the part of the people of God, in all the revivals given to the church, whether previous or subsequent to Pentecost? Do we not see in the history of individuals, as of Abraham, of Jacob, of Moses, of Joshua, of Gideon, of David, of Solomon, of Asa, of Josiah, of Daniel and of Job; or of peoples, as in the days of Hezekiah (2 Chron. 29), and of Nehemiah (Neh. 8, 9), at Pentecost (Acts 2), and the persecution (Acts 4:23-37 and 13); or in the history of the great spiritual movements since then to the present century, those great revivals which brought wondrous blessing to countless thousands in the times of the Reformation, and of the Puritans, of Whitefield and the Wesleys, of McCheyne and the Haldanes, and yet more recently, in the memorable years of 1859-60, when waves of spiritual awakening flowed over America, and reached Ireland, and subsequently England and Scotland, the lasting effects of which are still traceable in work and workers for God, then brought into life, home and abroad—in all of these do we not see clearly marked, as with a sunbeam, the conditions which, on the human side, were fulfilled ere the enlargement and revival came, and may they not briefly be summarized as follows?

1. A deeply felt need of the quickening power of the Holy Spirit in the individual and collective life of the Church.

2. The heart laid thoroughly open to the action of the Word of God in its reproofs and calls to a higher and holier life.

3. A true spirit of self-judgment and contrition for personal and collective sins and shortcomings, with humiliation

and confession, and persevering prayer for renewed anointing and power from on high.

4. The resolute putting away of every known sin and besetment, with whatever may be thought grieving to the Holy Spirit, by whom we have been sealed unto the day of redemption.

5. The more complete surrender of self.—*Words and Weapons.*

Let the preacher ever remember his dependence upon the Holy Spirit. "If the gospel of Christ be the power of God, what hinders that the people to whom it is sent are not converted? It may be that it is too often preached in word only; or it may be that it is too often buried in a florid mass of human words; it may be that the preacher has couched it in such form of speech that the masses of people cannot clearly understand it; it may be that it is preached in such a way that it is only a gospel that is talked and preached about, and not a gospel that is preached directly and lovingly to the people. There is no doubt that the gospel is the power of God, but there is much question whether we always use this power in a powerful way. Certainly we must remember that it is only powerful when the Holy Ghost, the great power of God for working in and by the gospel, is present in the word and with the preacher."

SEED THOUGHTS

Every congregation owes its community the warmest kind of spiritual worship. A cold, dead, formal public worship is an abomination. The services of God's house should be so fervent in spirit, so manifestly the flow and glow of hearts in attune with God, as to impress saint and sinner with the verity of the presence and fellowship of God. Real spiritual worship is the most desirable and enduring attraction of the house of God. And every congregation is debtor to its community to maintain such worship in the Lord's house.

Every congregation owes its community the beauty, strength and aroma of vital godliness in the every-day life of the individual members of the church. The most potent and convincing argument of the genuineness and virtue of the Christian religion is the Christlikeness of the daily private and public life of his followers. The world expects church members to walk uprightly, deal justly, and to keep themselves from the defilements of sin. Not to meet this expectation tends to bring reproach upon the cause of God.

Every church owes its community the matchless influence of family religion. The ideal Christian home is one of the most important products and agencies of the gospel. The nation's best safeguard is the Christian home. Failure of the church to produce and maintain Christian homes would mean disaster to herself and the nation. The church is debtor to the world to preserve and emphasize the family altar and to promote piety and vital godliness in the home.

No amount of effort to save the world can make up for failure to sacrifice for the salvation of your own little world.—*Henry F. Cope.*

The Gentile world was condemned for holding down the truth. There are orthodox men who hold the truth, not that they may use it, live it, shape their wills by it; but who, by holding it, imprison it; hold it down; make it void in their own lives.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

We are disposed to make out a call for ourselves. We wish to enter the service of our Lord, and set about to prepare or select a field for ourselves. But the idea of a call is that we accept the field of God's selection. Jesus said to the men at the boat, "Follow me." The right attitude of mind is that of waiting with expectation and readiness to obey. "I come to do thy will," is the right response of the soul.

They who thus place themselves at the bidding of the Lord are not left unthought of; he leads them, and where he leads it is always safe to follow. Thus Dr. Grenfell was led, and as he follows he finds the Lord working with him. Thus Professor Hale was led. He was called into the light of the glorious gospel, and that light revealed to him the sin and need of men. In that there was to him a call to serve for the lowest and the downcast. A man of high birth, of fine education and refined scholarly culture, he gave himself to a lay ministry to vagrants and drunkards and found in them the field for which God prepared him.

Paul heard the call on the way to Damascus He waited for the guidance of him who had said that he would send him to the Gentiles. He did not seek a good place for himself, but waited, doing all the while that which was at his hand. He was of the strictest of the Jews, but he had been reared among the Gentiles, and was thus able to understand the Gentile mind and how to approach it. There God prepared him for his work, and then brought him to Antioch to receive his final instructions. Entering upon his great work, his attitude was always that of following. He heard the voice and without questioning obeyed. God was with him. At every critical point there was a vision or a voice, or a hand, a something to determine his course, a fingerboard to duty. When we follow where God leads we find the meaning and the work of life and receive the rewards of faithful service.—*United Presbyterian.*

Would it not be a palpable absurdity for any one to say, "I do love my brother, my friend, sincerely," and yet leave that friend in his sin, liable at any moment to pass away unsaved, without using every means to bring him to a knowledge of his lost condition? What would any one think of a man who saw

his friend asleep in a burning house, stupefied by the smoke, and did not rouse him to a sense of his danger and help him to escape? Or who beheld him wandering on the brink of a terrible precipice, blind to his peril, and left him to perish through selfish fears? How frequently do we hear it said, "I have often wished to speak to my friend about his soul, but feared to offend him," or, "I dread that he would resent my interference as an unwarranted intrusion into his private affairs; a man's mind is his kingdom and no one has a right to force himself into it," or, "When I think of speaking to my friend about his soul my tongue literally cleaves to the roof of my mouth, and I am unable to speak a word." In the case of the burning house or the fearful precipice, the man might be in danger of losing his own life in the effort to save his friend, but very few men would give utterance to such a fear; the very thought that he would be branded as a coward if he failed to attempt the rescue would move him to deeds of daring which at another time it would have seemed to him an impossibility that he could perform. But in the endeavor to help to save a soul from eternal death, no danger threatens him who makes the effort, he is on safe ground, safe forever, nothing can harm him; therefore he has no excuse for not doing all that God has put it in his power to do, to bring his friend out of the awful, stupifying torpor of sin, the bondage of Satan, into the life and liberty of those ransomed by the blood of the Savior.—*Selected.*

It was the founder of the London Polytechnic who, upon being asked what was wanted in order to make a successful polytechnic, replied, "Somebody's life-blood;" and it was a Congregational pastor who, when he left a well-to-do church in London to do work in a poorer district, said, "The churches must rise to the height of that ideal, and give their life-blood." There has never been done a good and lasting work on earth that was not done at the cost of some one's life-blood.—*The Deaconess Advocate.*

It does not take long to see where the difficulty lies in most movements looking toward a revival of religion. It is with these sinners in Zion; these formal, worldly and unconverted

professors of religion. The strong probability is that the most of them are mere worldlings in disguise, and the disguise is not very thick. A season of special religious effort draws the line and shows where they stand and who they are. They lie like huge stones over against the mouth of the sepulcher where the dead sinners are buried. They need to be rolled away, either by conversion, if they are not converted, or by exposure and faithful dealing if they are backsliders.

As for reaching the unchurched and non-churchgoing masses, it cannot be done by the church until these are either brought in or removed from the pathway of work that leads out toward the world. "Who is on the Lord's side," cried out Moses, "let him come unto me." This while he was standing in the gate of the camp. God by this means called for a sifting of the true from the false; the pretenders from the real children of Israel; those who were the dancers about the golden calf and those who were the true worshipers of Jehovah. Again and again this separation between the precious and the vile had to be made among those who called themselves by the name of the Lord. There are always a number, usually greater than we suppose, who have not bowed the knee to Baal; but an occasion is needed to develop them and bring them out into clear worshipers. The first result of a real revival is to sift the nominal church members from the true children of God and the lukewarm and faint-hearted from the earnest souls who are always ready to spring to the battle or to the work at the sounding of the trumpet.—*George F. Pentecost, D. D.*

At a dinner of the Men's Club of a large and wealthy New York suburban church, a member of the club said, "In my active life in business I am, and have been for many years, in close contact with men who profess our faith and men who do not; and speaking honestly, I cannot say that I have found any apparent difference between the moral standards of the two classes;" and in the second of silence that followed, in which the condemnation seemed to grip each heart, he quoted, "Brethren, these things ought not so to be."

We owe much to the past. No wise man will scorn the past. We are not independent of the past. What have we to which

the past has not made a large contribution? We have science. This is called an age of science, and many speak of science as though it had been born with us. But science did not spring suddenly out of the ground, nor fall upon us from the sky, nor leap full-grown from the fertile brain of a few wise men of our time. All science has its roots in the past. Before Europe was civilized, or America was discovered, wise men in the East were working on astronomy. It has been built up by contributions of men of all generations. The past has contributed something to all our science; all art, all music, all literature and all our inventions. Those who lived before us did not bring things to perfection, and we could not enjoy the things we have today without them. They labored and we have entered into their labors.

We owe much to the world. The world in which we live has made large contributions to our life. The earth yields its increase. The air we breathe, the water we drink, the salt found in the earth and sea, the minerals found in the mountains, are all rich gifts. The world is full of beauty and full of lessons for the mind. It is a vast volume, a great library, an immense university, where all may study without money and without price.

We owe much to our religion. There are many religions. Some of them have exercised a powerful and wholesome influence on millions of men. But the Christian religion which prevails in our land stands at the head of all. It makes the best, the strongest, the noblest manhood and womanhood. It inspires the largest hope and the highest purpose. It affords the grandest ideals. It has given us the Bible, the Word of the living God. It has given us Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, the Savior of the world. Many great men have lived, but he towers above all in character, in teaching, in wisdom, in power, in his influence over men.

God hath given us himself. He is ours as truly as our parents are ours. He is our Counselor, our Guide, our Father, our all. "This God is our God." "The Lord is the portion of his people." Verily we are debtors.—*Christian Advocate.*

Your ability is the measure of your responsibility. "To whom much is given, much will be required." I passed a home where a gentleman was sprinkling the lawn. His little girl, a child of about six years, was helping papa as her childish fancy prompted. She would bring her toy watering pot to the father, and he, reducing the force of the stream, would fill it from the hose.

It mattered little to the grass and flowers whether the water which they needed was given through the large sprinkler or the child's toy watering pot. So it matters little to the world whether you are a man of one, two, five or ten talents, so you give it the best you have. The one talent man giving his best is better than a ten talent man giving his worst. It is not how much you give to the world, but what you give to it. There are a great many more little things to be done than big ones. Do not forget that the things done for ourselves will soon be forgotten, but the things that are done for Christ are immortal.—*New York Observer.*

The fulness of the Holy Spirit will give us an enthusiasm for soul winning, and also aid in mental and spiritual equipment. He will prompt our words in the moment of perplexity, and give us courage to speak them without fear. He will make the "word as fire....and the people as wood." He will give such power in witnessing as will make the world of invitation irresistible. In his later life, Bishop Coke is said to have had a dream in which he thought himself standing at the gate of heaven seeking admission. But the angel said, "Your work is not done on earth. You must go back and finish your work. You cannot come in now." Coke begged to be allowed to pass, but the angel insisted that he must return to earth. "Then," said Coke, "if I must go back, let me go back and blaze until I die." The baptism with the Holy Spirit will makes us blaze for God.—*Selected.*

That saintly soul, Captain Hedley Vicars, says, "Whenever I have been brought nearest to my Savior even 'into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,' I have been constrained and forced 'while the fire burns' to 'speak with my tongue' and to make use of the golden hours of communion with Jesus in the

solitude of my chamber, to publish when 'I go without the camp' what the Lord has done for my soul; even for me, than whom a man more undeserving of mercy does not exist."

These are the people who sit back in their religious respectability and allow the community to go to the bad without any apparent concern on their part. They are saved themselves and are faithful in a way to their obligations to the church, but so far as the community is concerned that is not a part of their business. They have crawled into the ark of the Lord and the Lord has "shut them in," and they do not so much as look out of the window to see the unfortunate people who are drowning in the flood.

How long, oh, how long, will Christian people continue to use the church simply as an ark of refuge? Oh, that we might think of the church as a great battleship for aggressive warfare against the enemy of the soul! If there is one "woe" that will ring from the throne of the Almighty on the great day of judgment more loudly than another, it will be, it seems to me, against the professing Christian who is so easy in Zion that he forgets his responsibility to the civic and social demands of his community.—*William R. King, D. D.*

O you, the rising race of America, of Britain, and of evangelical Europe, you in whom, for better or for worse, is vested the empire of the world; make it the empire of your King Jesus! The science of the ages has come with its gifts and poured them at your feet. Literature, art, medicine, the philosophy of mind and nature, have enriched your souls and multiplied your powers and thoughts. The prizes of wealth and power are in your grasp. But what are these compared with wealth of souls and power over nations being born into new life? Use these treasures right. Knowledge has often led men astray from God; let yours be brought a willing slave to the feet of him in whom is all knowledge. Wealth has often deadened the soul; let yours be a joyous offering at his feet, who, though rich, became poor.—*W. T. A. Barber, M. A.*

Christ has all eternity to work in. From all eternity he had been working; he neither began nor ended with those three busy years. But those three years were dedicated to Israel.

He meant to feed the Children of the House, to win them if it were possible, and, as it proved to be impossible, to choose out of them such as would respond for the work of the future. Of course, he had come to seek the world, but he would seek the world through them, training and preparing them for a world's task. As a great French writer says, "The first rule of the man dedicated to great things is to refuse to mediocre men the power of turning him aside from his course." Jesus with a set task to do will do it, and not attempt what lies beyond it—the secret of all success in work for God or man.—*R. F. Horton, D. D.*

Not long before this Jesus had sent out his twelve disciples on a special mission, and he had expressly charged them, "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans enter ye not; but go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." They, with his commission to them still fresh in their memories, feel that the argument cannot be answered.—*Henry Wace, D. D.*

We can well believe while the rose is but a bud, shut in between hard, glossy green leaves, gathering only the first dream of color into its pale petals, that its own color should seem the purpose of its life, just to be the perfect rose, for the pure beauty of its perfectness. But when the bud bursts and the rose is born—what then? A world is waiting for its fragrance and its loveliness. To serve that world, to send the colorless light interpreted through its soft hues, and the odorless atmosphere translated by its fragrance to be all that it may be for the sake of all that it may do, this is the larger purpose of its being—and learning this, it ripens to the perfect being.—*Selected.*

The only possible demonstration of faith is action. Romans is the gospel of justification by faith, first. But, second, it is the gospel of justification by works.

Take life like a man. Take it as though it were—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited your coming. Take it as though it were a grand opportunity to achieve, to carry forward great

and good schemes, to hold and to cheer a suffering, weary, it may be broken-hearted, brother.—*Charles H. Spurgeon.*

One of the reasons why we so easily forget the teachings of the Bible is because we do not put them into practice. Dr. James S. Gale tells of a Korean who learned the whole of the Sermon on the Mount and then walked a hundred miles in order to recite it to his pastor. When he had finished, he was told that he must practice the teaching. He replied, "That is the way I learned it. I tried to memorize it, but it would not stick, so I hit on this plan: I would memorize a verse and then find a heathen neighbor of mine and practice it on him. Then I found it would stick." All of us would know much more Scripture than we know and the knowledge would be of far greater value to the world if we would follow the Korean's method of making it stick.—*Selected.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

Waiting to be Won.

He was a cold, selfish man. There was sarcasm in his voice and a sneer upon his lips. He was called a skeptic. Most of his neighbors belonged to the church. He was hard and grasping in his dealings.

"The most overbearing man I have ever seen," said one neighbor. "He'd skin a flea for its hide," said number two. "A feller might freeze on his doorstep and he'd never open the door," added a third.

For twenty years he had lived among them, growing richer all the time. They called him "Old Skinflint," or "Pinchbeck," and shunned him whenever possible.

A new minister came to the country church, one very much in earnest about saving souls. As he went about in his quiet, unobtrusive way doing good, he never lost an opportunity of persuading some one to turn from his evil way.

One evening as he stood talking with some of the brethren about the work, he remarked, "I am going over to talk with Mr. Harrington tomorrow."

"He's sure to insult you," said one.

"It will do no good. He's a hardened infidel," said another.

He went. Harrington was sitting on the south porch reading, as the minister came up. The pastor introduced himself, and offered his hand. The other shook hands with him and offered a chair.

"I am a minister. I came to talk with you, if you have no objection."

Harrington looked at him strangely for a moment. There was simplicity and candor in his face, as well as in his words. There was no arrogance visible—only brotherly love.

"Very well, sir. I have no objection," Harrington said frankly.

For hours they talked as man to man on the highest of all themes, the welfare of a man's soul. At last they went in, and bowed together while the minister prayed. When they arose Harrington held out his hand. "For twenty years I've longed to talk

with somebody about religion and my soul, but they all shunned me and I was too foolishly proud to go to them. You can hardly know how I have longed for human fellowship and sympathy, but my selfishness has kept me and my fellowman apart—I never knew how it was until now—but the message you have brought me makes it clear—I must love my neighbor as myself—and I will."

You Can Not Get In Alone.

A priest had a striking dream. He dreamed he had ascended the ladder that reached from earth to heaven. Expectantly he knocked upon the door. Some one responded and demanded, "Who is there?" Proudly the priest called his name. "Who is with you?" came the reply. "No one," answered the priest; "I am alone." "Sorry," said the angel, "but we are instructed never to open these gates for a single individual." And crestfallen and disappointed he descended to earth.—*Sunday School Times.*

Who is Doing Your Work?

In all the world there is nothing so wonderful as "God's way with a soul." This, the actual experience of one woman, may have its message for others:

She had had a beautiful girlhood, rich in all that love and wealth could give. Then trouble came and everything was swept away from her—parents, husband, children and wealth. In her anguish she prayed passionately for death; death alone was refused her.

Her brothers took her abroad, hoping so to lift her from her grief, but though several years passed, she still prayed for death. Then one night she had a dream. She thought she had gone to heaven and saw her husband coming toward her. She ran to him full of joy. To her terror, no answering joy shone on his face, only surprise and almost indignation.

"How did you come here?" he asked. "They didn't say that you were to be sent for; I did not expect you for a long time."

"But aren't you glad?" she cried.

But again he only answered, as before, "How did you come? I didn't expect you," and there was no gladness in his tone or eyes.

With a bitter cry she turned from him.

"I'll go to my parents," she faltered. "They, at least, will welcome me." So she went on until she found her parents; but instead of the tender love for which her heart was sick, she met

only the same cold looks of amazement, the same astonished questions. Faint and heartbroken, she turned from them, too.

"I'll go to my Savior," she cried. "He loves me, if no one else does."

Then, in her dream, she reached the Savior. She was right—there was no coldness there; but through his love the sorrow of his voice thrilled her into wondering silence. "Child, child, who is doing your work down there?" Then, at last, she understood.

When she awoke in the morning, with the memory of her dream strong upon her heart, it was to find a new heaven and a new earth. She had no children of her own, but God's little ones, struggling under burdens that bent childish backs and brought pitiful lines of care into childish faces, were all about her. Down in the heart of the city she found her work—and her God.

The Hungry, Pleading World.

The world, although often it fails correctly to diagnose its case, is famishing for the truth which the gospel proclaims. Its cry reminds us of the Russian "Exile Song:"

"For the sake of Christ
Have pity on us, O our fathers!
Do not forget the unwilling travelers.
Do not forget the long-imprisoned.
Feed us, O our fathers, help us.
Feed us, help the poor and needy."

Withholding the Gospel.

A gentleman who had been a sufferer for many years was told of a physician who was very successful in the treatment of his trouble, and when going to him for his treatment was instantly relieved, and finally cured. As this physician belonged to a new school of medicine, which was looked upon in some quarters with much disfavor, the man said nothing about the physician who had cured him. He had a friend who suffered with the same trouble but even to him said nothing about the physician by whom he had himself been cured.

A year passed and his friend grew worse. Finally the gentleman decided to tell his friend about the physician. His friend went to him immediately and was finally cured. Then the man told his friend how he had known about this physician for more

than a year, but hesitated to recommend him because he belonged to a new school of medicine. To this his friend replied, "Why didn't you tell me sooner? I've lost a whole year." Lost a whole year because he did not know about the physician.

How many a year is lost to millions who are sin sick, because they are not told of the Great Physician! And the blame lies largely with those who claim to have been cured themselves. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—*The Homiletic Review.*

The Real Race.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan is reported as having entered, in a sermon not long ago, an emphatic protest against the common interpretation that the race Christians are called upon to run is a race in order that they may win heaven. "Here was one reason why the churches were half empty; they had been so long acting as if Christianity were a kind of fire insurance, which took individual men and made them safe so that they might never reach hell, but might reach heaven, and that all they had to do was to run as hard as they could to get out of the world into heaven. That was a false interpretation of Christianity. The race we are called to run is not a race in order to win heaven, but in order that God might win earth."

Fleeting Opportunity.

Returning on one occasion from a journey to the south of Scotland, Dr. Chalmers visited a nobleman near Peebles. On a favorite theme—pauperism and its cure—he kept the circle of friends gathered there entranced, especially an old Highland laird, who was riveted by the lucid details that he gave. They sat late. Dr. Chalmers' bedroom was just across the lobby from the old laird's room. As the doctor was undressing he heard a strange sound thence and then a deep groan. He hastened in. In a few minutes more all the visitors followed. The old man drew but a few breaths more and died. Dr. Chalmers loved souls. He gazed with outstretched hands as he bent over the clay. He was the picture of distress; the first to break the silence. "Never in my life did I see or did I feel before this moment the meaning of that text, 'Preach the word; be instant in season and out of season.' Had I known that my venerable friend was within a few

minutes of eternity I would have addressed myself earnestly to him. I would have preached unto him and unto you Jesus Christ and him crucified. I would have urged him and you, with all earnestness befitting the subject, to prepare for eternity. You would have thought it, and you would have pronounced it, out of season. But ah, it would have been in season, both as it respects him and as it respects you." Fidelity to the Master demands the discharge of duty in all relations, and especially in this.

"Shall Not Return Unto Him Void."

We are in danger of underestimating the influence of words spoken for Christ. As illustrating the saving power of Spurgeon's earnest words, even when met with on some stray paper or leaflet, an incident is given below which is vouched for by the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who says:

"I was asked to go to a public house in Nottingham, to see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Savior. I asked her how she found the Lord. 'Reading that,' she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper.

"I looked at it, and found that it was part of an American newspaper, containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversion.

" 'Where did you find this newspaper,' I asked.

"She answered, 'It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia.'

"Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that! A sermon preached in London, conveyed to America, then to Australia, part of it torn off for the parcel dispatched to England, and after all its wanderings giving the message of salvation to that woman's soul! God's word shall not return unto him void."

In Due Time.

"Do you know that I sat under your preaching for six weeks, day and night, when you were in Detroit eight years ago, but I did not become a Christian until two years ago? The foundations of my unbelief were knocked away during that meeting, and I never had any more peace in my sin. I thought you would be glad to know it. I owe my salvation to you." Thus spoke an entire stranger to us the other day in a distant city. Yes, we were glad to know it, for it encourages us all to know that the Word of

the Lord is not vainly preached, even when there is not the appearance of power with it. After many days it appears in the conversion of souls. "Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

The Undelivered Message.

"I sent my love to you every day!" said a little girl indignantly to a sick friend who was beginning to be convalescent, and felt hurt because no word of remembrance had come to her. "They just took it and kept it all theirselves." The childish way of looking at it sets in strong light the meaning of an undelivered message. Christ sends his love to men with each returning day—sends it by us. Do we deliver it? Or do we take it and keep it all ourselves? What does he think of us as messengers?—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

Work and Pray.

Prayer is absolutely essential to success in Christ's kingdom. But all prayer and no work is as bad for Christians as "all work and no play" for boys. Devotion accompanied by neglect once lost Gibraltar. This is the story: In the month of August, 1704, while the war of the Spanish Succession was raging, a combined British and Dutch fleet appeared before Gibraltar with a force of five thousand soldiers. For several days they bombarded the place, spending much powder to very little purpose, for the natural advantages of the fortress were so great that the little garrison of one hundred and fifty men set them at defiance.

At last saint's day arrived, and all the Spanish soldiers went to church to pray against the heretic besiegers. But they had not reckoned upon the climbing powers of British sailors, a party of whom ascended the rock at a very difficult place, which would have been absolutely inaccessible had the Spaniards been on the alert. The pious garrison came out from their prayers to find their fortress in the hands of the English, who have kept it ever since.

No "Hopeless Cases."

In the same Tennessee town, at different times, I knew of two men who were considered "hopeless cases." One of them arose in a meeting one night saying, "I am a devil, and there's no hope for me; yet I believe in the power of prayer." He tried to leave the church as he said this, but a good woman led him to the altar and

some four or five of his closest friends began praying for him. They prayed for two hours or more. Finally a light broke upon the young man's face and he cried aloud with the joy of salvation. The other man, the son of a good elder who had shortly before gone to glory, had ceased going to church. One day a man said, "Will three of you join me in prayer for this man?" The covenant was made. The prayers began. The man came to church for a short time the next night. Prayer was continued. On the third day he invited the evangelist to his store for a service, and there he was saved. That night he, his wife and all his children were received into the church, and they are living for God today.

When a meeting is conducted without prayer, that meeting is a failure. We have gone for days in our meetings without any apparent results. As soon as the people prayed, the power fell.—*The Cumberland Presbyterian.*

A "Strong" Congregation.

"Is it a strong congregation?" asked a man, respecting a body of worshipers.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How many members are there?"

"Seventy-six."

"Seventy-six! Are they so very wealthy?"

"No; they are poor."

"How, then, do you say it is a strong church?"

"Because," said the gentleman, "they are earnest, devoted, at peace, loving each other, and striving to do the Master's work. Such a congregation is strong, whether composed of five or five hundred members."

They Never Talk About It.

A Hindu of rank was troubled in his conscience on the subject of a future state. He had heard of Christians, and longed to converse with them about their religion, and to know who Christ was. So he visited England, the Christian's land, supplied with introductions to some leading people. Being asked to a great dinner, he turned to his neighbor in the course of conversation, and said, "Can you tell me something about Christ, the founder of your religion?" "Hush," replied his new acquaintance, "we do not speak of such things at dinner-parties." Subsequently, he was invited to a large ball. Dancing with a young and fashionable lady, he took

an opportunity of asking her who the founder of her religion, Jesus Christ, was. And again he was warned that a ball was no place to introduce such subjects. "Strange," thought the Hindu "are these Christians in England. They will not speak of their religion, nor inform me about Christ, its founder."—*The Sunday School Times.*

"Bring Him Unto Me."

A lady who was in great distress on account of a wild and wayward brother went one Sunday morning to her accustomed seat in the house of God. So burdened was she that she felt herself to be in no condition to be profited by the services of the sanctuary. A visiting minister occupied the pulpit that day, and was reading the ninth chapter of Mark. While he read on with feeling and expression the wonderful words, this Christian woman became deeply interested, and for the time forgot her sorrow. When the nineteenth verse was reached the minister read with emphasis the direction of the Master, "Bring him unto me." These last words came with strange power and comfort to the sad and burdened heart. Nothing is remembered by her of the remaining services. A message had already come to her from God. The Holy Spirit had sent the words, "Bring him unto me," home with power to her soul, and she was enabled then and there to cast her burdens on the Lord as never before. In prayer and faith she carried her erring loved one to the compassionate Savior, who is as accessible and ready to help now as when he walked the earth nineteen centuries ago. The load was lifted, and this trusting child of God, sitting at the feet of Jesus, was assured that in some way or other all would be well. She went away from the place of prayer no longer with bowed head, but with a calm, sweet confidence that God had heard her prayer, and would grant her petition. She had heard the voice of Jesus; she had gone to him. She had carried her brother to him. She was permitted to see an answer to her prayer, and had the unspeakable joy of knowing that her precious one had confessed Christ as his Redeemer. He has passed away, but she rejoices in the blessed confidence that he is forever with the Lord.

"Be Still and Know."

How can God give us visions when life is hurrying at a precipitate rate? I have stood in the National Gallery and seen people

gallop round the chamber and glance at Turner's picture in the space of five minutes. Surely we might say to such trippers, "Be still, and know Turner!" Gaze quietly at one little bit of cloud or at one branch or at one wave of the sea or at one ray of the drifting moon. "Be still, and know Turner." But God has difficulty in getting us still. That is perhaps why he has sometimes employed the ministry of dreams. Men have had "visions in the night." In the daytime I have a divine visitor in the shape of some worthy thought or noble impulse or hallowed suggestion, but I am in such feverish haste that I do not heed it and pass along. I do not "turn aside to see this great thing," and so I lose the heavenly vision. If I would know more of God, I must relax the strain and moderate the pace. I must "be still."—*J. H. Jowett.*

Good Enough for a White Man.

A young Indian convert once brought Bishop Whipple a two-dollar bill which he requested him to change, that he might give half to the Lord's work, and his wife give the other half. "Is this all the money you have?" asked the bishop. The man replied that it was. The bishop was about to remonstrate and advise him to give a part of it, when another saved Indian whispered in his ear, "It might be too much for a white man to give, but not too much for a poor Indian, who has this year for the first time heard of his Savior." What a rebuke this is to the luke-warm Christians who live on the fatness of the good land God has given them, and seem to feel no responsibility to give of their abundance to the work of carrying the gospel to others!

Inexcusable Neglect.

A business man on his way to prayer-meeting saw a stranger looking wistfully into the open window of the church, and, moved by a strong impulse, he invited him to go in with him. The stranger consented, and it was the beginning of a Christian life for him and his family. He afterward said to the friend who invited him to the prayer-meeting, "Do you know that I had lived in this city seven years before I met you, and no one had ever asked me to go to church? I had not been here three days before the groceryman and the dairyman and the politicians had hunted me up, yet in all these seven years you were the first man that had ever expressed an interest in my soul."—*The Free Baptist Record.*

The Vision of a World Opportunity.

About the time that the San Francisco earthquake disaster had run its course, a Chicago daily paper presented a suggestive picture on the front page. The center of the picture represented the smouldering ruins of the wasted city. The great business buildings and the beautiful homes, along with the wealth they represented, were marked by unsightly piles of brick and stone. Some buildings were standing, but with cracked walls and tottering towers. The highways were blocked with debris. Water mains, gas mains, sewers, lighting plants and trolley lines were wrecked and useless. Poverty-stricken, terrified and hungry crowds of people were sheltered in tents and fed with food sent by sympathetic citizens of other places.

At one side of this picture, standing on an eminence which overlooked the great ruin, there was a man who represented the manhood of the city. He was dressed in the clothes of a working man, with his sleeves rolled up, his shirt open at the neck, and with one hand shading his eyes he looked at the awful spectacle before him. He leans forward. We follow the line of his vision, and find that it is centered in the great cloud of smoke, which hangs over the ruins. We look closer and in the center of that cloud is seen a beautiful picture of the restored city of the future. Its avenues throb with life and business activity. Its citizens are well fed and clothed, and peace and prosperity prevail. The onlooking citizen who catches this vision of the new San Francisco sticks a trowel and a square in his belt, takes a hammer and a saw in his hand, and with burning eyes, set lips and throbbing muscles, starts forward to aid in the reconstruction of the city of vision.

Men of God look upon the waste and ruin wrought in the world by sin, the soul-suffering and general destitution of sin-cursed humanity. They look from this to the vision of redemption and restoration, which stands out upon the pages of prophecy. They catch the Master-spirit. They lay hold upon the means and opportunities for service and with faith and courage go out to assist in the making of all things new and glorious.—*A. A. Samson, in Olive Trees.*

Such as I Have.

Some years ago a woman came to me at the close of the Sabbath morning service and said, "Oh, I would give anything to be in this work actively and actually. I would give anything to have some living part in the work which is going on here next week in winning men and women to Christ, but I do not know what to do." I said, "My sister, are you prepared to give the Master the five loaves and two fishes you posses?" She said, "I do not know that I have five loaves and two fishes." I said, "Have you anything which you have used in any way specially?" "No," she did not think she had. "Well," I said, "can you sing?" Her reply was, "Yes, I sing at home, and I have sung before now in an entertainment." "Well, now," I said, "let us put our hand on that. Will you give the Lord your voice for the next ten days?" Said she, "I will." I shall never forget that Sunday evening. I asked her to sing, and she sang. She sang the gospel message with the voice she had, feeling that it was a poor, worthless thing, and that night there came out of that meeting into the inquiry-room one man. That man said to me afterward that it was the gospel that was sung which reached his heart; and from that day to this—that is now eleven or twelve years ago—that man has been one of the mightiest workers for God in that city and country I have ever known. How was it done? A woman gave the Master what she had.

Are we willing to give the Master what we have? If so, there will be a harvest of glorious surprises in the immediate future. There is not a talentless man or woman in the world.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

The *Youth's Companion,* not long ago, had a little true story of a young woman who felt herself sadly aggrieved and disappointed because she was unable to carry out her cherished plan of becoming a foreign missionary. She finally went to her pastor with her trouble, and he sent her on a "mission to the streets," as he called it. "All up and down the streets," the old minister said, "in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church cannot reach them—they will not enter the church. Books cannot help them—many of them never open a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the faces of men and women."—*Anna Burnham Bryant.*

SERVICE TWO—Sunday Evening

The Vanity of a Worldly Life

TEXTS FOR SERVICE II

And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.—*1 John 2:17.*

Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.—*2 Tim. 4:10.*

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.—*1 John 2:15.*

And be not conformed to this world.—*Rom. 12:2.*

Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.—*Eccles. 1:2.*

This present evil world.—*Gal. 1:4.*

For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. —*James 4:14.*

Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are motheaten.—*James 5:2.*

Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton.—*James 5:5.*

They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave.—*Job 21:13.*

Woe to them that are at ease in Zion.—*Amos 6:1.*

But she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.—*1 Tim. 5:6.*

Having no hope, and without God in the world.—*Eph. 2:12.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.—1 John 2:17.

1. Bible conceptions flatly contradict mere human judgment.
2. The transiency and insecurity of the things men trust in.
3. The eternal permanency of the spiritual; "for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.—2 Tim. 4:10

1. The lure of time and sense.
2. The wretched exchange of heaven for earth; what Demas lost—Christ; Christian fellowship; the lives he might have blessed; his crown.
3. Vigilance the price of safety; "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. —1 John 2:15.

1. Life's supreme choice; heaven versus earth—mutually exclusive.
2. Glad use of the world as God's gift is not love of it.
3. To love it means absorption, the exclusion of Christ from our hearts.
4. Love of the world brings sorrow, failure, eternal loss.

And be not conformed to this world.—Rom. 12:2.

1. Conformity is not: (1) Rational enjoyment of innocent pleasures; (2) Needed attention to legitimate work; (3) Giving proper play to natural impulses.
2. Conformity means: (1) Accepting worldly standards; (2) Immoderate pursuit of worldly prizes, the enthronement of material things; (3) Being lovers of pleasure rather than God.

Vanity of vanities all is vanity.—Eccles. 1:2.

1. The world, like fire, is a good servant.
2. A bad master.
3. Kept under our feet it has real spiritual value, but surrendered to it, crushes us with disappointment by its unkept promises.

Who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world.—Gal. 1:4.

1. From its glamor, fascination, spell.
2. From sin's bondage, power.
3. From eternal death—the worldling's doom.

For what is your life? It is even a vapor.—James 4:14.

1. How few inquire!
2. A momentous problem.
3. God's answer—"a vapor," a cloud, "a snowflake in the river."
4. Linked to Christ, life wins a blessed immortality.

Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. —James 5:2.

1. Man's over-estimate of the value of wealth.
2. God's appraisement.
3. Of infinite importance that man accept God's estimate.

Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton.—James 5:5.

1. Money-love the world's curse.
2. It breeds disregard of God's claims.
3. Of our fellow's claims.
4. It rots the fiber of character.
5. Entails the soul's loss.

They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave.—Job. 21:13.

1. Wealth dulls spiritual perceptions; our share of life's obligations, opportunities, insecurity.
2. Wealth cannot bribe death.
3. Death's sudden summons often finds the man immersed in the cares of riches wholly unprepared.
4. What shall it profit us?

Woe to them that are at ease in Zion.—Amos 6:1.

1. The Christian's life intended to be militant.
2. Spiritual indolence and self-indulgence are a perversion of this intention.
3. They incur God's condemnation.

But she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.—1 Tim. 5:6.

1. "Live while you live," the world's motto.
2. Worldly life really a living death; "dead in sin," dead to all life's higher calls and motives; unresponsive to the Spirit's influence.
3. True living; "and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God." "Eye hath not seen."

A Pitiful State.

Having no hope, and without God in the world.—Eph. 2:12.

1. The loneliness of sin; no God; no part in the cross.
2. No fellowship with Christ. Not with Saints.
3. No share in the rended tomb; (1) No pardon for the past; (2) No peril in the present; (3) No hope for the future.

SUGGESTIONS

If you have a young people's society meeting on Sunday evening before service, use it for sounding an echo of the morning's sermon, and deepening the impression.

Hold a prayer meeting before the evening service for all specially interested in winning others to Christ.

If it is your custom, after preaching, to call for outward expressions of interest, or requests for prayers, it may be well not to use the plan too early in your services, or until evidences of interest indicate the probability of responses. Every invitation failing to call forth a response makes it more difficult to secure responses later.

With reference to the specific form to be prescribed for these responses, local customs and individual preferences must govern. In some cases printed cards, pledging the acceptance of Christ, are distributed for signatures. Others request those yielding to Christ's claims, or desiring the prayers of the congregation, to raise a hand, or to stand up, while the congregation bows in silent prayer. In some cases they are invited to come forward and occupy seats reserved in front. This is Dr. Torrey's method. At the close of the service, Christians talk with them, seeking to make the way of salvation clear. In some cases an inquiry room is provided, and inquiries and workers go to it after service. Some pastors prefer to meet those interested at the close of the service and make an appointment to call on them for an extended talk the next day. Local conductors and the pastor's judgment must determine the choice. But some plan for encouraging the taking of a definite step should by all means be used.

A five-minute after-talk, separated from the sermon by a hymn and prayer, will be found of advantage for a more intimate and less formal summing up of the points of the sermon leading more directly to personal decision.

All announcements of the further services should be carefully weighed and made. Attractively printed cards or folders announc-

ing services and themes should be freely distributed a week or two before, as well as during, the services. Consecrated advertising counts.

The old lady who had been to hear Robert McCheyne preach said, "He preaches as if he is a'dyin' a'most to have you converted."

SEED THOUGHTS

There are many adversaries. There is one which offers a ceaseless defiance and a constant siege. In the New Testament speech it is named "the world," and it is about every man, with pressure like an atmosphere. Let a man seek to be "transformed by the renewing of his mind" under an ideal whose standard is character, and whose ends are spiritual, and always he is under necessity of watchfulness and resistance lest he "be conformed to this world." He has to live in a world which sets little store on the things he counts highest, and would have him off his platform on to a lower which stands nearer, as it would persuade him, to practical things. It is in love with those other ideals which have been mentioned; it values gold more than character, comfort more than self-respect, ease more than duty, the opinion of men more than the judgment of conscience, liberty more than righteousness. There is a story in the New Testament of one who, having been captured by the Highest, listened to the plea of the lower, and it is told in a single line, "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." Whether it was the catastrophe of a lowered ideal, or the more complete tragedy of an abandoned one, we do not know. All we know for certain of Demas is that he made "the great refusal," and that, having set his affections on things above, he succumbed to pressure and gave them to "this present world." Whenever this comes to pass, tragedy is the only word which fits the case. It means that a man submits to be governed by what he should control. It means a diminished self-respect. It means that his estimate of values is tampered with. It means divided allegiance and civil war in the kingdom of himself, for he has dethroned the only powers strong enough to make a unity of life's loyalties. It means a lost intimacy with Christ, for how shall he look upon him whom he has pierced?—*Sculptors of Life.*

The natural mind tries to get out of the conclusion into which it is thus shut up by pleading that it can combine the love of both worlds, seeking both God's righteousness and the prizes of worldliness at the same time. Therefore, Jesus goes on to show that life can have only a single aim, and that every one must choose be-

tween the upward and the downward path. This he illustrates by two figures of speech. The first is that of the eye. This is the lamp of the body. When it takes in the light simply and fully, it provides a circle of illumination, inside which all the other members discharge their functions normally. But, if an eye be sick or "evil"—especially if it is so evil as to advise the members to go in opposite directions—then the whole body loses safe guidance. If the very principles which a man has adopted as the divine lights for his existence be mistaken, he may be walking in the grossest darkness when he imagines he is walking in the light. The other illustration is the more commonplace one of a slave with two masters, uttering contradictory commands; but the conclusion is still more obvious—that he must get rid of one of the two, if there is to be any unity or happiness in his life.—*Stalker.*

Young people at the outset of their career are apt to put mistaken value on fame. They see names that are often repeated in the papers, those of men in public life, of men who write books, men who control armies, or men who paint pictures. "Such a man is famous," they say, and their souls spring forward with eager yearning to a future day when they may be famous, too. If they live long enough they are disillusionized. Of all bubbles that break at a breath, fame is the readiest to break. Of all hollow shams on the face of the earth, fame is the hollowest. The fame of very few endures beyond their own period. Often persons now famous have died in ignorance of the esteem in which the world would by and by hold them. In the widest calculation, fame is partial and limited. Society is composed of innumerable mingling and intermingling circles, and a majority of these are so absorbed in their individual affairs that they would not step to the window to look should a hero pass down the street.—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

Worldly wealth cannot satisfy the soul's longing. The more money a man has, the better, if he gets it honestly and uses it lawfully. But the man who builds his soul's happiness on earthly accumulation is not wise. No amount that he can gather by the sweat of his brow or the strength of his arm can make him happy. The heart right, all is right. He invites you to higher riches, to crowns that never fade, to investments that always declare dividends.—*Talmage.*

Prosperity begets self-satisfaction and self-confidence. God and his favors do not seem so indispensable when we feel that we have all the world can supply, and the danger of growing forgetful of him is very great. This by no means implies that the soul which is increased with this world's goods may not be an uncompromising Christian, but only that prosperity tests one's higher life at every point, and that those who have weathered all the "shoals and miseries" of ebb tide may be swept out to sea and lost on the rising waves of the flood tide.—*The American Friend.*

Saints in Wrong Places.

1. Some get under the tree of discouragement, like Elijah. Discouragement is a destroyer of faith, a damper upon love, and a veil upon the face of hope; therefore it is a sin to be discouraged.

2. Some get on the slippery path of worldliness, like Abram, when he "went down" to Egypt. There is no tent of separation, no altar of communion, and no revelation of joy in Egypt. These are only found at the Bethel of fellowship with God. (Gen. 12:7-10; 13:4.)

3. Some get on the house-top of self-ease, like David (2 Sam. 11:2), who stayed at home when he should have been on the battle-field. His self-ease led to self-indulgence, which brought upon him the chastening hand of the Lord. Self-ease, like rust, corrodes the spirit with the mildew of unbelief, warps the moral fiber of consecrated work, and blinds the eyes of its devotee to the right and attractive beauty of Christ.

4. Some are ensnared in the meshes of disobedience, like the man of God out of Judah, who was entrapped by the wily old prophet of Bethel. (1 Kings 13:9.) No saint on earth, no angel from heaven, no devil from hell, and no man under the sun, should turn us aside from the plain direction of God's word.

5. Some get into the doubting castle of unbelief, like John the Baptist, who sent his disciples to Christ to know if he was the Messiah (Matt. 11:3), after he had proclaimed him as such. (John 1:34). Doubt is a faith-crippler, joy-killer, zeal-damper, mind-darkener, love-retarder, hope-annuller, and Christ-hinderer.

6. Some get into the sieve of self-confidence, like Peter. (Luke 22:32, 33). When self puffs up, and we warm ourselves at the world's fire, we place ourselves where Satan can grab us, and when

he gets hold of us he riddles us to the loss of our power and joy.

7. Some get into the ring of wrangling, like the disciples, who "disputed among themselves" as to who should be the greatest. (Mark 9:34.) They did not strive for the lowest place, nor as to who should be nearest to Christ. Strife is the child of pride, the companion of ambition, the killer of unity, the grief of the Spirit, the bane of humility, the hinderer of the gospel, and the despiser of love.—*London Christian.*

In the life of the voluptuary there is no comfort. I need not draw aside the curtain that hides the excesses into which Solomon's dissoluteness plunged him. But I tear off the garlands which hide this death's head, and I hold before you the reeking skull of sinful pleasure. There is no peace in the life of a voluptuary. Solomon answers, "None! none!" Where is there any? In the religion of Jesus. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." In Christ is peace. In Christ is pardon. In Christ is everlasting joy, and nowhere else.—*Talmage.*

Happiness is made of so many pieces that there is always one missing.—*Bossuet.*

Essayists, editors, preachers, teachers, sociologists, and plain, every-day folk are discussing the question, "What is the matter with the life of to-day?" John gave the answer nineteen centuries ago, when he admonished his friends to "love not the world." That is what ails men and women today; we love the world overmuch; its pomp and pride and parade and possessions. We have gone mad after things. Most of us are trying to "go the pace," and so we have lost our peace and our joy and our power. And with it all we are blind to the obvious fact that among the unhappiest persons on earth are those who have obtained most of this world's gifts. The love of the present world is the blight of our times; let us go to school to saintly old John to learn a better way.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." (1 John 2:15.) Do not be deceived by the attractiveness of this world. It will cheat you and destroy you. "The Redoubtable" was the name of a French ship that Lord Nelson spared twice from destruction; and it was from the rigging of that very ship

that the fatal ball that killed him was fired. The devil administers many a sin in honey; but there is poison mixed with it. The truest pleasures spring from the good seed of righteousness—none else are profitable.—*D. L. Moody.*

A young lady, in giving her reasons for preferring a particular church, remarked that she "liked it best because it allowed its members to dance." She had been brought up to regard this as inconsistent for a professor of religion. She could not help feeling that it was running a risk to try to get to heaven and carry the world with her. But here was comfort. She had found a religious guide on which she could, as she fancied, shift off the responsibility. Instead of deciding for herself, in the light of Christ's teachings, she chose to take a second-hand opinion of a mere man as a rule.

One is reminded of an incident related by Dr. Whately of an old bridge which had long been thought unsafe even for foot passengers. People usually went a considerable distance around rather than venture upon it. But one evening a woman in great haste came up to the bridge before she reflected on its unsafe condition. It was late, and she had yet to dress for a party. She could not go all the way around, though still afraid to venture. At last a happy thought seemed to strike her. She called for a sedan chair, and was carried over. Now the young lady who desired to follow the world and go to heaven, too, was afraid to trust her own judgment on the subject of dancing. She feared the tottering arch might give way, and she be lost forever. To make all safe, she added to the weight of her own chance of error the additional chances of her human authority being wrong also.

It is not what the church "will let you do," but what Jesus Christ sanctions, that must be your guide.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull and cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor.

Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And,—pritheee lead me in;
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to heaven is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!—*Henry the Eighth.*

There are those who are at ease in Zion with themselves. These are the self-complacent ones—those who are satisfied with their spiritual attainments, who have no spiritual hunger for the bread of life, no soul thirst for the fountains of living water, no desire for a larger vision or a richer experience. They are the people who are content to sit at ease in their religious respectability and flatter themselves upon their self-sufficiency. They are the people who taste a little here and there from the Lord's banqueting table; then push themselves back with an air of satisfaction and fashionable delicacy, saying: "No, thank you, I do not care for more; I have had quite enough."

This contentment with small attainments in the religious life, this lack of spiritual appetite, is alarmingly prevalent in the church. We see it in the way people ignore the church and neglect the Bible. These two things are the divinely ordained means of grace which God has given for our spiritual growth. When they are ignored and neglected, what does it signify? It signifies that there is no sense of need in the soul. The hungry man eats, the thirsty man drinks; the eating and drinking are evidences of normal appetite. The church member who uses faithfully the means of grace

which God gives him, evinces a healthful, active state of spiritual hunger, but the one who does not care for them and lives at ease without them is sluggish, inertly content with his spiritual condition.

Look for a moment at the facts. Take the midweek service. It is universally conceded that this service offers to the Christian more practical assistance in the development of the personal religious life than any other service of the church. But the fact is that only a very small per cent of the membership attend this service. The figures show that usually only one out of ten of the members of the church is present at the midweek service. Nothing else could more positively demonstrate the general fact that Christian people are at ease in Zion with themselves, satisfied with their spiritual attainments and without a vital wish for anything larger or better.—*William R. King, D. D., in the Interior.*

We have no business to get our joy from the light that shines in this rebellious world. We must get joy from over the hills of glory. And to have peace, and not to have joy, is to be recreant to Christian duty.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

It would be interesting and instructive to get together the leading business men in any community who are also "members of the church," and ask them to give a reason for the fact that so few of the eminently successful business men of the country (who are "professing Christians") are so little engaged or even interested in the spiritual interests of the church. Why so few successful business men attend the weekly prayer-meeting; why so few of these men are found in the forefront of revival work; why it is so difficult to get successful business men to "speak and pray" in the church meetings or take any leading part in religious work.—*Pentecost.*

"Death worketh,
Let me work too;
Death undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as death my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

"Time worketh,
Let me work too;
Time undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as time my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

"Sin worketh,
Let me work too;
Sin undoeth,
Let me do.
Busy as sin my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity."

In every community there are at least three classes of people, The church-goers and the non-church-goers. These are the two grand divisions. Then the first class subdivides into two classes, those who are spiritual and those who are non-spiritual. The non-spiritual classes are made up about equally of backslidden professors of religion and unconverted people, who have from habit, social or family reasons, attended the church services more or less regularly on the Sabbath day—especially in the mornings—and conclude that, having done so much, all religious obligation is fully discharged for at least a week. As to attention to any week-day or evening services, or any special religious meetings, they have no conviction and no sense of obligation, and rarely any moiety of interest. When a season of special meetings is arranged for, you may expect to see some of this class of unspiritual church-goers in their places on Sunday morning, but that is the last of them. Indeed it is not uncommon that they take occasion to remark, and sometimes with great emphasis, that they do not approve of these "spasmodic efforts to get up a religious excitement"; and to make their protest strong they abandon even the small habit they have of going to church on Sundays. The backslidden unspiritual professor is often more conspicuous in this kind of neglect and opposition than the non-professor. Certainly his neglect is mere noticeable, because there is at least a formal obligation upon him to "lend a hand" in time of special effort.—*Words and Weapons.*

The race for riches has induced many disciples—forgetful of the infinite cost at which they have been redeemed—to "trim," and give "the halt, the lame and the blind," the comparative fag-ends of their time, talents and means to God and his great work of the world's gospelization, not to speak of "the lusts of other things," which, to a frightful extent, are indulged, to the destruction of the soul's peace and prosperity.

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Worth of Fame.

In the diary of William Allingham, an Irish poet whose work has a singing quality as tuneful as the melody of the thrush, we find many suggestive entries and not a few intimate touches that bring nearer to us the great ones of the past. Allingham had in him the stuff of a hero worshiper. He loved Tennyson and Carlyle with intense devotion, and the records he made of his visits to them are revelations of both men finer than any in their published lives. His diary was written for his own pleasure and information, and was not meant by him to be shown to the public. Therefore it is the more illuminating in the glimpses it gives of various well-known people.

When Carlyle was eighty-four he made a pilgrimage to his birthplace in Scotland. There stood the tiny house in which he was born, not a feature of the surrounding landscape altered. The people in the streets of Ecclefechan looked much as they did in the days when Carlyle was a boy. He had gone from them and had gained world-wide renown. As a scholar and thinker, a lecturer and historian, he had won unfading laurels. Everywhere men of genius honored him, and the British Empire took pride in his work as that of a man who had influenced thought and molded character. He was in every sense of the word a famous man. In Ecclefechan nobody cared for him. The old man aroused no curiosity and received no plaudits. One sedate elderly man, not unintelligent, told Mr. Allingham that he had heard of Carlyle and understood that he had written something that was called clever, but what it was he did not know.

A young woman was asked if she would not like to meet him. Not she. The aged philosopher came and went in his native place with as little attention as if he had never left it. Only a single farmer, standing at an inn door, stepped forward with a request that he might shake the old man's hand. "I have read your works," he said, "and I count it an honor to speak to you."—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

The Failure of Success.

Yes! but of what sort? Some successes may cost too much. Wellington once said, "Another such victory, and our army is gone." On the other hand, what looks like failure is often true success. Christ dying on the cross in the midst of a ribald mob is victor as he exclaims, "It is finished!"

Feeding on Husks.

There are people who for years and years have been scraping and skimming the surface, while their hearts beneath are hard, untouched, and full of barrenness and desolation. To such people comes the voice of God, saying, "Break up your fallow ground, for it is time to seek the Lord, till he come and rain righteousness upon you."

"Why am I not happy?" said a gentleman to a friend who had been his classmate at college. "I have everything to make me happy—wife, children, a happy home, money, success, position; and yet I would give everything I possess to have one whiff of my boyish feelings again. Now, why am I not happy?"

His friend answered:

"You see nothing but dollars and cents in every walk of life. You want a great reaction, and God may bring back that old-time feeling."

"I do not know what could," he replied, "unless a great sorrow; that might."

Many a man, stupid and stolid through prosperity and peace, needs the breaking up of the plow of God to go through his soul; and when his hopes are blighted, his joys are withered, and the agriculture of grief and desolation and disappointment has done its work, how often the wilderness and the solitary place are made to rejoice and blossom like Sharon, and bloom as the rose.—*Common People.*

Moth-Eaten Garments.

It is said that when Alexander the Great took Persepolis the riches of all Asia were gathered there; not only quantities of silver and gold, but also abundance of raiment. When the Roman Lucullus was requested to lend a hundred garments to the theater, he replied that he had five thousand in his

house, and they were welcome to take as many as they would. In regard to that species of wealth, James said, "Your garments are moth-eaten;" and so he said of coin, "Your gold and silver is cankered."

Fickle Fame.

Mr. Stanley, the great African discoverer, found that his lecturing tour in England, whilst a financial success, was not altogether a pleasant experience. The audiences seemed to care a great deal more for the war-songs and dances of the black boy Kalulu than for the descriptive lecture. Stanley's self-esteem was wounded, and he felt quite jealous of Kalulu, who, however, soon died.

Forgetting Their Heritage.

A visitor was once watching a group of slaves, slouching and shuffling off to their work. One tall, broad-shouldered fellow strode on, head erect and with the gait of a man. "How's that?" the visitor asked. "Oh, he's the son of an African king," was the reply. "He never forgets that." Alas! we forget, amid the drudgeries of earth, that we are sons and daughters of the King of kings, and in training for thrones in his empire.—*The Christian Herald.*

Just as Thirsty as Before.

He rushed through life * * * He desired too much; he wished strongly and greedily to taste life in one draught, thoroughly; he did not glean or taste it, he tore it off like a bunch of grapes, pressing it, crushing it, twisting it; and he remained with stained hands, just as thirsty as before. Then broke forth sobs which found an echo in all hearts.—*Taine on "Alfred de Musset"*

Earth Obstructed.

The water stopped one day in the pipe that supplied a trough in the pasture. The cattle were thirsty. Over and over again we saw them go to the watering-place and look down into the trough to go away disappointed and almost perishing from thirst.

Then we went up and found at the upper end of the pipe which lay in the spring a tiny bit of sod. It was but the work

of a moment to take that away, and then down through the pipe the water went gurgling to fill the trough below once more.

Only a bit of earth!

What is the reason so many of us are dying of thirst in these days? We go to the place appointed and lift up eyes and hearts, expecting to be filled with the water of life, and yet we go away as dry and unsatisfied as when we came. Why?

Over the upper end of the channel that comes down from the fountain there is a bit of the world. Our own hands have placed it there. You know what is the matter in your case; I know in mine. And we know, too, that as long as that is there, we never shall be satisfied. We are dying of thirst because the world is between us and the source of supply.—*The Homiletic Review.*

"Rank Failure."

The New York *Sun* not long ago published a letter that was evidently written with some man's heart-blood. The letter was anonymous but it bore every mark of sincerity. The writer goes on to tell he came to New York a very poor boy, and having now made a large fortune had retired from business. "But," says the confessing millionaire, "when I think it over day by day, I can only be ashamed of it all. I suppose that I was no worse than the others; I know that some were worse than I. But I forgot that there is such a thing as a square deal. If I could get the better of an associate or a customer or an employee, I did. Anything that I could do to attain my own success was good business, and I did it. I have given to charity, but it doesn't satisfy me. I know what I have done wasn't manly. The modern success is rank failure. I would give all that I possess tonight, if I could say, 'I have given everyone a square deal. I have done no man wrong.' Think it over; it will mean a lot to you some day."—*The Sunday School Times.*

Loving and Losing His Life.

Two students were walking together along the hedgerows of an English country road. Again one stopped, saying,

"There is the best illustration of an old text I ever saw!" And when his companion looked at him inquiringly, he said, slowly, "He that loveth his life shall lose it." Right in front of them a blackberry bush thrust out one of its branches by the side of the road. It was covered with great black luscious fruit. All the beautiful blossoms that had covered that vine in the early spring had yielded up their petals and their life, and in this spray of fruit had found again their lives in due season. But just above there hung down another vine covered still with miserable, stunted, yellow, untimely blossoms. The two vines, one gleaming black with its ripened harvest of sweetness, the other a frightful travesty, a sickly memory of the glorious bloom of the springtime, touched each other; and taking up the little bristling branch of stunted bloom, each miserable flower of which with desperate selfishness still held on to its petals for dear life, the student said again, sadly and slowly, "He that loveth his life shall lose it!"—*The Congregationalist.*

Fickle Favor.

Miltiades was immortalized one day in art and imprisoned the next day in a dungeon. Lord Cobham, who, in King James' time, was applauded and had thirty-five thousand dollars a year, was afterwards execrated, and lived on scraps stolen from the royal kitchen. The Duke of Wellington was borne from Waterloo upon the shoulders of his admiring countrymen. But the same man saw his mansion stormed by an infuriated rabble and refused to have the fence mended, preferring to leave it in ruins, "that men might learn what a fickle thing is human favor."

Trembling Pedestals.

Count Moltke, after one of his greatest victories, said, "When I listen to all the exaggerated flattery which the public sees fit to bestow upon me, I can only think how it would have been if this victory, this triumph, had not been ours. Would not the selfsame praise have changed to indiscriminate censure, to senseless blame?"

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Losing the Sense of Otherliness.

Driving in the northern suburbs of the city I came across a man with a box of homing pigeons.

He told me that he came from the southern part of the city and had brought the birds out for practice.

I waited for him to liberate one, and observed the actions of the bird. It flew back and forth in various directions for a while over the roofs of houses and between the tall chimneys of near-by factories, as if it were lost. Then it began to soar upward until, at quite a height, it started south and until lost to view was going in a direct line for its home.

So the Christian whose life is given to worldliness loses the sense of the heavenly home, and rushes aimlessly hither and thither.

But let him recognize his heavenly citizenship, and let his spirit soar into the pure atmosphere of God's love; then his spiritual vision sees the New Jerusalem, and the life takes on directness and steadies itself upon its course toward eternal life.—*The Homiletic Review.*

This Little World.

After having witnessed the sickness of his sister Fanny, which afterwards resulted in her death, Dickens wrote: "God knows how small the world looks to one who comes out of such a sick-room on a bright summer day."

Chasing Shadows.

Professor Dugald Stewart tells of a bright youth of his acquaintance who spent fifteen years in training himself to balance a broomstick on his chin!

Learning Cannot Satisfy.

Solomon was one of the largest contributors to the literature of the day. The man who tries to make learning and science his God has a life of gigantic wretchedness. Byron had all that genius and sympathy with nature and literary applause could give a man, and yet he died of wretchedness.—*Talmage.*

Love Crowded Out.

The case of a man whose friendship I prized in early life is typical of those of hundreds who are deceiving themselves with

the fiction that they are really sacrificing themselves to the interests of their families. This man married an attractive and amiable young woman, whose whole heart was given to him. All went well for the first few years after their marriage; but gradually the husband began to stay a little longer and yet longer in his office, and, when he came home late in the evening, he was apt to be a little more silent, a little more self-absorbed than had been his wont. He was not so much interested in his wife's confidences, or so responsive to her efforts to draw his mind away from business cares. The prattle of the little baby girl whose coming had brought additional sunshine to the home, had no power to divert him from the planning and scheming to enlarge his business, and to make more money, with which he had been continually occupied. As the years went by he grew more and more away from youthful ideals, and more and more wrapped up in his business. His home and wife and child held but the second place in his heart, in spite of his effort to make himself believe the contrary. "I shall see more of them later," he said to himself. "It is all for their good. It is for them that I want more money, more power and more influence. I must put this deal through before I relax or all my plans will be overturned." He continued to deceive himself with these sophistries until now he finds himself, in middle life, almost a stranger to his family. Their interests, tastes, and ideals are not of his world. He is unable to comprehend them. They have grown away from him into a world which he cannot enter, while he has fallen into a rut from which it seems impossible for him to extricate himself. Books and music, and social pleasures have no meaning for him. The state of the market, the rise and fall of stocks, the fluctuations of trade, the conditions of the money market—these are the only things that appeal to him, the only things he understands. At times he is shaken by a fear of physical collapse. The constant strain on his nerves is beginning to tell on him. His mind is not so keen and alert as it once was; he is not so calm or self-controlled, and his luxurious home affords no cessation of care to this slave of Mammon. Delving in the same rut continually has made him a mere machine, and for want of lubrication it is wearing out prematurely.—*Success.*

Holding Fast to Both Worlds.

"Do you know what it is?" M. de Lamennais said on one occasion to his pupils, "which makes man the most suffering of all creatures? It is that he has one foot in the finite and the other in the infinite, and that he is torn asunder, not by four horses, as in the horrible old times, but between two worlds."

Spiritual Icebergs.

Icebergs are always a menace to trans-Atlantic lines bound to Atlantic coast ports. The cold June which we experienced last year was caused by icebergs appearing much further south than at other more normal seasons. Wireless apparatus installed on most of the trans-Atlantic passenger liners has proved of inestimable value to steamships, in enabling them to transmit to one another the location of icebergs or derelicts seen in their paths. But what is to be said of the spiritual icebergs in our churches? Like the iceberg in mid-ocean, you can detect their presence by the chilliness around them. They move so slowly in spiritual matters that they give everything a cold chill. The pastor and church officers usually know where these spiritual icebergs are. They are the most dangerous obstacles in the progress of the church. Ice is one of the most gracious gifts of God to man, but there are places where it is out of place. A heated furnace in the cellar can never melt icebergs in the pew. The gospel alone can melt cold, worldly natures and subdue the pride and self-complacency of the heart.—*Wm. Barnes Lower.*

What Shall it Profit?

Speaking of the bridal procession of Anne Boleyn, Mr. Froude says: "Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps; however, it passed unheeded. Those eyes were watching all for another object which now drew near. In the open space behind the constable, there was seen approaching a white chariot, drawn by two palfreys in white damask that swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above it making music with silver bells; and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage; fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—queen at last—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness, for which

she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honor, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it."

Halfway Christians.

We were at the house of a friend lately, with whom we were dining. There was an old colored house servant in the dining room to whom we spoke after dinner. In other years we had known him for a Christian. "Well, Henry, how is it with your soul? Are you in health?"

The answer was: "Well, sir, I'm keeping 'long. ust keeping 'long, sir."

"But, Henry, are you serving the Lord?"

"Well, sir, I'se going through de motions. I'se going through de motions, sir."

We put both questions to him over again, only in different form, but the only answer we could get out of the old man was, "I'm keeping 'long;" and "I'se going through de motions."

We thought afterwards if all who confess Christ should make similarly honest answers whether many would not have to say the same thing. But can it be true that any child of God is "just keeping along?" If we are not growing in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, are we "keeping along?" Can a Christian cease to grow and not begin to die? We know very well that as soon as a tree ceases to make new wood, and put forth new twigs, it has begun to die. Is it otherwise with a Christian? We trow not. Moreover, going through the motions is not worshiping God. There is somewhere in the Bible something said about these "people who draw nigh to me with their lips, but whose hearts are far from me." This is to go through the motions of prayer without praying. To go to church and maintain an outward show of worship, is not to serve the Lord. Brother! Sister! How is it with you? Are you growing in grace, or are you just "keeping along," which is to be deteriorating? Are you serving the Lord with glad, happy and willing hearts, or are you just going through the motions? Alas! that the Master of the house should come suddenly and find us in such a case. Alas! that he should tarry, leaving us in charge with his talents and his estates here, and we should be such unfaithful servants.—*Words and Weapons.*

Without Religion, Nothing.

Who would want to live in any city if you took the Christians out of it? Some infidels founded a town in Minnesota a few years ago, in order to have a town in which the name of God or Christ should never be mentioned except in terms of profanity and vulgarity. They hung Jesus Christ in the streets in effigy, and the place was full of blasphemy. I had to stay there all night some years ago in passing through that region, and I trembled for my life while I stayed in the best hotel in the place. The town was destroyed by fire, and they tried to build it up again. Then came an Indian massacre, with an awful retribution of bloodshed, and they tried to build it up again. It was again partially destroyed by fire; and at last, after there had been riot and bloodshed and anything but purity and peace for years, the citizens of that town sent to the American Home Missionary Society and said, "Can you send us a minister of Jesus Christ?" And if you were to go there today you would not know that community, with its church spires pointing heavenward, and its children going to Sunday school and learning about Christ. It is almost as orderly there today as in any town in the land, because of the influence of the church. Your property would not be worth having if it were not for Christianity in this city.—*Mills.*

SERVICE THREE—Monday Evening

Saved for Service

(Office-Bearers' Consecration Service)

TEXTS FOR SERVICE III

He that winneth souls is wise.—*Prov. 11:30.*

And they that turn many to righteousness (shall shine) as the stars for ever and ever.—*Dan. 12:3.*

How can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?—*Esther 8:6.*

He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.—*James 5:20.*

Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in.—*Luke 14:23.*

When I say unto the wicked * * * Thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked * * * his blood will I require at thine hand.—*Ezek. 33:8.*

And they come unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy.—*Mark 2:3.*

Here am I; send me.—*Isa. 6:8.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

He that winneth souls is wise.—Prov. 11:30.

1. Soul-winning means soul-health for the winner.
2. Inestimable blessings for those won.
3. Fellowship with Christ in service.

And they that turn many to righteousness (shall shine) as the stars for ever and ever.—Dan. 12:3.

1. A glorious vocation—turning men to righteousness.
2. Large results possible; "many."
3. An everlasting reward. "Shine as the stars forever."

How can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?—Esther 8:6.

1. Near and dear ones are in spiritual peril.
2. Common instincts of humanity should awaken anxiety for them.
3. Apprehension should lead to definite effort for averting the approaching calamity.

He which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.—James 5:20.

1. Possible to divert men from the pathway to destruction.
2. The immeasurably great results of success.
3. A challenge to zeal.

Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in.—Luke 14:23.

1. The unresponding multitudes.
2. Aggressive evangelism needed.
3. The effective compulsion of loving solicitude.

When I say unto the wicked * * * thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked * * * his blood will I require at thine hand.—Ezek. 33:8.

1. Impending doom proclaimed.
2. Commissioned to be rescuers.
3. Dereliction incurs blood-guiltiness.

And they come unto him, bringing one sick of the palsy.—Mark 2:3.

1. Yoke-fellows in soul-winning.
2. Christ's sympathetic response to spiritual effort.
3. Christ ready to heal the souls we may bring to him.

Here am I; send me.—Isa. 6:8.

1. God works through human agents.
2. Volunteers are needed.
3. The rich rewards of faithful service.

SUGGESTIONS

Measured from a human standpoint, this service may well be looked upon as having the deepest significance and exerting a wider influence, than any other service of the series.

The writer has used the following method frequently with the best results: Announce that the service is restricted to those holding official positions in the congregation and its allied organizations. This will include the pastor; all church officers; the officers and teachers of the Sunday school; the officers and committee chairmen of the Women's Missionary Society, Young Peoples' Society, Men's Organization, Aid Society, etc.

Write out and number all names included in the list. Find the total number, and have a room seated with exactly that number of chairs. Or, if it is necessary to use the main auditorium, number the seats to be set aside. Announce this fact, and emphasize the thought that there will be a seat reserved for each office bearer, to be occupied, or left vacant if any fails to be present.

Open the service with a few earnest prayers, selecting beforehand those who are to offer them, and informing them of the fact. Follow these with a strong, direct talk on the evening's topic, "Saved for Service in Soul-winning." Emphasize the special responsibility of those who hold office.

Have a list of "availables,"—those in the community who are not professed followers of Christ, and who are within the sphere of your influence. Read this list, call for prayers for those on it; and then, going over the names one by one, ask all of those present to volunteer to take one or more names of those to whom they will speak or write, urging Christ's claims.

Instruct them to inform you of the result, with the understanding that you will follow up their efforts with personal interviews wherever that seems desirable. Do not prolong the meeting unduly.

Arrange for another meeting of this group, and of any others whom they may influence to join them (although, in the ordinary congregation, you will find that by the time you have all who

belong in this office-holders' group, you have included nearly all of your dependable workers) on Saturday evening (or any convenient time) for a definite report on each name, and the suggestion of additional "availables."

Concentrate your praying and planning upon this Monday evening service, as its importance, under favorable circumstances, can hardly be overestimated. It will generate interest, and stimulate to zeal, prayerful aggressiveness and personal approach. Emphasize dependence upon the Holy Spirit, rather than upon human skill alone.

SEED THOUGHTS

It is the Gideon's band that God chooses to do his work for him. These must be brought out and go alone. The multitude of them who went back from the great army which was mustered by that famous captain, would have only impeded the work and perhaps created a panic in the hearts of the true-hearted, had they gone down with them into the valley of battle.

We shall never reach the non-churchgoers until we have called out a consecrated host, no matter how small, from the unconsecrated and unconverted mass of churchgoers. Here is where the work must begin.—*Selected.*

Dr. Cameron Lees in his *Life and Conduct* observes: "The greatest works that have been done have been done by the ones. No learned society discovered America, but one man, Columbus. No parliament saved English liberties, but one man, Pym. No confederate nation rescued Scotland from her political and ecclesiastical enemies, but one man, Knox. By one man, Howard, our prisons were purified. By one woman, Miss Nightingale, our disgraceful nursing system was reformed. By one, Clarkson, the reproach of slavery was taken away. God in all ages has blessed individual effort, and if we are strong enough to take up any special line of benevolent Christian work that seems open to us, we should not shrink from it." Let us never forget Christ's words, "Alone, yet not alone, for the Father is with me." There is a splendid spiritual culture and training in this high consciousness.

It is only when a living soul is behind truth that it has power.

The price of great victories is great surrender—surrender of ease, of natural inclination, of everything that interferes with the one great thing we do.

The only royal road is the one which bears the mark of a pierced foot.

If we are to have power with God and men, we must pay the price in self-denying service.

Never until one realizes the value of a soul and the price at which it was purchased, and never until a love as intense and per-

sonal as that of a brother burns in our soul, shall we be much used in the saving of the lost.

If you do not care for men, and "care to care," you cannot speak the word with power.

Only the man with the yearning soul is of any account with the evangel.

Before one can preach an evangelistic sermon, he must have an evangelistic heart.

The cross still conquers men, and he who will climb to it for the love he has will find a crown upon the rugged bars.—*Pastoral and Personal Evangelism.*

All come not home at night who suppose they have set their faces heavenward. It is a woeful thing to die, and miss heaven. How many a mere professor's candle is blown out and never lighted again! I see ordinary profession, and to be ranked among the children of God, is now thought enough to carry professors to heaven; but certainly a name is but a NAME, and will never endure the blast of God's storm.—*Selected.*

The most effective cause and reason for remarkable conversions is prayer. It is the mighty connecting link that brings the spirit into communication with the hardest men and women. Charles G. Finney said there were three requisites to a great revival of religion: devout prayer, house-to-house visitation, and personal contact of Christians with their fellow men. I have seen these successful in bringing the hardest and most indifferent men to Christ, when it seemed that all other plans and methods had failed. —*Selected.*

"I've done refusin'." These were the words of an aged Christian, who had been unexpectedly asked by his pastor to lead the special meeting for the evening. In commencing the services, he stated that he had not expected to take charge of the meeting, and so was unprepared to make remarks on the topic before them. "But," said he, "I have made up my mind that when I am asked to do anything in Christian work by one whom I have confidence in, if he thinks it is my duty, even if I do not feel prepared, I will try to do it. I've done refusin'." No better opening for the prayer-meeting that night was needed. What better key-note could be found? What a difference would be seen at once in our

social meetings, and in every branch of church work, if only each professing Christian could say, "I've done refusin'!"—*Congregationalist.*

Dr. Dixon says the parable of the shepherd is rendered like this in the conduct of many a church: "A certain man, when he found that some of his sheep were lost, built a handsome shelter on the edge of the wilderness and over the door wrote these words, 'Any lost sheep straying near this wilderness hard by, if he will present his credentials and give good references to the committee in charge, will be admitted to shelter after due deliberation.'"

Did Isaiah ever regret the hour in which he answered, "Here am I; send me, send me?" Surely not. Not in all his long life, for he ministered for many years, and his ministry was brightened by many a sight of the day of Christ which, though he saw it afar off, made him glad; not while he was laboring on earth, sustained and enlightened by the spirit of God; not even when he came to die a martyr's death. And now when among those that have turned many to righteousness he looks back over the checkered pilgrimage, do you think there is a moment that stands out brighter in his recollection than that happy moment when with his whole soul he said, "Here am I; send me," and God accepted him and said, "Go?"—*J. G. Cunningham.*

You know that his service is various enough to have a place that you are fitted to occupy, that his service is needy enough to demand your help, and, finally, that it is resourceful enough to be able to dispense with your help. Such is the state of the case. You are responsible only for being a willing, zealous, industrious servant—intelligent, withal, according to the measure of your talent in capacity and in opportunity.—*Selected.*

Men who can persistently resist the tender pleadings of the spirit, the love of a Savior, and the entreaties of loved ones on earth, are indeed hard. Yet when all other hopes of reaching them are gone, there is one promise to which we can hold fast. "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 18:19.) Again, in Mark 11:24: "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have

them." The first reference with its "again," calls to our minds that God tells us over and over what he will do if we believe, yet we cannot take him at his word. The passage in Mark brings out the idea that we must desire in order to pray. When we earnestly desire, we will pray; when we pray believing, we shall receive.—*Selected.*

It is the life that counts for or against Christ. Some one has said, "There is a gospel according to Matthew and a gospel according to Mark, Luke and John, but let it not be forgotten that there is a gospel according to you," and if your life does not ring true with the other gospels you shall be called to account. Such a life can make real havoc of the church.—*Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.*

In a little group of men, leaders in the church, I heard the question asked, "What is the weightiest argument in behalf of Christ today?" One of the wisest in the group replied after a moment's silence, "The weightiest argument for Christ, and the weightiest argument against Christ today, is the same argument—Christians." That is true. It is what Peter means in bidding us to walk carefully in daily life that we may put to silence the ignorance of men. It is what Jesus means when he calls us the light of the world.—*Cleland Boyd McAfee, D. D.*

Aversion to fanaticism, with its vagaries and delusions, should not lead us to ignore the biblical teaching or the biblical commands. We are not able to attain in this life to perfect holiness or to a life free from unconscious sin. But we are unquestionably able to rise far above the level of our actual experience and conduct and to come far closer to the ideal standard. There are resources of grace which we do not use, influences of the Holy Spirit which we refuse, possibilities of holy character which we do not seek to realize.

It is one of the sins and weaknesses of the church that her members are content to walk on this lower level and do not aspire and rise to the loftier landing places of light and holiness and peace. Certainly the Scriptures do not warrant this easy satisfaction with a half consecrated life, this stagnation of faith and love and holy purpose in the attainments and achievements of former years.—*Christian Observer.*

Is life decreasing or increasing? Is it growing richer or poorer? The ordinary cheap philosophies assume that life is like a fire which speedily reaches the fullness of its heat, and then fades and fades till it goes out. The high philosophy which gets its light from God believes that life, as it moves deeper and deeper into God, must move from richness into richness always. * * * All that we believe is but the promise of the perfect faith. All that we do is great with its anticipation of the complete obedience. All that we are but gives us suggestions of the richness which our being will attain. Those moments make our real, effective, enthusiastic life. They create the fulfillment of their own hopes and dreams. O cherish them! O believe that no man lives at his best to whom life is not becoming better and better, always aware of greater and greater forces, capable of diviner and diviner deeds and joys.—*Phillips Brooks.*

The life of faith follows the life of obedience; it is a step within and a step higher toward the celestial state. It is characterized by the recognized presence of the Lord in all that one thinks and feels and does. To describe it, therefore, is not so much to describe certain acts either done or not done in the outer life as to describe an interior state which comes from the recognition of the Lord's presence. This is the life of faith.—*The Helper.*

Bishop Mallalieu says: "When surrender and consecration are complete, and the waiting heart receives the baptism of the Holy Ghost, there will come the enduement of sweetness and power, and whatever our station, and however humble our talents, whether our days be few or many, our lives will not be wasted."

A holy life is made up of a number of good things. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles of battles, nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam that "so softly" move in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, of little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh—the avoidance

of such little things as these go far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life.—*Bonar.*

"What is it to build on Christ?" asks Dr. Watkinson. "It is to build a light-house on a rock. No task in which men can engage demands more determination, courage, and sacrifice. It is hard work to cut the rock and at every step of the building of the noble tower the masons have to fight the thundering artillery of the sea. Such is true building on Christ. We must strike through the pride of our heart, the lusts of the flesh, the opposition of the world to build on him, and bring to perfection the solid masonry of a truly spiritual and consecrated life."

What is it to build on the sand? It is to build a summer house in the garden. This is easy enough. It is easy to play at church rites and ceremonies; it is easy to piece together a few virtues and proprieties to pacify society. But if Christ is the architect of your life, and if you are to build it deeply and solidly against the day of trial and testing, there must be a readiness to bear and suffer much for his sake. There must be self-giving and cross-bearing. As in the early centuries the Christian ladies of Rome used to have the symbol of the cross inwrought in the texture of their beautiful gowns, so that to take out the symbol was to destroy the fabric, so is the cross interwoven with the very texture of the Christian life.—*The Congregationalist.*

Loyalty to Christ demands of us the uttermost of sincerity and truth in all our living. God desires truth in the inward parts. Yet are there not men who claim to be Christians and are living a lie? There are lives that are honey-combed by all manner of unfaithfulness, dishonesties, injustices and injuries to others and by many secret sins. What does the lesson of loyalty to Christ have to teach us about these things? Are covered sins safely hidden? Are they out of sight forever? Oh, no; be sure your sin will find you out. The word is not, "Be sure your sin will be found out." It may not be found out in this world, but it will "find you out." It will plague you, spoil your happiness, make your life wretched. What shall we do about these wrong things we have done? A life of loyalty to Christ means a life that is white, clean through and through. None can build a beautiful, shining character on covered sins. Joy is part of a complete Christian life, and no one can be joyous with sins concealed in his heart.—*J. R. Miller.*

And is not this Christ's method in feeding the world with gospel truth? In another place he said, "Give ye them to eat." So is it when the souls of men are crying for food and perishing of hunger, Jesus Christ says to his disciples, to his church, "Give ye them to eat." To India, starving for gospel bread, he points, saying, "Give ye them to eat." To China, Africa, Japan, the islands of the sea, he points, saying, "Give ye them to eat." Is not the blessed missionary work of the church a carrying out of this very method of Christ in feeding the world with the gospel through human instrumentality?—*Selected.*

The life that is only seen by the eye of the Infinite and Eternal is very important. The motives that prompt what we think and speak and do are only known to ourselves and our Maker. The heart-life is vital. If here at the fountain there are defects, then the whole life will be damaged. We can never rise higher in the scale of moral excellence than the status of our heart-life. "What a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." This declaration of holy writ is absolutely true. Thought determines character. Character settles destiny. The most careful cultivation of the heart is absolutely necessary for the growth and development of the virtues of Christian living. Our gaze should ever be inward. The closest self-examination is demanded. "Examine yourselves; see whether ye be in the faith," should prompt us to continual action in the direction indicated. There are certain uprisings of our nature within that can easily be controlled if we only exercise the precaution necessary and earnestly seek the help that comes from God. A sacred treasure has been committed unto us and it must be safely guarded. Out of the heart the life flows. The stream may be clear and bright and sparkling, or the reverse, as we may will. Can anything demand of us more careful consideration than the inner life? Reader, think on these things.

Holiness of heart leads to holiness of life. The heart must be cleansed of all impurity if the life shall be pure. No doubt can arise in the mind of any right-thinking person concerning the rightfulness of this position. It admits of no controversy. It is a proposition the statement of which carries conviction to all. We are fearful that many fail to look at this matter in the proper light.

Turn the light in on your heart. Make a close inspection. Resolve that my heart shall be clean of all sin and that my life shall be holy.

Supreme satisfaction in the service of our Lord Jesus Christ is only possible where such conditions prevail. It may cost you self-denial. It may mean the crucifixion of certain things that you imagine add pleasure to your life, but you can never attain unto that blessed spiritual realization, where all your heart's desires are fixed on things above, until you shall bring your heart under supreme control to the highest law of its best being.—*Baltimore Methodist.*

You all know Ary Scheffer's beautiful picture of Dante and Beatrice. Surely it teaches us a lesson if we would be guides of others. The heavenly guide is leading on her earthly disciple, who is gazing up intently into her face. But where are her eyes fixed? Not on him, but on heaven.

O my brothers, aim high! For the honor of Christ, for the love of the church, for the salvation of the flock, for your own soul's safety, aim high. Never rest satisfied with a low standard. Even the world itself, in these days, expects much of you. Take heed unto the flock; take heed unto the doctrine; but first take heed unto yourself.—*Bishop U. W. Howe, D. D.*

The spiritual life must be maintained by a constant and vigorous growth, otherwise deterioration must ensue. Grace can not be held in reserve for emergencies as bankers hold amounts of money in reserve for unexpected demands; but it is given, rather, as God gave manna to the children of Israel, for present use. God is no spendthrift, neither is he extravagant in the impartation of spiritual gifts. He giveth more grace, but he never gives a surplus of grace, there will be none to squander. If grace is not utilized, it will not be intrusted to the individual. How easily a person may backslide; how unconsciously, as it were, his strength and spiritual vitality may be undermined! It is oftentimes the "little foxes" that gnaw at the vine that do the most mischief. It behooves each Christian to be on his guard, to be watchful and prayerful, lest like Samson in Delilah's lap he may be shorn of his power. Unconscious deterioration—what a thought! What a possibility! If it materializes in a Christian's life, what a calamity! It has captured

multitudes. Like some members in the Galatian church, they "ran well for a time," but finally lost their first love, forfeited their zeal and earnestness, by yielding to the siren song of the world, and to apathy, and in consequence are shorn of their power. They are spiritually dead while professing to be alive. Oh, yes, they may go through the performance of Christian duty automatically, but there is no enjoyment in it for them, neither any profit for any one else. They "have a name to live," but in truth they "are dead" practically. Of them it can be said: "O ye people, who hath bewitched you?" St. John says: "Look to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought, but that we receive a full reward." —*Evangelical Messenger.*

If you ask me what one thing is most necessary for the Christian worker, I answer unhesitatingly, personal holiness. No gifts, however brilliant; no labors, however diligent, can ever supply the place of this. It stands to reason it must be so.—*Selected.*

"To get to heaven" is a worthy desire, but it does not cover the scope of Christianity, nor does it satisfy the demands of the gospel, nor meet the soul's needs. Regardless of the future rewards of godliness, holiness of heart and life are profitable in all things here, in this world. The life that is governed by the principles of godliness gets the best and escapes the worst in this world. He who follows after righteousness has everything to gain and nothing, absolutely nothing, to lose thereby in this life, and besides, has the promise of the life which is to come. It is the promise of God that to those who seek first his kingdom and his righteousness all other necessary things shall be added. The Master said that those who leave all for his sake and the gospel's shall receive an hundred fold now, in this time, and in the world to come, eternal life. But the emphasis of our godliness should be put where it belongs, and where Christ puts it—not on the hope and desire of future reward—but as he says, for my sake and the gospel's.—*Selected.*

It was the custom of the old Roman merchants to stamp "sine cera" (without wax) upon their wares. It was intended to convey the idea that the quality corresponded with the appearance. "Without wax" is the literal meaning of the word sincere. It means that one is just what he appears, that one is free from hypocrisy, simu-

lation and false pretense; that one is honest, unfeigned and unaffected; that one is genuine and true, above bartering principle, or trafficking in truth.

Sincerity and truth are peculiarly and indissolubly joined together. Truth to any man is his true conception of things; and to live sincerely is to live true to the truth; to live in obedience and faithfulness, and devotion to the truth he knows respecting God, and life, and destiny. It is related on good authority that a hearer who had certain skeptical tendencies once said to Dr. McCosh, "I do not believe more than half you said." "Very well," replied Dr. McCosh. "What are you doing with the half you do believe? Are you holding it in righteousness or in unrighteousness?" This is the significance of any known truth whatsoever; for the question ultimately turns upon the disposition one makes of the truth one really knows. The sincere man lives true to the truth he knows. He is faithful to that much of the heavenly vision.

Sincerity, says Carlyle, is the chief fact about a man. That man is great indeed who holds the truth in sincerity, and who earnestly and faithfully lives it regardless of his calling or station or of what the world may say.

"True greatness abides with him alone,
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect and still revere himself,
In sincerity of heart."—*Benn.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

Now is the Time.

The time for consecration is now. It is a voluntary state, and can be entered at once. All our pretenses of preparing to begin consecrated lives are only excuses for neglecting a duty which we should discharge at once. All waiting for God to do something more than he is doing, or for others to do so or become different, or for conditions to change, are only makeshifts seemingly to relieve you from this most pressing obligation. You say the greatest and the best thing possible for you is to have his help now. He will never help you more than he does now. You say it is a great thing thus to enter into a solemn dedication of your all to God. So it is, and you should make haste to do the greatest and the best thing possible for you, in time or eternity—"present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God," no matter where you are.

Admiral Foote, when a midshipman, while walking the deck of his vessel on a starless night voiced his self-consecration in the words, "Henceforth I live for God." At that hour his whole life swung into line with God, and so he remained to the end of his useful career. On the night of his twenty-second birthday, Charles Kingsley wrote, "Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars, I have devoted myself to God, a vow never to be recalled." This personal consecration was the crisis in the lives of these great and good men. It will be the turning-point in yours. It opens the heart to the Holy Spirit. The world never looks to one afterward as it did before. Its deceptions are exposed, and the power of its fascination is broken. The nearness and loving mercy of God, the infinite value of man, the heinousness of sin, and the glory of salvation overshadow, in their stupendous importance, all other realities. Your time is now.—*De W. C. Huntington, D. D., in "Is the Lord Among Us?"*

He Gave Himself.

Among the unknown whose very identity is lost may be mentioned a young man, who, considering what course of

life would open the door for him to do the most good, adopted the medical profession, and, having completed his studies, opened an office in East Twenty-third street, New York City, giving his services to the poor along the East River. One evening, just as he was dressing for his brother's wedding, a call came from a contagious case. Laying aside his "wedding garments," he went at once to the house of misery. The patient died—the doctor was taken ill, and during his sickness scores of people knelt upon the sidewalk fronting his rooms, praying for his recovery; and when he died, 1,500 poor people attended his funeral, 800 men walking in line, every one of whom either in his person or family had received help from the young doctor! What can one man do!

Neglected Opportunities.

In a certain city a gentleman of large business interests was converted. After his conversion he said to us, "I have often wondered why it is that Christian people, if they really believe what they profess, show so little interest to win others to Christ. I have a brother-in-law who is a minister, and who spends his summer vacations with me. Yet in all these years that he has been coming to our home he has never once talked seriously with me about giving myself to Christ." That minister, through neglect of duty, was condemned in the eyes of that unsaved business man.—*The Master Workman.*

She "Never Refused God Anything."

Few women have left as noble a record as Florence Nightingale. Speaking of herself, she says, "If I could give you any information of my life, it would be to show how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God, in strange and unaccustomed paths, to do in his service what he has done in her. And if I could tell you all, you would see how God has done all, and I have done nothing. I have worked hard, that is all, and I have never refused God anything."

The Shorter Road to Loved Ones.

In an address on "Prayer," at Oxford, England, Dr. Torrey said, "Have you loved ones out of Christ whom you would like to see saved? There is a way to reach them. 'O, but,'

you say, 'I do not know where they are; they may be in Africa, India, or elsewhere.' God knows. The shortest road to India, to Africa, to Canada, to any corner of the earth, is by way of the throne. You can put up a prayer today in Oxford and God can answer it the same moment in India."

The same evening, among the requests for prayer, was a note of thanksgiving which strikingly illustrated the truth of Dr. Torrey's words. "On October 28, in the Drill Hall, Plymouth, I sent you a request for prayer to this effect, 'A father requests prayer for a son in Canada.' I noticed that you paused after reading it, as if you did not quite approve of the request being left so indefinite. It was purposely so worded on account of the Holy Spirit. We had not heard of our son since September 5, and were in ignorance as to where he then was. Will you kindly express our thanks to God that on October 29—the day after the request for prayer was heard —our son again wrote from Winnipeg to tell us where he was? We received his letter exactly a fortnight from the time we sent you the request."

The Prince of Soul-Winners.

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father." (John 14:12.) Christ opened the eyes of a blind man and he saw his father. You can open the eyes of a man's heart and he shall see God. He lifted up a man who was lame; you shall bring a man to walk in the ways of righteousness. He took a young man by the hand and raised him up from his bier. If you are filled with the Spirit of God, you can bring a man up from the death of sin into the life of God. It is a greater work than Jesus Christ did when he opened the eyes of the blind man.—*Alexander McKenzie.*

The Noblest Work.

Rowland Hill once introduced Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, to a nobleman, thus, "Allow me to present to your lordship my friend, Dr. Jenner, who has lately been the means of saving more lives than any other man." The

good physician bowed and replied with great earnestness, "Oh, sir, would that, like you, I might save many souls."

Zeal.

You may have read the story of the young Japanese who, some years ago, found a little slip from the Bible that told about God. He went back to Japan, and one day he asked some one if he knew where God was. This person directed him to a dock where there was an American ship, and told him that the Americans could tell him about God. He asked the captain, who was not a Christian man, but the owner was, and the captain sent him to the owner. The latter said that he could not tell him much about the matter, but if he would ship with him as a sailor he would take him to the United States, and place him in care of a man who believed in God and would tell him about him. The young man went with the owner to Boston, and his search for God was so earnest that the owner placed him in an institution for education. He is now one of the most distinguished teachers in Japan. How earnest was that young man's search!

I have thought how much sympathy Socrates, and some of those great men of ancient times, deserve. Instead of looking down upon them as if they were hardly worthy of our attention, they look to me like people groping in a cellar and inquiring, "Where shall I find him whom my soul desires?" As they are walking through the darkness I think their eyes are directed toward a lamp, and as they are drawn toward it, they see that it is held up by a pierced hand. A voice says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me." "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

Wafted Perfume.

A missionary gives the following as one trophy of Divine grace in China:

A woman was brought to a hospital for treatment, having an incurable disease. She was ignorant of her physical danger, she was ignorant also of the great salvation. Her gentle nurse hastened to tell her the "old, old story of Jesus and his love." It was new and wonderful to this heathen mind, but she at once believed the good news and accepted the

freely offered salvation. Then she was eager to go to her friends with this glad message of the Savior's love. She said to her attendant:

"Will you ask the doctors how soon I shall be well?"

Her friend returned with the message:

"The doctors say that they must tell you the truth—you will never be well."

"Please ask them how long I'll live."

The reply was, "Three months, with the care and comforts with which you are now surrounded."

"And how long shall I live if I go to my old home with the blessed message from heaven?"

"Possibly not more than three weeks."

When the answer came this new convert exclaimed, "Get my clothes; I will start today."

Expostulation was useless, for she argued: "Do you think I count the loss of a few weeks of my life anything when I have such good news to tell my people who have never heard of the Savior, and who will be lost if they do not know?"

Where the Fire Was Burning.

Dr. John Robertson tells of a Scotch village where, years ago, all the hearthfires had gone out. It was before the days of matches. The only way to rekindle the fires was to find some hearth where the fire was yet aglow. Their search was fruitless until at last they found a flaming hearth away up on the hill. One by one they came to this hearth and lighted their peat, put it carefully in the pan, shielding it from the wind, and the fires were soon burning again throughout the community.

Are the fires getting low in your heart? Has the chill of worldliness settled down upon you? God has plenty of fire on the hill. Climb up into his presence through the path of surrender, and he will take the live coal from the altar and lay it upon your heart and upon your lips. This is the fullness of the Holy Ghost. This is the passion for souls.

The Difference.

A young Jewess who is now a Christian asked a lady who had instructed her in the gospel to read history with her. "Be-

cause," said she, "I have been reading the gospels and I am puzzled. I want to know when Christians began to be so different from Christ."—*Hugh Black.*

Soul-Winning Character.

The African traveler, H. M. Stanley said, "In 1877 I went to Livingstone as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. To a reporter and correspondent such as I, who had only to deal with wars, mass-meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were entirely out of my province. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there and asked myself, 'How on earth does he stop here? Is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the bible—'Leave all and follow me.' But little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; my sympathy was aroused; seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it. How sad that the good old man should have died so soon! How joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has since happened there."

That's Different.

There is a story told of a somewhat eccentric preacher who was driving along a country road when he was attracted by the appearance of a farmhouse. Its whole air was so peaceful that it looked like an ideal abode. It occurred to him that, fair as it seemed, it might still be lacking in that which was most essential, so leaving his carriage he went to the door. A middle-aged woman answered the summons, and he propounded his question without hesitation, "Madam, does Jesus Christ live here?" The woman started, but though he repeated his inquiry he received no answer, and when he had gone she ran out where her husband was chopping wood, and told him of her caller. "Didn't you tell him we belong to church?" demanded the old man. The wife shook her head. "Didn't you tell him we give money every Sunday?" Again the gray head made its negative reply. "'Twasn't anything like that he wanted to know, John. He wanted to know if Jesus Christ lives here,—that's different."—*Forward.*

"Mother, Here's George."

Chaplain McCabe had a brother who, after forty years of thraldom to strong drink, was finally, through the faith and love and perseverance of his hopeful brother, redeemed from the sad slavery. The chaplain used to say, "When I get to heaven, I am going to take my brother by the hand and lead him up to my mother and say: 'Mother, here's George; I have brought him home!'" Nothing will save a vast multitude of men unless their fellows, in love and faith, help them to fight their battles through to a victory. —*The Brooklyn Eagle.*

Where to Begin.

Sometimes people ask me where I would like to commence in the preaching at the beginning of a series of services like these. Would I rather preach to a mixed audience of men and women, young and old, those who are members of the church and those who are not, or would I rather select some special class and preach at first to them? As God hears me, I have commenced with myself. I do not propose to say one word to you that I shall not take home to my own heart and experience. "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Great, gracious God, let this work of grace, for which we hunger, be commenced just now, and in my heart! Have we indeed given ourselves unto God? Are we dead to self, to pride, to unholy ambition? Brother, sister, named with the name of Christ, you who have called us to be your helpers in the endeavor to turn men unto righteousness, and to whom we have come with willing footsteps, have you first given yourselves unto the Lord? Will you do it now? Will you do it now?—*Mills.*

Some Conditions of Success.

An aroused church membership will give us a redeemed continent.

The world must be won man by man. The personal touch is always the touch of power.

Only he who has felt the tongue of fire is able to speak the words that burn.

Seed Slow to Germinate.

A prominent Minneapolis lawyer was converted a few years ago. Two weeks afterward, from the platform of the Swedish Tabernacle, he related his experience. Fifteen years before his conversion, with a friend, he had attended a revival meeting. During the service a timid young lady came down the aisle and said to his friend, "Have you found Jesus?" His friend blasphemously answered: "I didn't know he was lost," and laughed in her face. The young lady turned away with a look of horror. But Mr. Arctander says that for fifteen years that young lady's question, "Have you found Jesus?" followed him, until at last he yielded to God.—*J. H. Mahood.*

No Reservations.

A young pastor said, "I used to wonder why my ministry was void of power. I prayed that God would use me, but all my efforts were like beating the air. Showers of blessings fell around me, but they did not come my way. After a while he told me the reason. In my heart was a fear lest I might be obliged to go to the foreign field. Some of my friends had gone. I was not willing to go. But I came to the point where I could say, 'O God, send me to the heart of Africa, if that be thy will.' The cloud hasn't moved yet toward the regions beyond, but the very windows of heaven have been opened upon the little portion of the field where he calls me to labor."

In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be!
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be thine alone,
And all we are and all we have shall henceforth be thine own.

Coming Into Our Own.

An Italian painter, Verrochio, was at work on a great picture, but because of the infirmities of old age he was not able to complete it. He urged his pupil, Da Vinci, to undertake the task of finishing it. The young man shrank from the responsibility, but the old man pleaded. "Do your best, Da Vinci, for my sake," he said. The young man undertook the work, and did his best for his master's sake. With the effort came a new sense of responsibility. He became conscious of new powers and aspirations. Genius was awakened. The picture

completed was a triumph of art, and the old man wept for joy. There are spiritual powers and gifts in our heaven-born nature of which we will never be sensible until we come to a clear consciousness of our ambassadorship.—*Advocate.*

Hindered Ministry.

In olden days, amid the Roman forum, there was a little brooklet, called the Girls' Fountain, which sang merrily as it broke into the light, and passed on its way towards the yellow Tiber. For centuries, however, it was lost sight of; not that it had ceased to exist but that it had become covered and almost choked by tons of rubbish, accumulated thickly on the spot, as the proud city was subjected to repeated and ruthless violence at the hands of many spoilers. But when in recent years the *debris* was removed, that fountain, so long choked and hindered, freed from all restraints, again took up her song and recommenced her useful ministry. Is not that a type of the work of the Mighty One within us? He has not left us; but his gracious power, which would have been put forth in us and for us, has been rendered almost inoperative and dead. What now shall hinder us ridding ourselves of all which has hindered him from doing his mighty works so that he may do that which he so much loves, and which we so much need?—*F. B. Meyer.*

Going the "Second Mile."

A missionary in Swaziland, in South Africa, told a native that feathers make a good bed. The native went to his kraal and spread a few feathers on a board, and when he awoke the next morning he was stiff and sore and complained that the missionary was "a liar." The trouble was not in the missionary, but in the fewness of the feathers. In our Christian life if we sow sparingly we reap sparingly. If we rob God and his poor of the fellowship that belongs to them, doing only what we must to keep up the appearance of righteousness, we need not wonder if, at times, we only have joy enough to keep us miserable in our souls. But on the other hand the hilarious giving of the second mile means joy and victory in our own lives, a living fellowship with the Lord, and the gospel for

those who will not have it unless we practice such giving. In which mile do we live?—*The Christian Witness.*

Completed.

In the vestibule of a beautiful library, erected in memory of a woman whose gentle face looks down upon every one who passes the great doors, is a bronze tablet with these lines:

"The good she tried to do shall stand as if 'twere done:
God finishes the work by noble souls begun."

Only two lines, but how clearly they tell the story of that life, of the eager dreaming and purposes of it, of its unwearying work, and finally the resignation to the message that the task was not for her. Was all the life and hope put into it lost? The splendid building with its open doors is an eloquent answer. Work for God never can be "lost!"

Is there not a comfort here for many an humble soul who sees the years pass and apparently nothing accomplished of all their high dreams? We are "workers together with God." We may fail, but God cannot. And so, though we can see the results, we can yet work on with patience and sure courage. Sometime, somehow, it will all help. Over and above and through us God is working, and God's omnipotent hand will take every honest effort, no matter how poor and blundering it may be, and use it for some perfect end.

Unreserved Renunciation.

At first when Francis of Assissi renounced the world and sought to follow his Lady of Poverty, the people said he was assuredly mad. He could not wholly convince the people of his sincerity; for he had been a rich young man. The bishop finally advised Francis to give up all of his property.

"To the great surprise of the crowd, Francis, instead of replying, retired to a room in the bishop's palace, and immediately reappeared absolutely naked, holding in his hand the packet into which he had rolled his clothes. These he laid down before the bishop with the little money he still had kept, saying, 'Listen, all of you, and understand it well; until this time I have called Pietro Bernardone my father, but now I desire to serve God. This is why I return to him this money, for which he has given himself so much trouble, as well as my

clothing, and all that I have had from him, for from henceforth I desire to say nothing else than Our Father who art in heaven.'"

Of this act the chronicle says: "On that day he won for himself a secret sympathy in many souls." In a few years all Italy was at his feet.—*Homiletic Review.*

Dedicated to God.

A western country paper gives an account of the dedication to God of a new business block in its town. The owner, who is an elder in a church, had just completed building. At the opening of his business in it, he gathered the members of the firm, the employes and their families, and the minister, in the early morning hour, and they went through a solemn service of dedicating the house and the business to God. That house and that business, it is proposed, shall be used only for the glory of God. A writer says, "We consecrate ourselves to him when we make a public profession of faith in Christ, and promise to be his. Why should we not consecrate our business enterprise to him, too?" There seems to be no good reason why it should not be done. Quietly and thoroughly every business ought to be consecrated to God. "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." This applies to selling goods as well as to preaching the gospel.

Out On the Edge.

One day the fruit-grower met his friend, and on being reminded of the oft-repeated invitation given him, he said, "I guess you think my fruits are not as fine as I claim them to be, and you think it hardly worth your time to visit me?" "Well," said the friend, "the truth is, I was some time ago near your place and drove by. Along the outside of your farm I noticed fruit lying in the grass that had fallen from the overhanging branches and I stopped and picked up some, and sampled a number of the trees, but every one was poor; some were sour, some were bitter, others tasteless, and wormy, and, to be honest, I just came to the conclusion that you overrated your fine varieties." With a convulsion of laughter the fruit-grower exclaimed, "My friend, I went twenty miles to get that fruit you ate. I bought the poorest I could find, and

scattered it all about my place, under all the overhanging trees, so that those who might find it and eat it would be so disgusted that they would not climb over the hedge for the fruit, thinking that upon the outside a fair sample of that within." So it is with many who pass along the edge of the garden of the Lord. They find a "thou shalt not do this," and a "thou shalt not do that," and they say, Oh, that is bitter, and that is sour. They find a "thou shalt do this," or a "thou shalt do that," and they say, Oh, this is wormy, or that is no good, and, judging there is nothing to be enjoyed in a consecrated Christian life, they refuse to enter it, and so know nothing of the sweet fruits the Master has for them within.—*Leaflet.*

Full Surrender.

Some time ago a minister was sitting in a congregation at a service like this, and God asked him the question, "Have you ever given yourself to me?" He had had a somewhat peculiar history. He had been in the theological seminary and gone out to take charge of a church. The pews were filled and the coffers were filled, but no one turned to Christ. The young pastor thought that he needed more theological study, and returned to the seminary for another year. Then he tried the experiment of pastoral work again, with the same result as before. He thought that he probably needed more study, and went back again to the seminary, and at this time he was in the seminary in New York City, taking what I think was his fifth year of special theological study. And God wrestled with him as he wrestled with Jacob, and said, "Have you ever given yourself to me?" He thought of the needy mission-field in Brooklyn that called him, and God seemed to say, "Go." And he said, "Lord, you will have to excuse me, as I do not want to work in a mission-field." And he thought of that other parish that called him, and God seemed to say, "Go." And he said, "Lord, that is not exactly the denomination that I prefer, and you will have to excuse me." Then he thought of many other things in which he had resisted God's will, and he was forced to answer, "No, I have never given myself unto God." And he said, "O God, I will go to the hotel where I am stay-

ing, and there I will bow myself before thee, and will surrender unto thee my will." And then the Spirit, that always whispers just the right word at the right moment, said to him, "Then why not do it now? Why not do it now?" until, moved by that heavenly impulse, he bowed his head upon the seat in front of him and gave himself to God. And he went out to a life rich in fruitage.—*Mills.*

The More Excellent Way.

Is the Christian ideal, as often asserted, too high to be practicable in an age like ours? Passing over the fact that this age is no worse than that in which Christ saw fit to establish that ideal, it is a fact that ideals are most useful when they are the highest possible. An artist brought a die-cutter a design for the cover of a book. "You will have to change it," said the worker in brass; "it is impossible to cut it. No man could cut it." "I do not think," said the artist, kindly, "that art should be subject to mechanics. Just try it." "And I did try it," said the die-cutter, as he gleefully told about it. "And I succeeded in doing what the traditions of the craft said was impossible." Jesus did not accommodate the truth to our ideas of what is possible, and we are not helping men by lowering the bars for them. We help men most when we do as our Master did, persuading them to reach for the highest. With God all things are possible.—*The Sunday School Times.*

SERVICE FOUR—Tuesday Evening

The Guilt and Power of Sin

TEXTS FOR SERVICE IV

So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God. —*Rom. 8:8.*

The carnal mind is enmity against God.—*Rom. 8:7.*

All unrighteousness is sin.—*1 John 5:17.*

I was afraid * * * and I hid myself.—*Gen. 3:10.*

Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?—*Prov. 20:9.*

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.—*Eccles. 8:11.*

There is none righteous, no, not one.—*Rom. 3:10.*

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.—*Rom. 3:23.*

And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.—*John 3:19.*

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity.—*Ps. 51:5*

The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes. —*Ps. 36:1.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.—Rom. 8:8.

1. Unregenerate service unacceptable to God.
2. Regeneration offered to all through Christ.
3. I must have the new birth to live the new life.

The carnal mind is enmity against God.—Rom. 8:7.

1. Repulses God's loving advances.
2. Resists his control.
3. Shrinks from his holiness.
4. Lines up with God's foes "against me."

All unrighteousness is sin.—1 John 5:17.

1. It begins with a cherished thought of evil.
2. It finds expression in the uttered word.
3. It is translated into evil deeds.

I was afraid * * * and I hid myself.—Gen. 3:10.

1. Sin breeds guilt—a sense of condemnation.
2. Guilt arouses fear.
3. Guilt shrinks from God—our only help.
4. Christ frees from guilt; reconciles to God.

Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?—Prov. 20:9.

1. Men prone to imagine that they can save themselves.
2. Self-cleansing hopeless: (1) Testimony of the Bible; (2) Of daily experience.
3. Christ can cleanse the sin-stained heart.

Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.—Eccles. 8:11.

1. There are "hearts fully set to do evil:" (1) Men sin against repeated admonition; (2) Against increasing light; (3) Against thwarting providence.
2. To what may this growing obduracy be attributed? (1) Not ignorance of our nature; (2) Nor of penalties; (3) Nor doubt as to certainty of penalty; (4) Nor because penalty deemed slight; (5) Nor because they do not wish and expect to escape; (6) But because of God's long-suffering forbearance.

There is none righteous, no, not one.—Rom. 3:10.

1. Varying degrees of depravity among men.
2. God's standard requires whole-hearted love to God and man.
3. Measured by this all are sinners.

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.—Rom. 3:23.

1. Man created to glorify and praise God.
2. Whatever else men may be or do, all have failed in this.
3. In this sense all stand on a level.

And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.—John 3:19.

1. The world is under condemnation.
2. Because of a perverted spiritual taste.
3. Moral standards but the fruit of character. Seeds determine creeds.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity.—Psalms 51:5.

1. The generations closely linked together; evil cumulative; transmitted instincts and inclinations.
2. Early childhood gives evidence of sin's inheritance.
3. Only divine power can uproot inherited tendencies. "Ye must be born again; that which is born of the flesh is flesh."

The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes.—Psalms 36:1.

1. The outer life reveals the inner attitude.
2. Deliberate sinning proves enmity to God. It involves disobedience, defiance, disregard.
3. The life's record, the data for the judgment record; "the things done in the body."

SUGGESTIONS

Special stress should be laid upon the after talks from this service on. They should be made very brief, but should be given the most careful preparation. They should drive home the central thought of the sermons, seeking to call forth decision.

We must ever keep in mind that ordinarily the obstacle in the way of results is the conflict of wills. The sinner's will resisting the Holy Spirit's influence as brought to bear by the sermon and the whole service. Many a man believes all you say but fails to act, to decide, to surrender. The after-talk is intended to help him reach the point of action. It is the Spirit working through your will upon his.

If you have members whose prayers are not stereotyped and lacking in fervor call upon them for prayer at the opening service and after the sermon. Utilize the laymen to the utmost, in prayer, for leading the opening service, and in personal work.

A personal workers' meeting for all interested, or whom you can influence to attend, held on several afternoons, or for a half hour before the evening service; or, better still, held once or twice a week for a month or two before your services begin, will afford valuable opportunity for training workers.

Encourage your members to consult you with reference to relatives or friends in whose spiritual welfare they are interested. It will deepen their interest and help them to conquer their timidity.

Use soul-winning literature for stimulating workers to effort. There is a long list of booklets which can be secured at a nominal price. There are also attractive and helpful leaflets, presenting Christ's claims, which will render valuable service as silent evangelists.

In the after-talks following the sermons on sin, of this and tomorrow evening, it will be well to emphasize Christ as the Savior from sin. The sermons themselves may omit this, dwelling wholly

on sin's guilt and sin's wages, with the expectation of supplementing them briefly but fully, in the after-talks, by holding up Christ as the sinner's only hope.

Every minister needs occasionally to go back over his sermons to see if the man who has followed him through a fair course of time has had a sight of all great truths of God. Have I declared the whole counsel of God? I have laid stress on the need for conversion; have I also built up my people in the constructive truths? I have told them the story of the love of God; have I shunned to say any frank word of the holiness of God? I believe and preach that God is love; does it seem impossible to preach also that our God is a consuming fire? Have I dealt with my people's souls as I would have my own soul dealt with? Have I preached in sight of the judgment?

I do not find any one who does not say that there is lack of a keen sense of sin among men in these days. Some are glad that it is so, feeling that the sense of the perfect life is better than the sense of imperfection. But most of us do not see that the sense of the perfected life has come with the loss of the sense of sin.—*Cleland Boyd McAfee. D. D.*

SEED THOUGHTS

Sin is a debt, a burden, a thief, a sickness, a leprosy, a plague, a poison, a serpent, a sting; everything that man hates, sin is. It is the sexton that digs his grave. It is the murderer that destroys his life. It is the fair siren who, seated on the rock, by the deadly pool, smiles to deceive, sings to lure, kisses to betray, and flings her arm around our neck to leap with us into perdition.—*Guthrie.*

Samuel Rutherford, in some letters addressed to young Scotchmen, often enlarges on this idea. "A young man is often a dressed lodging for the devil to dwell in." "I know that missive letters go between the devil and young blood. Satan hath a friend at court in the heart of youth; and there pride, luxury, lust, revenge, forgetfulness of God, are hired agents." "Youth ordinarily is a fast and ready servant for Satan to run errands." "Believe it, my lord,"—this in a letter to a young Scottish nobleman—"it is hardly creditable what a nest of dangerous temptations youth is; how inconsiderate, foolish, proud, vain, heady, rash, profane, and careless of God, this piece of your life is. . . . For then affections are on horseback, lofty and stirring, and therefore, oh, what a sweet couple, what a glorious yoke, are youth and grace, Christ and a young man! This is a meeting not to be found in every town."

A soul is lost when it is separated from God by sin. A soul is saved when it is separated from sin to God through Christ.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

If I were a stone mason and wanted to build a house, the size of the stones would be a matter of great importance and consequence to me; but suppose I was a scientific man, and not a stone mason: suppose I had to show, not what stone had to do with building a house, but the nature and quality of stone; if I wanted to determine its specific gravity, I would not need to take a stone a ton weight into the middle of the ocean; I would take a small pebble and drop it into a glass-full of water and show the specific heaviness of stone. The smallest stone would demonstrate the

quality of stone equally with the largest mass of a ton's weight. So with sin; it is not the quantity of sin but the quality.—*Selected.*

There is in every heart a dark chamber. There are very, very few of us that dare tell all our thoughts and show our inmost selves to our dearest ones. The most silvery lake that lies sleeping amidst beauty—itself the very fairest spot of all—when drained off, shows ugly ooze and filthy mud, and all manner of creeping abominations in the slime. I wonder what we should see if our hearts were, so to speak, drained off, and the very bottom layer of everything brought into the light! Do you think you would stand it? Well, then, go to God and ask him to keep you from unconscious sins. Go to him and ask him to root out of you the mischiefs that you do not know are there, and live humbly and self-distrustfully, and feel that your only strength is, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be saved."—*Alex. Maclaren.*

Sin makes self the center of all things, and in doing so renounces God. It denies at once his supremacy and our creature-hood. "Now, then," says Luther, in his blunt way, "here is the devilishness of sin—it reads the preface to the decalogue thus: 'I am my Lord and my God.'" This centralization of all round the arrogant and covetous self has thrown the entire nature of man out of proportion, and has disordered all his powers. As a drop of some tincture colors the liquid into which it is poured, so sin debases and defiles all our nature. This is what theologians mean when they talk of "total depravity"—the entire moral nature of man has been injuriously affected by his iniquity.—*Life in His Name.*

So far as our standing before God is concerned it is the fact of sin and not the degree of sin. Therefore, since all have sinned, it follows that there is no difference. Let us seek an illustration. The standard height of recruits for the regiment in which we enlisted during the war was five feet eight inches. No one under that stature was received. There were many who were excluded, not because some of them were not higher than others, but that all alike were short of the required height. Here was a man who measured scarcely more than five feet. The crowd of waiting applicants laughed at the idea that he should even presume to apply, and among those who laughed the loudest at the little man who

was rejected was one who, when he stood under the measuring rod, fell short but a quarter of an inch, and was rejected. It was vain for him to mention the difference between himself and the man of very short stature. There was a difference indeed between them, as "measuring themselves by themselves," but there was no difference between them as concerning the fact that they were both short of the required standard. Now sin, not the degree of its development, but the fact of it at all, is the one thing which renders man short of the moral stature which God requires.—*Dr. George F. Pentecost.*

Do you suppose that sin is to be driven out of the human heart by some fine fancy, some sentiment, some easy method? Until you know what sin is the gospel will be an extravagant and unmeaning tragedy. If there is a mystery in redemption, there is equally a mystery in sin. This is the medicine that follows the disease. Herein is the solution of the cross. The ghastly cross follows the ghastly sin; the tragedy of redemption is God's answer to the tragedy of crime. You find nothing in the atonement in the way of mystery that you do not find in the way of sin. God could not guide us away by soft words from the chains of hell. It could only be done by blood. If you have been calling sin, "infirmity," "mistake," I wonder not that you are frightened by the awful transactions that are here in the four gospels. You need the whole blood of the whole heart of the dying Savior to help you to get rid of sin, and to be delivered from its bondage.—*Dr. Joseph Parker.*

That wrong is not only different from right, but that it is in strict scientific terms infinitely different; even as the gaining of the whole world set against the losing of one's own soul, or (as Johnson had it) a heaven set against a hell; that in all situations out of the pit of Tophet, wherein a living man has stood or can stand, there is actually a prize of quite infinite value placed within his reach, namely, a duty for him to do; this highest gospel, which forms the basis and worth of all other gospels whatsoever, has been revealed to Samuel Johnson; the man had believed it, and laid it faithfully to heart.—*Carlyle.*

The question is whether that thing is keeping other better things away from you; whether behind its little bulk the vast privilege

and dignity of duty is hid from you; whether it stands between God and your soul. If it does, then it is an offense to you, and though it be your right hand or your right eye, cut it off, pluck it out, and cast it from you. To put aside everything that hinders the highest from coming to us, and then to call to us that highest, which, nay, who is always waiting to come, this, as the habit and tenor of a life, is noble.—*Phillips Brooks.*

There is but one condition for a life. It is in bondage, to or from, as the case may be. In bondage to sin, and so free from, out of all relation to Christ. Or in bondage to Christ, and free from the dominion of sin.—*G. Campbell Morgan.*

For one thing our preaching ought to be frank and unreserved. It ought to deal with the actual conditions of men. It ought not to deal with sinning men as though there were no sin. It ought not to smooth matters over so that hearers know the man is preaching a half truth for the sake of favor. Better young Joseph Parker standing on the beam of the saw pit, out of an honest heart preaching hell and damnation, than a smooth-voiced softness that cannot bear to say an unpleasant truth. A wise old elder once offered the petition in my prayer meeting that I might never be afraid of the people when I sat in my study preparing to preach. I thought it an odd prayer. I now know it to be a very important one. There is nothing that can create a barrier between a preacher and his hearers more surely than their feeling that he is hedging.—*Cleland Boyd McAfee, D. D.*

Look into a soul captured by conscience and tortured by irretrievable crime. Go to the starving prodigal son; go to weeping Esau; go to any soul really and fully awake to the reality of its guilt and the irrevocable consequences of it, and you will at once find a place for the gospel with a bloody cross. An atoning sacrifice will appear rational when a rational eye looks upon sin, and when conscience declares that sin is exceeding sinful. For all the people who are almost as good as they should be, there is no need of a Savior; a Savior dying to save them means nothing. He dies in vain. The man whom Christ saves is always the chief of sinners, for it is only that man who will consent to be saved.

Such a sense of guilt comes to every man who truly repents. He feels that he deserves to die. He gets relief only in the faith that

Jesus loved him enough to die in his room and stead. The deserved punishment has been inflicted. The sinner has borne it in the person of Jesus. We believe that all compromises in the doctrine of the atonement grew out of the absence of the convicted sinner from the scene of the compromise. When he is present, the wheedling diplomatists of theology retire before the majestic sorrow of a soul for its sin, before the despairful cry for expiation, before the sense that suffering is justly due and must be borne.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

The nearer you are to God in character the more hateful does sin appear. The nearer to God the larger and keener will be the vision of self. Sin will be revealed to you in such guise as to compel confessions, which, to those who are strangers to such fellowship and self-revealings, may seem to indicate either gross self-deception or a worse moral condition that their own. But not so. It is only the difference between natural and spiritual discernment or between degrees of the latter—the difference between the microscope and the unaided eye.

And if, with our limited apprehension, it is yet possible to so behold its nature, tendencies and results, in ourselves and others, as to regard it with unutterable loathing, what think you must be the attitude toward it of him whose vision grasps all its hideous possibilities from beginning to end?

You lift the covering from some place shut out from the sunlight. And you are startled at the revelation. There are dwellers in darkness there. And they are startled, too. Repulsive and slimy forms, mayhap—how they wriggle, writhe or scurry hither and thither as best they may.

In the light of God let your heart be uncovered and there will be startling revelations.—*Campbell.*

In the same line, a prominent banker, in an article contributed to a book on success for young men, wrote, "The first requisite in entering the banking business, is educated character." He had had experience with boys, and he knew. Uneducated conscience is no more useful in a business sphere than uneducated hand-writing. The rule of light is often far more complicated than the rule of three; and an uneducated desire to do right can easily get lost in the maze, and end in an vague belief that a compromising, or even a wrong path, is the best one to take.

The most confused and troublous time recorded in the Bible chronicles is the period of the Judges, and the brief comment is, "In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes." No progressive nation of the earth dreams of being rightly governed in that way. The only men who teach such an idea are the anarchists, and the experience of all the ages is against them. There must be a central authority in the state. In the same way, an anarchist conscience will not do. It must be educated to higher and stronger things, and must co-ordinate with central authority. A lad's conscience without the commandments of God educated into it, as the multiplication table is educated into his mind, is a neglected and ignorant conscience. "The voice of conscience is the voice of God," is an old saying; but it applies only to those who wish to obey the true God. Otherwise, it is nonsense, as in the case of the Hindu mother who throws her baby to the sacred crocodile for "conscience" sake. "The conscience of a criminal is not so much destroyed, as readjusted," said a wonderful observer of human nature, once. Without God's commandments and word as our standard, conscience is sure to get adjusted into all sorts of wrong shapes.—*The Interior.*

It is often what we would call little sins that do the harm—little acts of unfaithfulness, less watchfulness, or dying enthusiasm. Get down on your knees before you get farther, and ask the Savior to break through your bands. My friends, you need to do this if only you have started once or twice on your way to the desert or begun to build your prison. Day by day you must seek him, and not allow any thing to drive you from him. When you feel disappointment, vexation, spite, or malice, get down on your knees, and strive to be the humble and lowly soul with whom he delights to dwell.—*Christian Leader.*

Crime grows from crime seeds. In spite of our admirable and enlarging school system, crime increases, because the better the ground, the larger the needs if such are sown. It is not needful to add that this view is totally different from many that obtain on the subject, and has several striking phenomena to sustain it.

Crime is the same etymologically as its harmless cousin, the word "discriminate." It is that which is generally separated, cast

out. Plato says crime is a disorder of the reason. Reason may cure as well as cause. So there should be hailed all efforts that tend to treat it rationally, as any other disease, instead of as a dread moral perversity. Insanity is now managed, not with chains, as of old, but with scientific care. Perhaps if there were less vindictiveness in Sing Sing, and more science in the prison system, crime would be less dreadful and less frequent.

But now for the crime and seed theory. It rests upon certain observed facts. Here in Buffalo, during the past year, two series of great conflagrations have occurred, one of hotels, and the other of breweries. Large and horrible destruction of human lives took place. As soon as the sickening details of the Richmond Hotel conflagration were spread abroad in the early editions of the morning papers, the same day in other parts of the city other hotels were fired by different parties, and in some cases by boys. Brewery fires after the same method followed the subsequent destruction of an extensive brewery plant.

Anthony Comstock's work, too, demonstrates by its revelations the marvelous seed power of criminal pictures. All that he claims has proved true. They set on fire the courses of nature, where previously and of themselves they were running clear and pure as meadow brooks. It is impossible to measure the amount of immorality and crime that grows from these photographic seeds.

The singular phenomena of blood-thirst that takes possession of mobs and riotous assemblages, driving them like dumb driven cattle to wanton and unreasoning murders and arsons, is of the same order. Our list must include also the epidemics of crime that spring from the same origin. Groups of suicidal deaths, too, can only be accounted for by the fact that their victims were instigated to their rash acts by the secret influences dropped in their minds from other untimely deaths.

All these varied phenomena indicate that minds of all orders, previously law abiding in their general intent, are subject to sudden and malignant growth of evil, resulting from the scattering in their waiting soil of foreign seed.—*Clarke.*

Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, of New York, in one of the most sane and satisfying discussions of this great subject I have ever read,

says: "Sin is a disease, an awful disease; a debt, an immeasurable debt; a load, a crushing load; a slavery, a galling, intolerable slavery."

And the Bible backs him up in that strong statement, as any Bible student knows.

And yet, abroad among men to-day are the most superficial ideas about sin. In current speech it is sometimes smoothed over by being called an "irregularity." In the current literature of the day you often find a young man's wrong-doings condoned and excused as a mere lack which advancing years and a better knowledge of himself will supply. Sometimes sin is whitewashed by calling it "ignorance," which education and culture will do away with. Very often the great evils of the present time, the abominable vices which nest and breed in our cities, are said to need simply "a better environment," "improved sanitation," "more fresh air and light" for their complete eradication. It is refreshing, therefore, to read from a recent thoughtful writer these statements:

"It is vain to imagine that a change of external conditions will of itself bring about a change of the human heart."

"A large part of social ills proceed, in the opinion of Jesus, not from social maladjustments, but from the fault of human beings themselves."

"A social curse, for instance, like that of the drink habit, is legitimately attacked by legislation and organization; but these external remedies will be applied in vain if there is any slackening of the conviction that, with most persons, drunkenness is not a misfortune for which society is responsible, but a sin over which individuals are responsible."—*Ewart.*

Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his feet,
And so be pedestaled in triumph? Pray,
"Lead us into no such temptation, Lord!"
Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the bold,
Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
That he may do battle and have praise.

—*Robert Browning.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

Heart at Fault.

A man once took his clock to be repaired. He said he wanted the hands attended to, as they were the only parts that were wrong, whereas the clockmaker found upon examination that the mainspring was broken. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Mutually Exclusive.

On the fly leaf of a Bible, written by the hand of a sainted woman, are these words, "This book will keep you from sin. Sin will keep you from this book."

Undercurrents.

An unanchored ship may be lying on waters as smooth as glass, and yet before the master is aware his keel is on a rock! The invisible tide bore him away so softly and so silently that he did not observe the motion. So are thousands of people—yes, and some professed Christians, too—carried on the rocks every week, not by gales of adversity, but by undercurrents of strong temptation. One man is slowly seduced into slavery to the bottle; or he feels the grip of sensual temptation, but takes no alarm till he strikes the rocks with a hideous rent of character. Here is a church-member who insensibly drifts into neglect of his Bible, neglect of prayer, and laxity of Sabbath observance. Another gets in an undercurrent of utter worldliness; it swings him along slowly and surely until he has lost sight of his lighthouse; he is aroused by no sudden shock, but when we look for him where he used to be, and where he ought to be, he is not there. The world got hold of him, and his anchor had no hold on Christ.

Sin's Terrible Taint.

In Benares was a Brahmin priest, who, like all high-caste Hindus, regarded every drop of the waters of the river Ganges as pure and holy. A British officer produced a powerful microscope, and put a drop of Ganges water under the lens. The

Brahmin looked and was horrified to find that even the waters of his sacred river swarmed with pollution. This illustrates what so many of us are doing. Because we are not committing any flagrant sins, we think we are holy. But let the omniscent God apply his microscope to our hearts, and then we shall cry out as the prophet Isaiah did, "O Lord! I am but an unclean thing. All my righteousness is as filthy rags."—*The Homiletic Review.*

The Sins of the Fathers.

A girl of seventeen came before the court in Chicago for gambling and stealing, and told her story. Her father had been a gambler, and her father's father had been a gambler. As a child she had watched her father pile the chips; she had sorted them for him, blue in one pile, white in another, red in a third. She had drawn the cards when he was losing, to "change his luck." After his death she had gone to school and had apparently overcome the evil influence of heredity.

But the taint was in her blood. A longing for excitement came over her. When she was sixteen, a gambler invited her to a dance, and she went, giving her mother a false account of her destination. Other dances followed, then wine, then gambling. She played and won. Then she played and lost. The money was not her own. She had to get it back some way. The "way" she took brought her to the reform school.

The account needs no comment. It is a simple illustration of a law written not only on the Mosaic tablets of stone, but in the very constitution of the world. "I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." If those men who think their crimes, their excesses, yes, even the faults of character that we speak of as the "lesser sins," are harmless because they themselves are well and happy and undetected—if those men would see the heritage they are leaving their children, they might not be so ready to boast of their "wild oats" which "left no one any the worse."—*The Advance.*

Sin's Blight.

The holy well, Lenzem, at Mecca, into which "the moon once fell," which pilgrims drink or use for their ablutions, the waters of which are sent to Mohammedan princes throughout the world, was some years ago analyzed by Dr. Franklin, at South Kensington, England. The water was found to be sewage, containing 579 grains of solid matter per gallon. It had, in a word, become the cholera center of Asia.

Dangerous Infection.

An eastern paper has a report, which we take with some doubt as to its truth, but which may illustrate an important principle. It gives the story of a woman who is infected with the germs of typhoid fever so that she infects people wherever she goes. She has never shown any symptoms of the disease herself, yet for nearly a year and a half she has been traveling around and leaving a trail of infected families in which she has resided. Though she shows no outward signs of the disease, yet her blood always responds to the test of typhoid, and the germs are undoubtedly in her, so that she is a perpetual source of infection. The case is an illustration of the infectiousness of immorality. The germs of evil are in all human beings, but some have them in more malignant forms. Some show no special symptoms of vice, and move in the best society and associate with the innocent and unsuspecting, and yet their presence is a deadly danger.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Sin's Death-Dealing Influence.

In the River Lar, in Persia, there is a large ferruginous rock with two apertures a few feet apart. It is called the Devil's Hill. On standing near the rock one hears a deep, perpetual, and mysterious roar far down in the bowels of the earth, as if demons were engaged forging weapons for another war against the race of man. Naturally no one has ever ventured down to see the mighty works going on below, nor ever will in all probability; for a mephitic gas of deadly potency exhales from the openings in the rock, which causes instant death to every living thing that breathes it. Around the rock there is

ever a score or two of birds which have fallen dead on inhaling the air; and before now a bear has been seen lying at the entrance, stark and stiff.

The Power of Sin for Evil.

"A town of 2,500 wiped out of existence," was the intelligence received concerning the beautiful village of Lake Linden, Mich., recently, and this sweeping conflagration that in two hours transformed the town into a waste of smoking ruins had its beginning in an unseen flame in a small upper story. But "fanned by a stiff wind, it swept everything before it." A thousand acres of forest despoiled of all its May beauty and life, the result of a single falling spark from a passing locomotive, or a lighted match dropped by a thoughtless boy.

Moral Stain.

Turning the pages of a book that I had taken from my library the other day, I noticed an ink blot. I turned back and found the same blot on the preceding page. Curious to see where it came from, I turned back perhaps a dozen pages till I came to the source of it. That one ink blot had soaked through a dozen pages, marring them all.—*The Sunday School Times.*

In the Serpent's Coils.

The struggle of life with evil is made to live to sight in the Laocoon of art. In many respects this group is one of the masterpieces of Greek sculpture. It was discovered in 1506, in the ruins of the baths of Titus on the Esquiline Hill at Rome. It was carried to Paris, but later—in 1814—returned to Rome. It was purchased by Pope Julius II, and is now in the museum of the Vatican. The story embodied in marble is that of this Trojan hero and priest of Apollo—Laocoon—and his sons encoiled by serpents and suffering the agonies of strangulation, as told by Virgil and other classic authors. The priest-father is vainly endeavoring to disengage himself and his children from the coiling serpents, but he is helpless and hopeless and sinks at last into despair. Life is so encoiled and the conflict is long protracted, only to end, however, under Christian courage in conquest for parent and child.—*The Homiletic Review.*

Positive and Negative.

Transgression is an active devil. Want of conformity is a sleeping one.

And if this be true along the lower ranges of life so also and much more along the higher. You may not be so explosive as another. Walpole said, "Every man has his price." It took more to convert the sleeping into an active devil in one than it did in another. But the possibility was in all.—*God's Way Out.*

How the Gypsy Moth Came to Massachusetts.

Samuel Hopkins Adams, writing in the *American Magazine* on "Warring on Injurious Insects," describes as follows how the dreaded gypsy moth became such a pest in New England:

"A Harvard astronomer, amusing his leisure by experimenting with the cross breeding of silk worms, brought the gypsy moth to Medford, Mass., in 1868, by importing the eggs from Europe. This well-known insect had a wide distribution in Europe, but had never been a source of serious trouble there, as its numbers were kept down by conditions which are not wholly understood, though largely parasitic, presumably. Whatever these conditions, they did not obtain in this country. Twenty years the foreigner spent in accustoming itself to American institutions. In 1898 it set out to take possession of the land. In and about Medford the trees were wholly defoliated by the ravenous caterpillars. They covered the sidewalks and furlined the walls of houses. People moved away. Real estate depreciated in value. The authorities woke up to the fact that they had a serious problem on their hands, and appropriated money to fight the invaders, $525,000 from 1889 to 1895. In 1897 the yearly appropriation had risen to $150,000, and in the next three years the work was so effective that by 1900 the victory was almost won. Then Massachusetts made the fatal mistake of giving quarter to the few survivors. Appropriations were cut off with lamentable results. For in the five years from 1900 the area of infestation grew from 359 square miles to 2,224 square miles. The pest had spread in all directions, and the moths had crossed the state line into Rhode Island in such numbers that Providence now maintains a large and expensive corps of men to hunt out and destroy the pests."

Sin's Tenacity.

One of the most vexatious of weeds is purslane (*Portulaca oleracea*), of which it is said, "It comes in May and lasts through the summer. One plant bears enough seed for an acre. The least bit of root sprouts again, and when rooted up, if a single fiber touches the soil, it starts off to full vigor. You may cut it as you please, rake it into the alley, let a July sun scorch it, and if there be so much as a handful of dirt thrown at it, no fear but it will grow again."

Says Paul, "When I would do good, evil is present with me." Sin still adheres, however severely you deal with it.—*Homiletic Review.*

Sin's Hatred of the Good.

From the beginning Satan has tried to frustrate the work of God, and never ceases, however unsuccessful. So Mackay found it in 1877 when he went to the city of Bang-kah, in Formosa, to preach and carry on his missionary work. He rented a hut or hovel, inscribing it with the words, "Jesus' Holy Temple." He was soon ordered by the soldiers to leave, and pelted with filth all the way out of the city. After praying all night with his helpers, he came back again, and this time their house was torn to pieces by an enraged mob of thousands. They fairly dug up the foundations, but through fear of the British consul did not harm Mackay. Across the street to an inn was the next move, where the mob covered the roof and were breaking up the tiles when the consul arrived with troops. Then Mackay refused to go, and in a few days began to build a church on the site of the hovel which had been torn down. In 1893 (says "Leaves of Light," from which this account is taken) Mackay left Bang-kah for his Canadian home for a short stay, and, in going to the boat, was carried in a sedan chair, headed by a procession, led by eight bands of music. Then came a company of boys carrying flags and streamers, followed by nine city officials, three servants carrying umbrellas to shade Mackay, a troop of six horsemen, twenty-six prominent persons riding in sedan chairs, and a company of three hundred on foot. Bang-kah had become the Gibraltar of the gospel.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

Sin's Curse.

At the Paris Exposition in 1867 there was a little oil painting, only about a foot square, and the face it portrayed was most hideous. On the paper attached to the painting were the words, "Sowing the Tares." The face looked like a demon's. As he sowed these tares, up came serpents and reptiles, and they were crawling up his body, and all around were woods with wolves and other animals prowling in them. The painter had brought the sowing and reaping together, blotting out the period for growth. Yet in every man's experience are examples of boys and girls whose lives ended in harvests as terrible as these.

Blighted.

Hearts become hard in the same way that foot-paths do, by constant trampling upon them. Vain and silly thoughts trip swiftly and tirelessly back and forward. Every indulgence of the flesh stamps with feet of iron. Rejected reproofs, omitted duties, broken promises, march ponderously upon its sensitive surfaces. As a cattle path across a meadow is lower and harder and blacker than the green sward it divides, so is the path of a bad habit upon a human heart. No grass or grain can grow upon the cattle path, nor can the good seed of the kingdom sprout in the track of an evil habit.

Sin's Peril.

A common sight at a railroad station, says Dr. L. A. Banks, is a man tapping the wheels of the cars, one after another, with his hammer. His business is to see that the wheels are sound. If one wheel of a car is cracked or injured in any way, the car is pulled out. The other wheels may be all right, but the single defective one makes the car unfit to be used. The various parts of our nature are like the wheels of the car—they must be kept in good order, if we are to be safe and happy on the journey of life. Our bodies ought to be as strong and healthy as possible. Our minds need to be trained into full vigor and alertness. By unceasing exercise, the mind must become quick to see and the will resolute to choose the right. And, above all, our spirits must learn to love God and goodness. Are the wheels all right? Be sure they are, for if any one of them is unsound, there is danger of wreck and ruin in your life.

Power of Evil Habit.

Father Schoenmaker, of the Osage Mission to the Indians, had for years tried to implant civilization, with its customs, among the wild tribes, and at the end of fifteen years he was rewarded by seeing the blanket laid aside by the chief. But he goes on to say, "It took fifteen years to get it off, and just fifteen minutes to get it on him again."

Accustomed to Evil.

"It was a leading article of faith among teamsters," says a military writer on the American Civil War, "that mules could only be driven by constant cursing, and they lived up to that faith with rare constancy. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that whenever an attempt was made to drive a team of mules without indulging in profanity it invariably proved a failure, because the animals had grown so accustomed to that method of persuasion that they would not move without it!"

Temptation.

The old shepherd who offered prayer in a Welsh revival meeting put it exactly right when he lamented his backslidings in these words, "Lord, I got among the thorns and briars, and was scratched and torn and bleeding; but, Lord, it is only fair to say that it was not on thy ground; I had wandered out of thy pasture."—*Epworth Herald.*

Sin's Spread.

A farmer in Connecticut found a small potato in one of his pockets when he came in from the fields. Passing it to his boy, twelve years old, he said, "Here, plant that, and you shall have all you can raise from it until you are of age." The boy cut the potato into as many pieces as there were "eyes," and planted it. He continued to plant, each succeeding year, the entire crop. The result was that his fourth year's harvest amounted to four hundred bushels. Then, seeing that the boy's planting would cover all his land, the farmer asked to be released from his bargain.—*Epworth Herald.*

Sin's Lure.

Captain Scott, in "The Voyage of the Discovery," tells of the immense care that was taken by the magnetic experts on board to banish all iron and steel from the vicinity of the magnetic obser-

vatory. Everything within thirty feet of the observatory had to be made of brass, lead, hemp or some other non-magnetic material. These regulations secured the accuracy of the magnetic observations. But the motions of the heart are most disturbed by a bit of gold anywhere in its neighborhood. The thought of gain seems to deflect the whole delicate machinery of the moral sense.—*W. L. Watkinson.*

A Canker.

One day during a thunder storm a noble old apple-tree was torn up by the roots and tossed over on its side to die. The next day and the next the apple blossoms of the fallen monarch continued to unfold their beauty. And when the petals lay on the ground like snowflakes, the tiny apples developed from the pistil, and when autumn came the ground-swept branches were laden with the choicest fruit. But all who saw the humbled tree knew that henceforth no fruit should grow on it. The luxuriant green top was surely fading. The quivering branches clinging so fondly to life were struck with death.

So there are men who seem as if their natures had been torn up by the roots in the terrible, unsparing tornado of sin. They may put forth new life, apparently, but it is fading at the top and at the roots. It is struck with death. As soon as its temporal vitality is exhausted, no fruit will grow on it henceforth.

The only hope of the soul is to be rooted in Christ, the ground of our hope that "maketh not ashamed" and though the floods beat nothing can remove it For we have the promise, "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—*Homiletic Review.*

A Terrible Disease.

Sin is a great, black, dark fact. God hates it and will surely punish it. And man ought to try to get rid of it even though it costs him the cutting off of the right hand or the plucking out of the right eye of some darling indulgence. And no matter how moral and upright a man is, or thinks he is, he needs God's remedy for sin, the atoning blood of Jesus Christ and the regenerating grace of the Holy Spirit. A Pasteur may be able to cure diphtheria, hydrophobia, snake-bite and the bubonic plague, but no

science that man has originated can cure the disease of sin, for this terrible disease darkens his understanding, corrupts his affections, weakens his will, hides from him the face of God, and, if persisted in, will ultimately destroy his soul, for "the wages of sin is death."—*Ewart.*

Understanding Sin.

One sequence of the decadence in the preaching of the retributive menaces of the gospel is a corresponding decline in the depths and thoroughness of conversions. In this respect the history of our modern religious life is ominous of evils untold. An officer in one of the churches of Connecticut has reported to me recently the comment of his pastor upon certain admissions to the church, in this wise, "At our last administration of the Lord's Supper we admitted," in default of more exact memory I will say, "twelve candidates on profession of their faith; and there was not one sinner among them all!" He thus expressed his detection of those profound convictions of sin which characterized conversions in an earlier age. It is to be feared that this incident is characteristic of the times we live in. What more opportune corrective of this decline from the faith and the religious life of our fathers can be devised than a revival of their free, courageous use of the biblical emblems in retributive discourse? Those emblems should be made to live again, as they have always lived in the great awakenings which have signalized our history.—*Professor Austin Phelps, D. D.*

SERVICE FIVE—Wednesday Evening

The Wages of Sin

TEXTS FOR SERVICE V

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—*Gal. 6:7.*

For the wages of sin is death.—*Rom. 6:23.*

Be sure your sin will find you out.—*Num. 32:23.*

Who will render to every man according to his deeds.—*Rom. 2:6.*

He shall reward every man according to his works.—*Matt. 16:27.*

Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.—*James 1:15.*

God gave them over to a reprobate mind.—*Rom. 1:28.*

His confidence shall be rooted out of his tabernacle, and it shall bring him to the king of terrors.—*Job 18:14.*

All these curses shall come upon thee.—*Deut. 28:15.*

He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise.—*Job 5:12.*

The heaven shall reveal his iniquity; and the earth shall rise up against him.—*Job 20:27.*

Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke.—*Job 36:18.*

The name of the wicked shall rot.—*Prov. 10:7.*

For ye shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth.—*Isa. 1:30.*

And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you.—*Matt. 7:23.*

It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.—*Matt. 11:24.*

Whose end is destruction.—*Phil. 3:19.*

These shall go away into everlasting punishment.—*Matt. 25:46.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. 6:7.

1. Results in the natural and spiritual worlds are definitely determined by law. Sowing time and reaping time are as cause and effect.
2. Thought-seed, word-seed, act-seed are sown.
3. The harvest is habits, characters, destinies.
4. Wise sowing of transcendent importance. It is possible only by Christ's help.

For the wages of sin is death.—Rom. 6:23.

1. The sinner is the devil's toiler.
2. Delusive promises the inducement held out.
3. The actual payment is eternal death.

Be sure your sin will find you out.—Num. 32:23.

1. The sinner pits his puny wisdom against omniscience.
2. All the forces of the universe are in league against him.
3. Final exposure and punishment are inevitable.

Then he shall reward every man according to his works.—Matt. 16:27.

1. A final accounting awaits evil.
2. Absolute justice will characterize the awards.
3. Each life writes its own verdict and sentence.

Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.—James 1:15.

1. Evil's stages are always progressive downward.
2. Its early promise is bright and seductive.
3. Sooner or later comes the bitter end.
4. Revelation and history furnish innumerable examples.

God gave them over to a reprobate mind.—Rom. 1:28.

1. God is long-suffering and gracious.
2. But his spirit will not always strive.
3. Beware of quenching the spirit.

His confidence shall be rooted out of his tabernacle, and it shall bring him to the king of terrors.—Job. 18:14.

1. The apparent security of the complacent "rich fool."
2. The sure outworking of God's laws.
3. The dire result.

All these curses shall come upon thee.—Deut. 28:15.

1. God's word is sure.
2. His promises certain of fulfillment.
3. His warnings no less so.
4. Flee from the wrath to come.

He disappointeth the devices of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise.—Job 5:12.

1. Men presumptuously imagine themselves independent of God.—Napoleon.
2. God eventually brings their self-confidence to naught.
3. "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker!"

The heaven shall reveal his iniquity; and the earth shall rise up against him.—Job. 20:27.

1. Sin not merely wrong but folly.
2. All the forces of the universe arrayed against the sinners. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."
3. Common sense should preach repentance.

Because there is wrath, beware lest he take thee away with his stroke.—Job. 36:18.

1. God is love; the cross sufficient proof.
2. God is holy; the cross is proof; angry with the sinner.
3. Love and holiness trampled under foot incur "the wrath of the Lamb."

The name of the wicked shall rot.—Prov. 10:7.

1. His life a stench—Rome, Babylon, Darker London.
2. His influence putrid.
3. His reputation and memory, unsavory.
4. Shun sin as you would corruption.

For ye shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth.—Isa. 1:30.

1. Vegetation withered by blight, frost, fire.
2. So sin blights the fairest lives.—Byron, Burns, Poe.
3. Psalm 1.—Delight in the law of the Lord secures immunity.

And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you.—Matt. 7:23.

1. Sin is the rejection of Christ here.
2. Its penalty is rejection by Christ hereafter.

It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.—Matt. 11:24.

1. Our use of opportunities must be accounted for.
2. Increased privileges, despised, increase guilt.

Whose end is destruction.—Phil. 3:19.

1. They may be prosperous at present, these worldlings.
2. This apparent immunity from evil may fill with a reckless sense of security.
3. But doom comes at last.

These shall go away into everlasting punishment.—Matt. 25:46.

1. A distinct line of demarkation between good and evil throughout the universe: God and Satan; truth and falsehood; right and wrong; heaven and hell.
2. In men's lives here, the moral grouping process ever going on.
3. True of the hereafter—final separation.

SUGGESTIONS

Systematic visitation methods will awaken and deepen interest in the service. While they should be continued throughout the time of the services, they should be begun several months before. Ask for volunteers who will agree to make two calls a week on designated individuals within and without the congregation. Fifty ladies—or men—each making two calls a week, will make eight hundred to a thousand calls in two months.

Have them, incidentally, mention and invite to the contemplated special services. If your cards announcing these services are ready, these can be distributed by these visitors. There could be no more effective advertising than this.

The writer used a simple inter-visitation card, as follows:

SYSTEMATIC INTER-VISITATION

Mrs.....

Please call on the following persons. Mark date of call after each name and return this card to pastor by ..... Mark any not at home O.

NAME	DATE OF CALL

The pastor can keep track of the calls made by a sheet ruled as follows:

INTER-VISITATION SCHEDULE

PERSONS CALLING / PERSONS CALLED ON	Mrs. J. D. Jones 10 Olive Ave.	Mrs. R. S. Smith 1330 E. 80th.	Mrs. S. P. Brown 1760 Broad St.	Mrs. J. J. Roberts 1440 W. 60th St.				
Mrs. T. O. James	2-6-10	3-4-10	4-6-10	3-10-10				
Miss Anna Card	1-6-10	1-20-10	1-30-10	5-7-10				
Mrs. T. R. Wilson	6-6-10	6-17-10	7-6-10	8-9-10				
Mrs. R. M. Thomas	10-4-10	9-6-10	8-4-10	12-9-10				

By this schedule, its entries being made as the cards are returned, the pastor can keep accurately informed as to who called on whom and when. It will give him a clue to dependable workers, and also to the amount of social attention received by each person. The system is of great value at all times, but this is particularly true just before and during special services. There are those who will not definitely commit themselves to soul-winning efforts who will enter into this systematic inter-visitation work, and through it, often, into the other.

SEED THOUGHTS

There is a touch of deep sadness in the parable of the fig-tree that would not bear and also cumbered the ground. The keeper pleaded for one more year, and joined his master in pronouncing its doom if it should be still barren. Did it bear that critical year? If it did, the master rejoiced with the keeper. If it did not, the keeper counted the master wise in cutting it down.—*McAfee.*

We can not will the evil, and be saved from all the consequences and fruits of evil. If we were only reasonable men, if we only believed it is a reasonable world that we live in, we should not believe in such a fool's paradise. The idea of a man willing an evil, and then expecting in some strange, magical way to be saved from the results of the evil! The evil is already done when the heart is wholly given up to it, and sooner or later we must have our way. We persist, we tempt God for it, we desire it, we long after it, we will have it, we must have it. Take it, man, take it, the sin and the curse, the desire and the sting. "God said unto Balaam, 'Go,' and God's anger was kindled because he went."—*Hugh Black, D. D., in the Homiletic Review.*

There is not one evil that sin has not brought me.
  There is not one good that hath come in its train;
It hath cursed me through life, and its sorrows have sought me,
  Each day that went by, in want, sickness, or pain.
And then when this life of affliction is ended,
  What a home for my weary heart did it prepare?
The anger of him whom my sins had offended,
  And the night, the sick night, of eternal despair.—*F. W. Faber.*

What is there in all the gratifications of passion, the pomp of the world, and the enjoyments of it, to the delights of a good conscience? It is the health of the mind; it is a sweet perfume that diffuses its fragrance over everything near it, without exhausting its store; unaccompanied with this, the gay pleasures of the world are like brilliants to a diseased eye, music to a deaf ear, wine to an ardent fever, or dainties in the languor of an ague. A good conscience is, indeed, the peace of God which passeth understanding;

how happy is it to lie down with such a sweet companion after a day spent in communion with God and the necessary duties of life! —*Dr. Knox.*

"He that plants thorns should never go barefooted," is an old saying. Of course, you know what that means. The planted thorns are quite sure to come up, and in the path of the one who planted them, so that if he goes barefooted he will feel their sharp pricks himself.

There is another way of putting it: Those who carelessly or purposely make trouble for others find trouble for themselves. Isn't that true?

There are a great many kinds of thorns. There is disobedience, which is a sadly sharp one. We have, too, unkindness, selfishness, forgetfulness, impatience, rudeness, teasing, and dozens of others, Did you ever know any one who was guilty of doing these things, which is another way of saying that he planted these thorns, who was always happy and pleased and had always a smooth path for himself? You never did.

Thorns grow very fast. They never have to be weeded and watered, as flowers do. Plant them and they will grow. So wrong thoughts and wrong deeds bring forth their fruit fast enough, without any care whatever. And things of this kind always hurt more than one person. You will notice that.

People ought always to do right for the sake of doing right, and because it pleases the Savior, but that "ought" is very easy to forget. So it is a wise thing that doing wrong brings trouble to the wrong-doer, for this makes it easier to remember the right.

Don't plant thorns. You can never protect yourself perfectly against them. Trouble others and you will be hurt. Scatter seeds of kindness and you will have a harvest of gladness yourself.—*Selected.*

Though much has been said about flies as a menace to human health, it has been left to *The Technical World* to disclose the damage they do to cultivated crops, which, in this country, it says, must amount to scores of millions of dollars.

Nearly all diseases of plants are due to fungi, usually microscopic. Of such character, for example, are the "smuts" of wheat and other grains, the "mildews," the "rusts" and all the long list

of fruit "rots" of various kinds. These and ever so many other vegetable maladies are attributable to minute fungi which feed upon the plants.

Bad passions are to the soul what vapors exhaled from the marshes are to the atmosphere which they fill with storms. They darken the intellect and cast the soul into a sort of stupefaction.—*Clement of Alexandria.*

Life is of a piece—here and hereafter. Tomorrow is linked with today, and today with yesterday; it may be the habit of tomorrow, the destiny of eternity.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall be also reap," is not abrogated by a new almanac and a clean diary. Its note is neither drowned nor stopped when the bells of St. Paul's ring in the new year, and the merry-makers sing in the yard. Acts done, processes started, are not arrested by the calendar. They will work out their consequences. Life is not lived in compartments. Its accounts are not closed until the final audit. We begin a new page of the ledger, but the first entry is an item, "Brought forward," and the life that now is, is of a piece with that which is to come.

Men dig graves with bitter tears
For their dead hopes; and all
Mazed with doubts and sick with fears
Count the hours.
We count the hours; these dreams of ours,
False and hollow,
Shall we go hence and find they are not dead?—*Selected.*

The worst sin is not some outburst of gross transgression, forming an exception to the ordinary tenor of life, bad and dismal as such a sin is; but the worst and most fatal are the small continuous vices which root underground and honey-comb the soul. Many a man who thinks himself a Christian is in more danger from the daily commission, for example, of small pieces of sharp practice in his business than ever David was at his worst. White ants pick a carcass clean sooner than a lion.—*Maclaren.*

This destroying process, observe, goes on quite independently of God's judgment on sin. God's judgment on sin is another and a more awful fact of which this may be a part. But it is a distinct

fact by itself, which we can hold and examine separately, that on purely natural principles the soul that is left to itself unwatched, uncultivated, unredeemed, must fall away into death by its own nature. The soul that sinneth, "it shall die." It shall die, not necessarily because God passes sentence of death upon it, but because it cannot help dying. It has neglected "the functions which resist death," and has always been dying. The punishment is in its very nature, and the sentence is being gradually carried out all along the path of life by ordinary processes which enforce the verdict with the appalling faithfulness of law.—*Prof. Drummond.*

It never pays to sin. Men think that the devil will keep his promises and prove a good paymaster, but he never settles with his dupes by payment of anything that has real value. The costs of sin are tremendous. If the secrets of every heart were confessed, the world would not find tears enough to shed over the terrible devastation and ruin wrought by the total sin of mankind.—*Selected.*

What is sin? A violation of God's law? A breaking into the harmony of the universe? A transgression of metes and bounds which righteousness has laid down? Doubtless, but the definition is faulty. Sin is that which hurts God because he loves us so. A man once told me he learned the definition of wrong from a tear on his mother's cheek. He had hurt his mother's love. Ah, that brings us face to face with a great truth before which law and rule and command are almost insignificant. To hurt my friend—that is sin. And as I love God more and more with the love which Christ gives me I hate sin more and more because I cannot bear to grieve my best friend. All this is the salvation which Christ brings.—*Floyd W. Tompkins, D. D.*

Sinner, are you sowing tares? You will gather them. We weep now. Your time for weeping is yet to come. Ours is brief. Your weeping and wailing will be forever. Believe, therefore, in Christ Jesus, and escape from the wrath to come. Beware of one sin. It may keep you forever from the Savior. One sin may rend character asunder. I saw, the other day, in the New Forest, an old oak near where William Rufus was

killed. It was split apart by a holly tree. The berry in the bill of a bird may have dropped there in a crevice. Years passed by and there grew up another tree within the oak. So a cherished sin will ruin the soul. There is a reaping time for the righteous, and there will be great joy. There is a harvest of the wicked—a time of woe. In which will your soul be gathered?—*Selected.*

Men sometimes persuade themselves that because there are variations in time and circumstances they can do things, which have brought ruin to others, from which they will escape. What happened to others will not happen to them because circumstances are changed. No error is more dangerous. However circumstances may change, principles remain the same. Some men boast of their cleverness, but the grave is full today of men who perished because they trusted in their cleverness. We fancy that men perish not because wicked, but because they are weak. And then some men presume on their strength. They are strong, others are weak. They are wise, they know the ways of the world; others perish because they were fools and ignorant of the ways of the world. Men presume and presume till there comes a time that they want to stop their sinful ways, and when they seek for the brake they cannot reach it. Presumption has ruined the will. Don't sup with the devil, for when you have done you will have nothing but the bones, the soiled plate and the bill.—*William Barnes Lower.*

Again, sin always deceives by promised good which is not realized, as it was expected. The knowledge acquired is no joy—better to have been without it. We pursue some end by unlawful means, and when we have attained we find the word of promise kept to the ear, and broken to the hope. We never get what we expected by our sin; or, if we do, we get something else with it, which takes all the gilt off. The man who was enriched by a handful of fairy gold found it was only withered leaves when he got it into the light. So all sin mocks us with dangling a precious prize before us, and so luring us into the slaughter house, as they do with silly sheep.

Its last lie is repeated, too. It blackens the character of God, and whispers suspicions that his law is harsh, and that it shuts men out from pleasure, lest they should be too happy. The great love which prompts the prohibition is not believed. We are apt to think of him as austere. So the half-reluctant soul is drawn by a three-fold cord to the edge of the precipice. Strange that tricks so old, and so often found out, should yet have power to deceive us to our ruin. But so it is, and thousands of young men and women today are listening to these old threadbare lies as if they were glorious new truths, fit to be the pole-stars of life!—*Alexander Maclaren.*

Men's spiritual eyes are prismatic. God did not make them so. He created Adam with soul-eyes as perfect as those of the body. And he gives every man natural faculties for apprehending the truth. But, alas, we keep filing at the beautiful and perfect lenses. By cultivating prejudices, by yielding to the influence of our passions, by selfishness and pride, we make angles, thus changing the axis of vision and disturbing our view of the objects that we see. This is a slow and steady process—a process of which we are almost unconscious, but for which we are responsible. Few of us seek truth for its own sake. Few of us want to know just what is right, whether it harmonizes with our interests and our prejudices or not. Hence we cherish obliquity of vision, and soon persuade ourselves that we do see what we want to see. It is this that our Savior referred to in his Sermon on the Mount, when he said, "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light; but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness." The inner eye is evil, imperfect, angular, when it ought to be spherical; and hence our hearts are full of error.—*The Interior.*

"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." (1 Cor. 10:12.) In modern warfare it is now accepted that with modern weapons a place may be made impregnable to a frontal or direct attack. That was always true concerning the citadel of our personality. It can never be overcome by outward assault alone; it yields to the enemy only when it has been betrayed. The heart's door opens only

from within,—whether it be God or the enemy who knocks. Nothing can readily happen to the soul until it consents; the universal sense of guilt is proof.—*J. A. Hutton.*

It is an easy matter to sneer at the mention of a "book of remembrance," and regard it as a figure of speech, a fiction of fancy; but it is more difficult, perhaps, to do away with the fact that there is within ourselves provision made for judgment, if it be true, as science teaches, that no impression, emotion, or thought is ever completely forgotten. We may hide them away in dark, secret chambers of the soul, but there are conditions of being in which every action and thought flame forth with light, and stand out in bold and startling relief upon the background of our lives. De Quincy relates an instance of a girl of his acquaintance who, playing by a stream, fell into one of its deepest pools. After a time a farmer, riding near, saw her rise to the surface, and saved her; but not until she had "descended into the abyss of death," and looked into its secrets as far perhaps as human eye can have looked that had permission to return. At a certain point a light seemed to spring from her eyes, and in a moment every act, every design of her past life swayed themselves before her. It was as if a dark pall had been lifted from her mind, and a vast theater was exposed before her. Mr. Moody and many others who have been at the point of death, relate similar experiences. Who shall say that we need any other book out of which to be judged than the book of memory?—*Methodist Protestant.*

Conscience appears to have a threefold office: First, it is a witness, testifying what we have done; second, a judge, passing sentence upon what we have done; third, it in some sort executes the sentence by complacency in the well-doer, and uneasiness in the evil-doer.—*Wesley.*

Conscience as judge. For this God has placed it in the soul. Even before the judgment comes it forecasts and utters the expected sentence. Inasmuch as every transgressor carries the records of his guilt within him he is compelled to say, "What shall I do when God riseth up, and when he visiteth

what shall I answer him?" It is with this fact in view that so many guilty ones have pronounced sentence on themselves before the outward judge has spoken. Like Judas, they have heard their condemnation and inflicted the law penalty upon themselves.—*New York Observer.*

Those who live in open riot. He sows to the flesh who pampers its unruly animal appetites. Do not think that I speak contemptuously of our animal nature, as if it were not human and sacred. The lowest feelings of our nature become sublime by being made the instruments of our nobler emotions. Love, self-command, will elevate them all; and to ennoble and purify, not to crush them, is the long, slow work of Christian life. Christ, says St. Paul, is the Savior of the body. But if, instead of subduing these to the life of the spirit, a man gives to them the rein, and even the spur, the result is not difficult to foresee. There are men who do this. They "make provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." They whet the appetites by indulgence. They whip the jaded senses to their work. Whatever the constitutional bias may be,—anger, intemperance, epicurism, indolence, desire,—there are societies, conversations, scenes, which supply fuel for the flame, as well as opposite ones which cut off the nutriment. Now, to indulge in these, knowing the result, is to foster the desire which brings forth the sin that ends in death. This is "sowing to the flesh."

If there be one to whom these words which I have used, veiled in the proprieties due to delicate reserve, are not without meaning, from this sentence of God's word let him learn his doom. He is looking forward to a harvest wherein he may reap the fruit of his present anticipations. And he shall reap it. He shall have his indulgence; he shall enjoy his guilty rapture; he shall have his unhallowed triumph; and the boon companions of his pleasures shall award him the meed of their applause. He has sown the seed; and, in fair requital, he shall have his harvest. It is all fair. He shall enjoy. But tarry a while; the law hath yet another hold upon him. This deep law of the whole universe goes further. He has sown to the flesh, and of the flesh he has reaped pleas-

ure; he has sown to the flesh, and of the flesh he shall reap corruption. That is, in his case, the ruin of the soul. It is an awful thing to see a soul in ruins; like a temple which once was fair and noble, but now lies overthrown, matted with ivy, weeds and tangled briers, among which things noisome crawl and live. He shall reap the harvest of disappointment—the harvest of bitter, useless remorse. The crime of sense is avenged by sense, which wears by time. He shall have the worm that gnaws, and the fire that is not quenched. He shall reap the fruit of long indulged desires, which have become tyrannous at last, and constitute him his own tormentor. His harvest is a soul in flames, and the tongue that no drop can cool; passions that burn, and appetites that crave, when the power of enjoyment is gone He has sowed to the flesh. "God is not mocked." The man reaps.—*Robertson.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

Sin's Just Deserts.

Forty-five years ago a young man in a fit of anger committed a murder in Connecticut. Barely escaping the gallows, he was sentenced to imprisonment for life. But he had a true friend—his friend when the crime was committed, his friend through all the years since, his friend still. He has not only taken care of the murderer's family, but has gone every six months for forty-five years to visit him. For an hour this friend—now a millionaire and one of the wealthiest men in Connecticut—sits at one end of a long table; the prisoner sits at the other, while an armed guard looks on. "These visits," declares the unfortunate man, "are the only bright spots in my life." As his rich friend turns to go he says, with tearful eyes, "Always keep your temper, Phil; always keep your temper. Remember me."

Now here is a noteworthy thing: Though rich and having strong political prestige, this friend refuses to make any effort to have the prisoner pardoned. "A strange friend that!" you say. No, he is both a true and just friend—qualities not often combined in such pre-eminent fashion as in this case. "He is guilty," explains this tried and true friend of more than forty years; "he knows he deserves his punishment. I do not think he himself would wish me to go against my conscience in endeavoring to procure his release." A justice like that must burn deeper than the flames of hell. And yet, benevolent sentiment to the contrary notwithstanding, such justice nestles close up to its sweet-faced sister, named mercy, in the great heart of religion. A writer in the *Hibbert Journal* puts it in this way: "That evil should be extenuated or proved not to be, that black should be painted white, that the groaning and travailing of creation should be hushed up or put out of sight—this is no prayer of religion. Things are as they are; new names do not alter them. Evil is evil, pain is pain, death is death; and it is only by accepting them in their naked

reality that religion can be true to herself. Let them be what they are, and she will deal with them. Let the sinner be a sinner, and she will put her arms around him; let the sheep be veritably lost, and she will recover them; let evil come armed to the battle, and she will recover them; let the gloom thicken, and her radiance shall glow like the noonday; let life be tragic, and she will lift it up among the stars."

The Settlement Sure.

Anne of Austria said to Richelieu, "Sir Cardinal, God may not settle accounts every day, but he settles them all at last!"

A Chain of His Own Making.

It is told of a famous smith of medieval times that, having been taken prisoner and immured in a dungeon, he began to examine the chain that bound him, with a view to discover some flaw that might make it easier to be broken. His hope was vain, for he found, from marks upon it, that it was of his own workmanship, and it had been his boast that none could break a chain that he had forged. Thus with the sinner; his own hands have forged the chain that binds him, a chain which no human hand can break.—*The Sunday School Chronicle.*

A Terrible Heredity.

A special study of hereditary drunkenness has been made by Professor Pelman, of Bonn University, Germany. His method was to take special individual cases, a generation or two back. He thus traced the careers of children in all parts of the German empire, until he was able to present tabulated biographies of the hundreds descended from some original drunkards. Notable among the persons described by Professor Pelman is Frau Ida Jurka, who was born in 1740, and was a drunkard, a thief and a tramp for the last forty years of her life, which ended in 1800. Her descendants numbered 834, of whom 706 were traced in local records from youth to death. Of the 700 born, 106 were born out of wedlock. There were 144 beggars and 62 more who lived from charity. Of the women, 181 lived disreputable lives. There were in the family 76 convicts, seven of whom were sentenced for murder. In the period of some 75 years this family rolled up a bill of costs

in almshouses, prisons and correctional institutions amounting to at least 5,000,000 marks, or about $1,250,000.—*Medical Record.*

"Alone, and Without God in the World."

A gentleman told this experience to some acquaintances in a Chicago hotel:

"It happened in the old Pacific zinc mine, Missouri Pacific depot, at Carthage, Mo. I was in the habit of going over to the mine, and sometimes would go down under ground to see how things were progressing. My father was one of the owners at the time. I went down one morning, about noon, and the men were preparing a blast, which was to be set off just before the lunch hour, so as to give the smoke time to clear away before they resumed their work after dinner. I was lowered in a bucket, and reached the 200-foot level. I started down the drift, which was high enough to permit me to walk with ease, and passed the point where the drift diverts in two sections. I was examining the walls for shines, as the little patches of zinc ore are called, when I was startled by a warning cry from the miners. I started to run to the other drift, and had no sooner reached it before a heavy blast went off, shaking the ground and filling the whole mine with smoke and the odor of powder. I was naturally stunned by the explosion, and groped around trying to find the shaft, and finally reached a place where a ray of light could be seen in the distance. It was the hole that connected the main shaft with the level and air shaft beyond.

"The hole was just large enough to permit a man to crawl through, and this was what I attempted to do. I made a good beginning, but my head protruded in the drift beyond when I realized that I was fast. In roaming about the main level I had gathered a number of specimens of ore and put them in my coat pockets, and this was what had caused the trouble. I was fast, but in a reasonably comfortable position, as, after exhausting my strength calling for help, I fell asleep from over-exertion. I was awakened by a roaring sound, and realized it was a train passing over the drift nearly 200 feet above. A new danger came into my mind. What if they should turn loose another blast? Located in that ventilation

hole as I was, the concussion of an explosion would be awful, and probably fatal. It made me shudder to think of it. I made a desperate effort to release myself, but could not. I shouted for help with all my might. As I have a good pair of lungs, I succeeded in making myself heard. My absence had been noted, and a search had been instituted. It was not long before I was on top of mother earth again, and you can rest assured that that was my last experience in a zinc mine. I let some one else go down after that."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"Be Sure Your Sin Will Find You Out."

A number of years ago, the police of New York received evidence which put them on the track of some coiners of counterfeit money. There was not a moment to lose. Hastily the counterfeiters placed their material on board a boat and rowed out to Long Island Sound. When they reached deep water they flung overboard the implements of their unlawful craft. For the time the police were baffled. About a year after some oyster dredgers, fishing over the very water into which the stamps and dies had been cast, hauled them up. The proof was at once placed in the hands of the police, and in a very short time every member of the gang was lodged in prison. The sea gave up the guilt which had been committed to it.

The Wages of Wrong Doing.

There is a story of a rich man who sent to the country for his nephew, whom he had never seen. "I want you to live with me. You are to have everything you need, and the very best that I can give you. It is my plan to make you my heir. But I must be able to count on you absolutely. Living here in the house with me and having access to my office at all hours, you will know many of my business secrets. You must make them your secrets. Defend them with your life, if need be, but never give them up." For a time the nephew was true to his trust; then he listened to a man who offered him money to betray his uncle's secrets. When his uncle discovered the treachery he sent the boy back to his home. "I am done with you," he said; "you have betrayed the trust I have committed to you."

Reckless Disregard of Threatened Consequences.

The landslide which occurred some years ago in the village of Haverstraw, on the Hudson, hurled many houses into a clay pit, and many lives were lost. The pit had been dug by brickmakers, and it was seen that the houses on the bluff above were being undermined. Several times the owners were warned that they must move. On the day the catastrophe occurred the chief of police noticed a wide crack in the street, and he went to each house and warned the inmates to leave at once. "Oh! I guess the bank will hold a little longer," they told him; they had become accustomed to the threatened danger, and they did not leave. Even after some houses had collapsed, people rushed into houses already tottering on their foundations to save some of their property, and perished miserably.

Sin Self-Recording.

There is a machine called the dynograph, recently invented, by which, as the railroad train runs over the road, every unevenness in the tracks is detected and registered. A roll of paper is moved by power received from the wheels of the car. Over this paper are suspended glass needles containing red ink, one needle for each track. If the track is perfectly smooth and level these needles make a straight line. If there is unevenness in the track, even the slightest, the line is wavering. Thus the machine ingeniously tells the whole story of the tracks.

The whole story of the human life is just as infallibly recorded, and no man can pass through life and hide one thing. It is constantly being recorded to be made known, and the day will come when all will be clear as crystal.—*The Homiletic Review.*

Doom Comes at Last.

Soon after the great eruption of Mt. Pelee, I visited the ill-fated island of Martinique, West Indies, and learned that the people had been warned over and over again of the danger of the smouldering, rumbling volcano, but they disregarded the warning, and the entire city of St. Pierre was buried under the lava, only sixteen lives being saved.

The Accounting.

It is the life that counts for or against Christ. Some one has said: "There is a gospel according to Matthew and a gospel according to Mark, Luke and John, but let it not be forgotten that there is a gospel according to you," and if your life does not ring true with the other gospels you shall be called to account. Such a life can make real havoc of the church.—*J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.*

The Irrevocableness of Sin.

The responsibility created by a wrong act cannot be put off upon other men. "See thou to that." The deed done is finished, it cannot be recalled. The innocent blood is forever spilled. The irrevocableness of our wrong acts is hard for the frivolous to realize. It makes a serious, solemn, awful business, when one is living in sin. It is done; you cannot go back.

The Losses of Sin.

There are two kinds of losses—the loss of things actually possessed and the loss of possible possessions. A young man may have ten thouand dollars, and by dissipation and extravagance lose it. But that is probably only a small part of his loss. He loses also what he might have made if he had used his capital wisely; and not only is his loss merely a money loss, but the loss of a hundred other things less palpable but of much more importance. Or he may have a position of trust and honor as a clerk; not a high place, but he commands the confidence of his employer, and there are indefinite possibilities of advancement and honor before him. But by one dishonest act he may lose his position and forfeit that confidence. But that is the least part of the loss—for the things not yet possessed, but possible and probable, are also lost. Or it may be mental possession, the heritage of a good mind. But through vice, by-and-by his mind is broken. That is an unspeakable loss; but the loss involves also all that he might have been able to accomplish.

Retribution.

In the sixteenth century a certain John Ribault, with about four hundred companions, emigrated from France to Florida.

They were quiet, inoffensive people, and lived in peace there several years, cultivating the soil, building villages, and on the best possible terms with the natives. A powerful Spanish fleet one day bore down upon the settlement. The French made no resistance; they were seized and flayed alive, their bodies hung out upon the trees, with an inscription suspended over them, "Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics." Two years afterwards, a certain privateer, named Dominique de Gourges, secretly armed and equipped a vessel at Rochelle, and stealing across the Atlantic, in two days collected a strong party of Indians, came down suddenly upon the forts, and taking them by storm, slew, or afterwards hanged, every man he found there, leaving their bodies on the trees on which they had hanged the Huguenots, with their own inscription reversed against them—"Not as Spaniards, but as murderers."—*Froude.*

On the first day of the siege of Yorktown, Scannell was treacherously shot in the back after he had surrendered, which cast a gloom over the whole camp. When his troops afterwards charged over the redoubts, the cry that inspired and nerved them was, "Remember Scannell!"

Cosimo I of Florence was a ferocious, cruel tyrant, murdering his own son in the presence of his mother. After a few years he married a wicked but beautiful woman, who had been a former partner in sin with him, and in his last days, broken with decrepitude, was helpless in her despotic hands.

Remorse.

There is a beautiful eastern legend that well illustrates the office of conscience. A great magician presented his prince with a ring. The gift was of great value, not for the diamonds, rubies and pearls which gemmed it, but for a rare and mystic property in the metal. It sat easily in ordinary circumstances, but as soon as the wearer formed a bad thought or wish the ring became a monitor. Suddenly contracting, it pressed painfully on the finger, warning him of his danger. The ring of that fable is conscience. God has given it to us all. We disobey its voice and we suffer; we obey and we have peace.

Shakespeare is not only an easy first in literature, but he is pre-eminently the poet of conscience. Macbeth is one of

his greatest creations. Macbeth was a great general in the army of the king of Scotland, whose name was Duncan the Meek. The evil thought had been suggested to Macbeth that one day he might wear the crown of Scotland. This he communicated to his wife, and she caught eagerly at the idea, and spurred him on to the committal of an awful crime. Duncan was on a visit to the castle of Macbeth. Night came and with it a terrible storm. The king slept. Now was the time for the horrid deed, and when her husband hesitated, Lady Macbeth urged him, until, by one stroke of the dagger, he had slain his monarch. Then the misery, remorse and suffering are most graphically and faithfully delineated by the great dramatist. Then we see "the torture of the mind" resulting from an outraged conscience. The wretched murderer actually envies the dead king, and the wife exclaims, "Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."—*Harris.*

A great genius, when weakened by dissipation, on examining one of his books, written before his faculties were impaired, exclaimed, "My God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" All that he might have done by the preservation of his powers was lost through his folly. The heavy forfeitures of sin are perhaps the things which we do not know that we have lost.

The Power of Conscience.

James Hunter Wright appeared before Magistrate Crane in New York City and announced that he was ready to plead to an indictment at once. He said the sooner he began serving a term in state's prison, as an atonement for his crimes, the better satisfied he would feel. Wright was a partner in several art studios and stores. When business would get a little slack he would burn out the stock, collect the insurance and start a new business in another place. In describing his feelings, he says:

"That silent monitor, which tells us when we have done right or wrong, began to work in a little way at first, and then the condemnation overwhelmed me and I became the most miserable of God's creatures. I could not work, I could

not sleep, a voice kept urging me to confess my crimes and secure relief. I was too cowardly to end my life.

"I am perhaps the happiest man in prison. I know now the satisfaction that comes to those who do right. I did not confess until after a terrible battle had been fought between my criminal instincts and conscience. It was an awful struggle. I knew there was not the slightest chance of my ever being convicted for any crime I had committed, yet with this knowledge I have suffered more than the torture of a thousand years under the thumbscrew during the last two years by the persistent appeals of my conscience to acknowledge the wrongs I have done and pay the penalty."

Conscience an Eternal Avenger.

Conscience as an eternal avenger. The Redeemer has set this forth in the terrible symbols of the fire that is not quenched, and the worm that never dies. Memory can sleep only for a time, and must be associated with this penal functionary in all the disclosures of the future state. Few things can be imagined more painful than remembrance leading conscience as a culprit through all the scenes of past transgression; bringing the seducer and his victims together; the infidel and his deceived; through wasted opportunities which might have been heaven-enriching; pointing to guardian angels compelled to depart; to the messenger of the covenant leading to the throne of mercy sinned against never to return. O sinner, you may now say to conscience as your beseeching guide, "Go thy way for this time, and when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee"; but silenced and banished now, yourself and this inward monitor must meet beyond the border land, and if not made your friend will be, according to God and nature, your unending tormentor.—*Waugh.*

The Condemnation of Conscience.

It was known to all who understood Abraham Lincoln that he would accept no case if he knew that the client had not justice on his side. On a certain occasion a man came to employ him. He explained his case. With his eyes on the ceiling Lincoln swung around on his chair and said, "Well, you have a pretty good case in technical law, but a pretty bad

one in equity and justice. You will have to get some other fellow to win this case for you. I couldn't do it. All the time while standing talking to the jury I'd be thinking, 'Lincoln, you're a liar,' and I should forget myself and say it out loud." He would not stifle his conscience for a fat fee.—*World.*

Brutus' Vision.

Brutus had a vision of Caesar, whom he had murdered. The specter appeared when he was anxious about the battle which was the crisis of his career, and promised to meet him at Philippi, where he afterwards sustained disastrous defeat.

SERVICE SIX—Thursday Evening

The Lamb of God

TEXTS FOR SERVICE VI

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—*Isa. 53:6.*

And they crucified him.—*Matt. 27:35.*

For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.—*2 Cor. 5:21.*

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.— *1 John 1:7.*

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—*John 3:16.*

The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.—*Rev. 13:8.*

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—*John 1:29.*

In whom we have redemption through his blood.—*Col. 1:14.*

For he is our peace.—*Eph. 2:14.*

Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity.—*Titus 2:14.*

The precious blood of Christ.—*1 Peter 1:19.*

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.—*1 Peter 2:24.*

For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.—*1 Peter 3:18.*

He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.—*Isa 53:5.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. 53:6.

1. The guilt; "this cup;" "why hast thou forsaken me?"
2. The power; the temptation in the wilderness; "tempted * * * yet without sin."
3 The consequences. He died for the ungodly.

And they crucified him.—Matt. 27:35.

1. Our Substitute; "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."
2. Our Reconciler; "made of two, one."
3. Our example; "let him * * * take up his cross and follow me."

For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin.—2 Cor. 5:21.

1. A substitute.
2. A sinless substitute.
3. An all sufficient substitute.

The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John 1:7.

1. Polluted lives.
2. A cleansing fountain; "a fountain opened to the house of David; for sin and all uncleanness."
3. Complete cleansing; "all sin."

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3:16.

1. A measureless love.
2. An unspeakable gift.
3. An essential condition.
4. A glorious result.

The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.—Rev. 13:8.

1. God's remedy for sin; contemplated from eternity.
2. Provided in time.
3. Appropriated by faith.
4. Sung in eternity; "Worthy is the Lamb."

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—John 1:29.

1. Provided by God's grace for all.
2. Seen by the eye of penitent faith.
3. Efficient for sin's removal.

In whom we have redemption through his blood.—Col. 1:14.

1. Sin a bondage; sinners slaves.
2. Emancipation through purchase. "For ye are bought with a price, the precious blood of Christ."
3. The keynote of the redeemed life—gratitude.

For he is our peace.—Eph. 2:14.

1. Sin is war; "enmity to God."
2. Salvation is reconciliation.
3. Christ abolished the enmity.—Eph. 2:15, 16.

Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity.—Titus 2:14.

1. The price paid: "himself."
2. The purpose in view: "That he might redeem us from all iniquity;" (1) Guilt; (2) Power; (3) Consequences; (4) Love of sin.

The precious blood of Christ.—1 Pet. 1:19.

Precious because:

1. Christ was God.
2. His death was the sacrifice of infinite love.
3. The purchase price of a whole race.

Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree.—1 Peter 2:24.

1. His death voluntary.
2. Vicarious.
3. A melting appeal; "And I, if I be lifted up * * * will draw all men unto me."
4. A stimulus to fidelity; "Looking unto Jesus * * * who * * * endured the cross."

For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.—1 Peter 3:18.

1. He died for me—the mighty fact.
2. To bring me to God—the influencing motive.
3. My obligation—to make his death effective by penitence.
4. His satisfaction—"when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin * * he shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.—Isa. 53:5.

1. We sinned against him.
2. He suffered for us; in our stead.
3. We are saved through faith in him.

SUGGESTIONS

Permanent results, in religious work, spring from the combination of fervent spirituality, and aggressive and systematic effort. This merely means the co-operation of divine and human forces. Along with the Holy Spirit, there must be well organized and tireless activity.

The spiritualized social forces of a congregation will contribute largely to gaining spiritual results.

The following incident, taken some years ago, from *The Golden Rule,* is typical of what can be accomplished for the growth of the kingdom by a thorough organization of social forces on spiritual lines:

One of the churches in a certain village was weak in numbers. Why it should be weak no one seemed to know. It was a praying church. It believed in revivals; it had them. Some of the most influential people in town had been converted at its altar. Apparently they had forgotten that they owed anything to the little church which had been instrumental in bringing them to Christ; for when they were ready to be received into church membership they joined the "other church." The members of the little church were disposed to criticise them for so doing and to declare that it was because membership in the other church was the fashion. Once in a while one of them would whisper that a want of religion was the reason that these converts did not stay with the people among whom they had been converted.

The weak church had a new pastor. The new pastor was a curiosity. "What do you think he will be like?" asked Sister Fish of Brother Haddock, as they entered the church the first Sabbath morning. "Like Christ, I hope," was Bro. Haddock's reply.

The new pastor overheard the conversation and he breathed a silent prayer that pastor and people might indeed be like their Lord. The new pastor resolved to study the situation. He did not believe that it was wholly want of religion which led the

majority of the new converts into other folds. The new pastor was a young man. He found that his next-door neighbor was a young man. They met the morning after the first Sunday. These were the first words that the new pastor heard, "Good morning; I'm glad to know you. I was at your church yesterday; thought I'd go to hear the new minister, you know. I always like to go there. Fact is, I was converted there, though I joined the big church on the hill."

This young minister and young layman were members of different denominations, but in course of time a warm personal friendship sprang up between them.

"Frank," said the young pastor one day, "I want to know why you did not unite with the church where you were converted. Was it because you did not believe the doctrines of our church, or was it some rule of church government that you did not like that led you to take the course you did after conversion?"

"No," said Frank, "I always liked the polity of your church, and so far as I understand the doctrines of the two churches, I am more in accord with those of your denomination than I am with those of my own. Neither did I go to the big church because it was the thing to be connected with it. When my parents moved into town we were not church-going people. We had not been here long, however, when we were visited by a committee from the 'big church.' They seemed anxious that we should become regular attendants. We did not go at once, and other members, sent out, as I afterward learned, by this same committee, called upon us. Soon after this, mother was taken sick, and still another committee, organized for this purpose, came to see her and rendered us very needed help. Well, the long and short of it was, we never forgot it. They somehow made us feel at home when we were strangers in the place. That home feeling never left me. When I thought about uniting with the church, although I had been converted among your people, the big church seemed still to be my church home. This, as near as I can get at it, is the reason I united with that church after my conversion."

This conversation furnished the new pastor a key to the situation. He thought he saw that his church was weak in numbers because it had been content to work only in the prayer-meeting service. It was not a want of piety, but poor methods, which had kept his church weak in the past. He resolved to apply a remedy. His first effort was to organize his young people into a Society of Christian Endeavor. The first work he asked them to do was to make a careful canvass of the town. Each member took a certain street. With a printed form, headed like the following:

.....Street.

Name of Canvasser.....

Names of Families	No. of Street	Their Church Connection	No. of Children

they went from house to house. At the end of three weeks the young pastor had a map before him which revealed at a glance the opportunities for work which every household on every street in town would offer to his church. Then commenced the work of a large outlook and visitation committee. Very soon the attendance upon the morning service began to show a marked increase. The Sunday-school, the total membership of which had never been over one hundred and twenty-five, soon increased to two hundred and thirty-six. The Endeavor Society, organized with seventeen active members, at its first anniversary showed a total increase of seventy members. Best of all, there was a revival during the last part of the year which added fifty new members to the church. The older people caught the enthusiasm of the Christian Endeavor Society to such a degree that "all at and always at it" became the motto of the entire church. As a result, the little church became, in a few years, as strong as the "big church" on the hill.

SEED THOUGHTS

Nothing has ever convinced the world of forgiveness like the cross of Christ. Nothing has so melted the hard unbelief with which fear and sin have surrounded our nature, as this sweet message of God's redemption, in giving up his only Son for us all. Like the ice upon some Alpine peak that has resisted the stormy winds of winter, but flows down in sparkling rivulets when the warm breezes of spring blow, so hearts long congealed with fear and remorse will melt and flow down in gentle grief and holy aspiration because of the warm influence of divine love. The changed spirit begins to thrill with the emotions of pardon and expectancy, as we hear of this transaction of infinite pity revealed in the Savior's death. The cross proclaims the release, which all who have fallen under the bondage of sin require. And there can be no more peaceful, no more stimulating message than that which the church is emboldened to give because of this cross, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins."—*Falconer.*

Froude, in describing Newman's preaching at Oxford, tells how once he described closely some of the incidents of our Lord's passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence. Then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said, "Now I bid you recollect that he to whom these things were done was Almighty God." It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries. —*Selected.*

"A God on a cross," cried Lacordaire, "that is all my theology!" At least it is the heart of all theology. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not reckoning unto them their trespasses, and having committed unto us the word of reconciliation. We are ambassadors therefore on

behalf of Christ, as though God were entreating by us: we beseech you on behalf of Christ, be ye reconciled to God. Him who knew no sin he made to be sin on our behalf; that we might become the righteousness of God in him."—*Life in His Name.*

Several years ago I had the good fortune one day to drop in to Dr. Wm. M. Taylor's church when he was delivering a sermon commemorative of some anniversary in his ministry. It was then I first heard the illustration of that word of Paul which Dr. Taylor made famous. He said that Jesus became a pivot for the preaching of Paul, a center from which he could sweep the entire circle of human knowledge and learning, as the hands on the face of your clock sweep the circle of all the hours of the day, and yet are pivoted at the center and never move from it. At any moment of the day, you may start from the end of the clock hands and trace back an unbroken connection with the pivot whence comes the power of motion. At any point in the preaching of Paul, however remote it might seem to be, you might trace back an unbroken connection with the crucified Christ. It was in this sense that he preached Christ only.—*McAfee.*

Oh, that this misled and blindfolded world would see that Christ doth not rise and fall, or stand or lie by men's apprehensions! What is Christ the lighter, that men do with him by open proclamation as men do with clipped and light money? They are now crying down Christ * * * * But the Lord hath weighed him and balanced him already: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him!" This worth and weight stand still. It is our part to cry, "Up, up with Christ, and down, down with all created glory before him!" Oh, that I could heighten him, and heighten his name, and heighten his throne!—*Rutherford.*

The blood of the purest, wisest, holiest being that ever lived on the earth was shed that we might be made free from sin. He came to proclaim liberty. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me * * * to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Jesus is the great liberator.—*Selected.*

What we need is more of Jesus. More of him in the pulpit and the home. More of him in life, in business, more of Jesus everywhere. We want less words, less argument, less statement, less orthodoxy and more Christ. We have got theory and argument and we have been fighting over heads and starving over souls, and nobody feeds the soul of Jesus. You don't feed your soul with a dictionary; you feed your soul with the presence of a risen Christ. We want more of Jesus. It was Jesus the people came for, and, remember, the people know the difference between Jesus and the caricature; they know the difference between life and a statue; they know the difference between pictures and spirit; they know the difference between words and hearts, and they know when you are talking about him and when you are theorizing and when you have lost him. They know. You cannot deceive a hungry heart. It won't take a stone when it needs bread. They were hungry for Christ and they crowded around him. What a multitude! It is always so. Give him the right of way. Here is a recipe for filling your own deserted city churches. Let the people who go there get so like Christ that the people who know them can't get away from them. I'm not so sure that a dog doesn't know.—*Gipsy Smith.*

In the provisions of the gospel, through the incarnation and atonement of Jesus Christ, God has met, unconditionally, the needs of the human soul. He stooped to our helplessness, and did that for us us which we could not do for ourselves, and did it generously, royally, divinely. In the face of all our wickedness, God willed our salvation, and provided salvation from all sin for all men. As in Adam all die, so in Christ, the second man, all are made alive, potentially. "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness." (Rom. 5:20, 21.) The righteousness of God is declared and vindicated in Jesus Christ, and imparted unto us by the Holy Ghost as the power of a righteous life—unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Spreng.*

The forgiveness of sins is communicated to us in the form of a universal proclamation. It applies to all men, without

respect to race or moral condition. To the Jew and to the Gentile, to the foulest sinner as well as to the most upright of men. Wherever sin is found there the forgiveness of God reaches. And since "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God," the grace of God abounds in the forgiveness of all men in Christ. It was, therefore, our Master's charge, "that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." (Luke 24:47.)

The forgiveness of sins is an unconditional gift from God to all men, whether they accept or reject it. That is, it is not proclaimed to them on condition of repentance and faith. Just as our Lord Jesus Christ was the gift of God to the world without any condition of their acceptance or rejection of him as Savior.—*Geo. F. Pentecost, D. D.*

We are told that "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." (Rom. 5:20.) The multitude of God's mercies are likened unto the sands of the seashore, and so though our sins be as multitudinous as the sands, God's mercies are as many. Count them as we may, the number of our sins cannot outnumber the multitude of his mercies. As for the depths and vileness of them, we have only to remember that he has called us into council to reason with us about them. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1:18). No dyes are more ineradicable than scarlet and crimson; indeed, no chemistry is know by which these colors can be extracted from the fabric into which they have penetrated; but though our sins be like unto these, there is a chemistry in God's grace which can wash them from our souls. When God's forgiveness enters, it comes with all the atoning and cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus Christ, which cleanseth us from all sins and uncleanness. Let no one say, "My sins are too numerous or too black to be forgiven"; for that is to limit the grace and power of God, and to "disgrace his glory" (Jer. 14:21), which is revealed in the face of Jesus Christ. (2 Cor. 3:18.)

A condemned traitor who had gone stolidly to the scaffold with hatred in his heart toward the king against whom he had rebelled, on receiving from that king a full and free pardon and the restoration of all his forfeited estates, would most likely be broken-hearted with gratitude. Do you think that henceforth such a man would be afraid of his sovereign? He would fear to offend him, fear to do aught but love and serve him, not that he would dread the headsman's block again, but because he would remember his sovereign's mercy. The law with the hammer of its curse may break a heart of ice, but every particle would still be ice. On the other hand, the gospel melts the heart of ice and sends it forth to the very feet of God, a river of grateful love.

Have you sought unto this forgiveness; or are you abiding in unforgiven sin? There is much loose popular thinking about God; that he is too good-natured to punish sinners; that we may be sure of coming off easy in his hands; that there is no need to be afraid of him, or the consequences of our sin. Let me remind you that it is said of God—yea, he said it of himself in the same breath that proclaimed mercy for thousands and forgiveness to transgressors and sinners—that he will "by no means clear the guilty."—*Grace Abounding.*

The gospel of Jesus Christ came as a satisfying answer to that long and passionate cry for heart-purity. It said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" St. Paul had sounded the depths of the Jewish heart; he understood the mission of his race to be the voice crying for moral purity in the wilderness of the world. As a Jew he cried out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He likewise knew of a satisfaction when God revealed the remedy for his ailment of sin, and he shouted, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" He took as his message to the world that "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."—*Selected.*

The death of Christ was a voluntary act. "I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me,

but I lay it down of myself." It was an act of supreme and awful moral energy and of immense self-sacrifice. It was a voluntary transition from life in one sphere to life in another sphere; and to whatever blessedness he was passing, and from whatever misery, the transition itself was an agony; it was the rending asunder of the very constituents of his nature.

May we venture to think that it is in the power of that supreme act by which Christ separated himself from his life in the flesh and passed to his life in God that we, too, make the transition from the lower to the diviner life? Does his great act, in virtue of our union with him, carry ours with it? Is this a partial—though it can only be a partial—account of the mystery?—*R. W. Dale.*

"Christ suffered!" That is the key-note. These believers were suffering—suffering for well-doing. Suffering for conscience's sake. And they were in heaviness through manifold trials. So the apostle reminds them that Christ also suffered. How sweet is that little word also! Caesar was wont to cheer his troops by addressing them as fellow-soldiers. Such is the force of this word. Are you homeless? Christ also had not where to lay his head. Are you poor? Christ also for our sakes became poor. Are you tempted? Christ also hath suffered, being tempted.

But Christ's sufferings are unique! Though he was righteous, he suffered as no other one has for sins; for it is clearly taught here that he suffered as a substitute, "the just for the unjust."

It is quite true, as we are so often told, that the death of the Lord Jesus has had a great moral effect upon men, revealing the love of God, teaching the law of self-sacrifice, showing how keenly sin makes itself felt in the holy sensitive nature of eternal love. But, besides this subjective side of our Savior's death, there is another, an objective one. He has not only done something towards men, softening and moving them to thoughts of unselfishness, and deeds of heroism, to which otherwise they must have been forever strangers; but he

has done something also toward the satisfaction of the great laws of the divine nature, which make for righteousness.—*F. B. Meyer.*

Christ is before us as the perfect man. The accusations of his enemies have left no impression on the world. He stands alone. Men admire, they praise, but they live on in sin.

Christ is before us as the great teacher. Never man spake as this man. No false lesson of right was ever taught. No revelation of God not sustained by the world's conscience was ever made. No unworthy motive was ever offered to stimulate men to do his will. No word of his wisdom has been set aside by the world's philosophy. No addition has been made to his ethical code. And yet men live on in sin, far away from the life of Jesus. But Jesus on the cross draws men to him.

It is no new thing, for it has been tried over and over for hundreds of years. What have men against the cross? Who can tell? The Bishop of Liverpool says, "In apostolic days men advocated a gospel without the cross. But St. Paul would have none of it. In the fourth century Arius taught a Christianity without a perfectly divine Savior, and the church would have none of it. In the fifteenth century, the Renaissance, intoxicated by the discovery of Greek and Roman literature, despised the 'jargon of St. Paul,' and would have paganized Christianity, but the Reformation brought northern Europe back to the scriptures and to Christ. Today men are proclaiming a gospel without the supernatural. They are asking us to be content with a perfect human Christ; with a Bethlehem where no miracle was wrought; with a Calvary which saw sublime self-sacrifice, but no atonement for sin; with a sepulcher from which no angel's hand rolled away the stone. But we must have none of it. We will hold fast, we will transmit the faith once for all delivered to the saints. We will hand down to our children, we will proclaim to all the tribes of the earth, Christ incarnate, atoning, risen, ascending, our intercessor at God's right hand, waiting to come again to judge the quick and the dead."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Sacrifice is the a and z and all the vowels and consonants in between, of motherhood. But it is a sacrifice that spells love out bigger and brighter, and in the spelling rings the music of it sweeter and clearer than any other. Sacrifice is love at its best. There is no other spirit for motherhood; no other key to unlock its doors; no other solution of its tangling problems; no other sure weapon to lay its foes low in the dust. And no other inspiration is equal to it for holding you steady and true, true and steady in the fierce undertow of the tide of life. Aye, and no chambered symphony can equal its low, sweet music; and nothing else can bring the rich, heart-satisfying results in the twilight of life's evening.—*S. D. Gordon.*

The cross of Christ is a perpetual monument of God's love to the human race. To those who perish the cross of Christ is foolishness, but to those who are saved it is the power of God and the wisdom of God. Prophecies, promises, symbols and sacrifices of the Mosaic dispensation, pointed to this cross, and have had their completed fulfillment in it. The regeneration of men and of nations point to this as the means of their triumph.

The cross of Christ is a symbol of life, of light and of glory. This is the light to which the nations will come. Here is where men find the true life, and catch glimpses of superlative glory. The cross of Christ is an emblem of beauty and of purity. It is also the embodiment of the loftiest principles, noblest impulses, and grandest inspiration.—*Selected.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Blood of the Lamb.

There was pardoned from the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth a man whose release was sought by fifty thousand persons in a petition sent to President Roosevelt. He will endeavor to have his citizenship restored, and, if successful, will ask the courts to change his name for the protection of his wife and child. Human courts of law may pardon and set a man free from the hand of the law, but they cannot rub out the stain of sin, or remove the guilt. There is only one who can do this. The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanses us from all sin. When we accept Jesus Christ as a Savior he at once adopts us into his family. We are made an heir to all his benefits.—*Wm. Barnes Lower.*

The Power of the Cross.

Missionary Richards in the Congo valley seemed unable to bring his hearers to any sense of sin or any wish for pardon by his most faithful preaching of the ten commandments and the law written in every man's heart. It was only when the natives came in sight of the cross of Christ and saw what sin means to God that they learned what it ought to mean to themselves.

None of us realizes what it means for a man to be lost, but we can guess something of its meaning when we think what God did about it. A little while ago, a famous surgeon was brought from Austria to the city of Chicago to perform an operation on the little daughter of a wealthy man. The papers reported that his fee was $20,000. It was a long journey, and involved immense cost. I do not know what was the matter with the little one. I know it was no scratched finger, no bruised forehead from her play. Whatever it was, I know it must have been something serious, because of what the father did about it.

It is this which demands our preaching Christ. We must preach him as the atoning Savior who claims headship over the

church and over every man. We must preach him winsomely, strongly, completely, the full-orbed Christ. But we must preach him, him—constantly. One Sunday afternoon I came out of the Brick church in New York with a great throng who had been listening to Dr. Babcock. There were evidently a great many strangers, some of whom were there from curiosity. Just before me were two men, unaccustomed to the place. I heard one say to the other, "Well, what did you think of him?" The second roused himself from his meditation, and said earnestly, "What did I think of him? I do not know what I thought of him. But I know I think more of God for what he said." The next day I told Dr. Babcock what I had heard and he was glad. His ministry had accomplished its end.—*McAfee.*

The Appeal of the Cross.

When St. Remy was preaching before King Clovis, of France, telling with passionate pathos the story of Christ's suffering and death, the monarch suddenly sprang from his throne, and grasping his spear cried, "Had I been there with my brave Franks, I would have avenged his wrongs."

The Cleansing Blood.

When the Emperor Hadrian assumed the purple he learned that extensive frauds had been perpetrated in connection with the revenue returns. Some of those who were implicated were among the foremost citizens in Rome. The Emperor might have proceeded against them in justice; he preferred to extend to them his prerogative of mercy. He ordered his officers to bring into the Forum all those books which held the record of the guilt of the Roman knights. With his own hand, he placed them in a huge fire, and watched until they were consumed. But he could not take away the fraudulent transactions. He might destroy the record of his subjects' guilt, but he could not take the dishonor out of their lives. Till their dying hour they would be shamed men, avoided by all who knew. His forgiveness would have been complete, had he been able to remove the stain. This Christ does. We are justified "by his blood." (Rom. 5:9.)

Guests at the King's Dinner.

Rev. Harvey Wood reports this incident, which is touching and suggestive:

He was standing in the open air in High Barnet, one of the suburbs of London, on Sabbath evening, July 13, 1902, listening to an earnest appeal that was being made by the canon of the Anglican church, when he related the following incident that occurred eight days before. King Edward VII of England gave a dinner to tens of thousands of poor in commemoration of his coronation. All London and the country for miles around had been scoured to find the guests for the king's dinner. Royal princesses, princes, dukes, lords and ladies, officers of the army which had just returned from South Africa, waited upon the king's guests. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

Among the royal guests were an old man and his wife, who had come up to partake of the king's hospitality, from one of the rural districts. It was learned that the aged couple had just managed to keep body and soul together long enough to partake of the king's dinner, after that they intended to enter the poorhouse. They had sold their household effects in order to keep from starving.

Among the waiters upon the table at which the old couple sat, was a fine-looking young officer from Australia. As he helped them to food the old man whispered to his wife, "My, ain't he like our Ned."

The officer overheard them. Presently he came again to help them to some more food, when the old man spoke aloud to him:

"My, but you are like our Ned!"

"Indeed, am I?" said the officer.

"Yes, you are."

"Well, what is your name and where is your Ned?"

"Oh, he went to Australia over thirty years ago, and we have not heard from him in over twenty-one years."

It was now the young officer's turn to talk, and the tears were running down his manly face as he said:

"Well, my name is Ned, and if you are Edward B—, I am your Ned's son. My father died twenty-one years ago, but I came to England to find you, and had given up in despair. Where are you going when dinner is over?"

"To the poorhouse," said the old man.

"Oh, no, you are not," said the young officer. "You are going with me to my hotel, and you sail with me on Saturday next for my home in Australia. Come, grandmother, give me your arm," and he took them to his hotel.

There was not a dry eye in all that vast audience as the reverend canon told of another father, our heavenly Father, who sent his Son "to seek and to save the lost," to tell them of a home in his Father's house "where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more, nor the sun lights upon them, or any heat;" of the King of kings who has prepared a great feast, and has bidden all mankind, and his Son bids everyone come, for all things are ready.—*The Congregationalist.*

Self-Centered Faith.

A Methodist missionary in Ceylon one day received a call from an aged Buddhist. He was ninety-six years old, and very decrepit and almost blind. Like others of his religion he looked for a reincarnation in another body, after he died, according to his merits; and this is his list of merits as he told it to the missionary, "I have climbed Adam's peak twenty-six times; I have visited the Temple of the Tooth seven times; I have caused several Buddhist books to be copied and given to the priests; and I have never killed an animal, except a few fish that I caught. So you see I have plenty of merit, and I shall be born well in my next life." This old man had not done good to any human being, and his faith appeared to be mostly faith in himself. Ceremonial religion is centered upon self.

The Cross of Christ.

A speaker described a scene in Paris in which a number of men, when a cathedral was dedicated on a hill, attempted to blot out the illumination of the cross on the spire by raising large clouds of smoke with chemicals. "Instead of blotting it out," said the lecturer, "the cross stood out in greater magnificence and splendor."

Never does the cross of Christ fail men in their need; but

"His cross, like a far-seen beacon, stands
In the midst of a world of sin;
And stretched out are his bleeding hands
To gather the wanderers in."

Our Substitute.

A story is told that, during our late sad war, a number of Southerners were arrested by a general of the Union army, commanding a district in one of the border states, who tried them by court martial, under the general charge of killing Union soldiers by shooting them from the bushes as they passed in small detachments through the country. They were all found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. After the sentence, the general allowed them to draw lots, and selected a few in this way for execution. Those selected by the fatal lot were to be shot the following morning. Tried, condemned, and waiting the execution of penalty, their condition was a sad one. Among the number thus waiting in despair was a middle-aged man, a man of family, who was in deep distress at the fate that awaited him. During the evening a young man, a neighbor of the condemned, and one who had himself been of the number arrested, but had escaped the fatal lot, came in and made the astonishing proposal to this man that he would take his place and die in his stead. He said, "I have no family to mourn my loss. I trust I am prepared to die; and I am willing, for the sake of your family, to die for you. The general says he will consent to the change, and accept my death in place of yours as satisfactory to the law." The generous offer was accepted by the surprised and overcome man, and the substitute remained under the guard until the morning came. With the morning, the young man was led out upon the parade ground with his fellow-prisoners. A company of soldiers, with loaded guns, faced them, and at the command "Fire," he fell, dying voluntarily for another.—*Whipple.*

A Sacrifice For Us.

A prisoner escaped from a French prison. He managed to conceal himself, though the hue and cry were up against him. Lying in a ditch he saw a fire break out in a village, and heard

a woman cry to save her child in the upper story. But no one responded. The prisoner's humanity made him forget his personal danger. He dashed out, made his way through the fire, and with scalded face and burning clothes presented the rescued child to the agonized mother. And then he was arrested and returned to prison.—*Horton.*

"Draw All Men."

The noted English preacher, Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, has related an experience of one of his evangelistic services in London. A hardened criminal came forward to the altar seeking salvation. Mr. Morgan knelt beside him and pointed him to Jesus as the Lamb of God who could cleanse him from all his sins. And he who had been a great sinner believed and was converted. Then Mr. Morgan saw the mayor of the city, a man of high morals and greatly respected, kneeling at the same altar, and to him, as to the criminal, he pointed out the Lamb of God who alone could take away sins, and in humble self-surrender the mayor, too, accepted Jesus as his Savior. A short time before this the mayor had sentenced the criminal to imprisonment, and there at the altar the two shook hands while tears of joy ran down their cheeks. For the worst of sinners and for the best of moralists there is the same Savior. In none other is there salvation, for neither is there any other name under heaven, wherein we must be saved.—*Tarbell's Teacher's Guide.*

"In the Cross of Christ I Glory."

When the Crusaders invaded the Holy Land, they found that the mountains round Jerusalem and the long slopes of Moriah were bright with the vivid blossoms of the crimson anemone. This fragile wind-flower they named, in the language of their high romanticism, "the blood-drops of the Redeemer's passion." Such are the red flowers of which Seuse writes. The garden enclosed, over which the trees of the Lord diffuse their penetrating aroma, gleams with the red memorials of the Redeemer's dying love. The strenuous, yet reposeful, virtues of the gracious soul are quickened by the blood of the great sacrifice. Sanctification begins at the cross.

The Blood of the Cross.

The blood of the cross is the reconciliation of man with God, the restoration to harmony of a world disordered by sin; it is the bringing into human life of that divine peace which passes all understanding. The triumphant energy of the cross has overwhelmed the powers of evil; the adversary is crushed beneath the victorious heel of the Conqueror.

"Laid on Him."

When Abraham Lincoln was reviewing the Army of the Potomac, in April, 1863, at Falmouth, Va., an observer said to a comrade, "Did you ever see such a look on any man's face? He is bearing the burdens of the nation. It is an awful load. It is killing him." But our divine Captain was bearing the load of the whole world's sin. Do you wonder that he is described as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief?

The Mystery of the Cross.

The cross is the mystery of eternity, the enigma of time; the angels cannot understand it, we are unable to comprehend all the wonders of its love and pity, but our hearts are glad whilst they gaze upon it; they see beyond the pain and the sorrow and the darkness, they behold great lights, opening heavens, expanding and assured liberties, and they are glad with great joy.

"The Wondrous Cross."

Matthew Arnold on his last Sabbath attended the Sefton Park Presbyterian church, Liverpool. It was sacrament morning; the sermon was on the "Shadow of the Cross," and the closing hymn was:

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died.

At the home of his brother-in-law, after service, a servant heard him repeating to himself, on the stairs, the first lines of that hymn. At luncheon he spoke about the hymn and said he thought it the finest in the English language. When he rose from the table he went out, and in ten minutes he was dead—dead, with his mind dwelling on the cross of Christ—a finale hardly anticipated by readers of his books.—*Kelly.*

The Sin Bearer.

On one occasion, about two years ago, I was sent for to see a lady—a stranger—who was dying in Brighton. I found her to be a person of means and education, but quite ignorant of the salient facts of the Christian faith. Her religious views had been formed almost entirely by the influence of certain Oriental cults. To her Jesus was simply a great moral teacher, standing in line with other religious masters. Of Christianity as the religion of redemption she had no knowledge. Her life-story had been a sad one, stained deeply by both sorrow and sin. "Oh," she sighed, "that it were possible for some great, strong friend to take my conscience as though it were his own, that I might have a little peace!" I learned more from that sentence concerning the mystery of redemption than up to that moment I had ever thought of. Here was a soul who knew and stated the need of just such a salvation as we are bidden to proclaim. She asked, without knowing that there was an answer, for the Savior who was made sin for us, who could take man's conscience as though it were his own, and leave in its place his peace. The sense of guilt had awakened with power in this poor dying woman. To have told her, in what was almost the last moment of her life, that the Most High could forgive her sins, would have carried no comfort to her heart. The only possible relief for her was to hear of him on whom the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all.—*The Congregationalist.*

"The Lamb Slain."

Jesus could have swept his enemies from the face of the earth with a word. But he walked straight into the jaws of death himself that he might taste death for every man—a victory that was for all mankind and for all time of right over wrong, of holiness over sin, of love over hate, of light over darkness.

This Loving Savior.

A ministerial friend of mine said that on one occasion he was preaching in a certain church in the afternoon, and after the service a gentleman asked him if he would not come to his house and take supper. He accepted the invitation, and as they were about to enter the house the host said, "You are

the first person who has been invited to break bread in my home for seventeen years. I have an imbecile son, and I treat him just as though he had his reason, and I have thought that it would not be pleasant for visitors in the home, and so I have not invited any. But something that you said in your sermon today made me think that you would not mind it, and so I asked you to come." My friend expressed his sympathy with the father and said he was very glad indeed to accept the invitation. When it came time for the meal, the full-grown son was led in like a little child, and in all things during the meal the father and others ministered to him as though he were still an infant. When the supper was finished and they had gone into another room, the guest asked the father whether his son had always been in that condition. And the father said, "No, indeed. When he was a child he was one of the brightest boys that ever lived, but when he was about six years old he was afflicted with a terrible disease; and although his body recovered from it, his mind was gone. And now for seventeen years he has been just as you have seen him tonight." The minister said, "What a mercy it would have been if, when he was so sick, God had taken his life, instead of allowing him to grow up like this!" And then the father burst into tears, and he said, "You could not have said anything else that would hurt me like that; I know he is an imbecile, but he is my son—he is my son."

"Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Savior to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not."—*Mills.*

"Wounded For Our Transgressions."

A young man was asked when he first trusted in Christ and was saved. His answer was, "When the bee stung mother." When he was a little boy he was playing before the door, while his mother was working inside. Suddenly a bee came buzzing at the door, and he ran in to his mother, followed by the bee. She hid him behind her. The bee fastened on her bare arm and stung her severely. She turned round, took her little boy, and showed him her arm. There was the place where she was

stung, and there was the bee slowly crawling up her arm. "You need not fear the bee now, Willie," she said, "for it has no sting. It cannot hurt you. Its sting is here." She showed her little boy a black speck sticking in the wound. And then she took him on her knee, and told him how the sinner, pursued by God's broken law, by death whose sting is sin, could find no shelter save behind the cross of Christ; while in that spotless One who hung there was plunged the fatal sting; to him was meted out the wrath, the stripes, the bruises, the wounds, which were the sinner's due, so that now all the sinner has to do is to look, and death is harmless, because all its sting has been exhausted in Christ, all its dark waters dried up in him, and nothing now remains but to bow in thankfulness and praise to the One who is mighty to save. "Christ also suffered sins once, the righteous for the unrighteous, that he might bring us to God."—*The Ram's Horn.*

Suffering To Save.

The duty of boilermakers on war ships is of the most dangerous nature. In action, between actions, and out of action, the repairs they are called upon to effect are sufficient to send a chill of fear to the hearts of most men.

They will creep right inside a boiler or furnace which has but a few moments before been full of boiling water or live coals, and while the ship's big guns are making the vessel tremble, these men will go down amid hissing steam and terrible heat to repair what if unrepaired might send all to the bottom.

At the bombardment of San Juan, the gunboat Castine carried three boilermakers. The Castine went into action under full steam, her triple screws revolving at the fullest speed her 2,199 horsepower could make them spin, and her battery of eight-inch guns started her quivering in fierce battle. The furnaces were being fed by forced draft to greater heat, the boiling water to higher production of steam and the engines to increasing revolutions; suddenly, far down in the furnace hold, there arose a fierce hissing noise right inside of one of the furnaces, and made those who heard it and knew what it meant tremble as no gun or shot or shell could make them

tremble. A socket bolt in the back connection at the extreme back of the furnace had become loose. A leak had sprung, steam was pouring in upon the fire, threatening to cause a terrific explosion, and the annihilation of all. The faces of the men below blanched beneath the grime that covered them and for a moment it seemed that no one knew what to do. The first man whose senses returned to him was boilermaker Huntley. His name does not appear in the navy list, and even his first name was unknown to his comrades. They only knew him as boilermaker Huntley, of Norfolk, Va. But this is enough, and his deed is sufficient to find him a niche in the annals of fame wherever the story of the United States and her navy is told. Without trepidation, and with stern set jaws and fierce, devoted determination on every line of his face and form, Huntley cried out, "Turn off the forced draft, bank up the fire! Quick!" "Good heavens, what are you going to do," exclaimed his companions. "It is certain death for you." "Perhaps for me, but surely for all unless you do as I say. Turn off the draft, bank the fire, bring me a plank." The orders were carried out, the plank was brought and before they could stop him this hero had flung the plank into the furnace on top of the black, banked coal, had himself crawled over the raging mass, far back to where the steam was rushing like a hissing devil from the loosened socket. For three minutes he stayed inside that fearful place, and then the work was done—the ship was saved—and his comrades drew him out of the door, the forced draft went to its work again, and in an instant the furnace was once more aflame. But what of poor Huntley? Scorched, scalded, insensible, nearly dead, he lay on the iron floor of the furnace room; around him stood his mates, dousing him with water and using every means for his resuscitation. He did not die, and when once more he opened his eyes and was carefully lifted into daylight there arose such cheers from the throats of those dirty, grimy mates as never greeted the taking of a city or the sinking of a ship.

The story is briefly chronicled in the log of the Castine, and Huntley simply claims that he "did his duty." But while this country remains a nation, so long as our flag remains the

symbol of purity, bravery and patriotism the name of this man Huntley, of Norfolk, Va., who was only a boilermaker, should never be forgotten.—*Chapman.*

A Sacrifice of Love.

The best gift that we can give to God is the gift of ourselves to serve others. A young school teacher in Ohio gave herself some years ago to foreign missionary work. She was sent to India by a mission board. After a few years' service she became sick, and none of the doctors could help her. She returned home. By and by she thought that she had some symptoms that she had noticed in lepers in India, and she wondered if she had leprosy. She consulted a specialist and was told that she had this dread disease. She did not say anything to her friends, but prepared to return to India. She knew that there were many lepers there that she could help, so she went back to them, to love them, to serve them, to live among them, although she knew that she was dying herself. She gave herself to God. Can we give a better gift?—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

A Savior Needed.

Dietrich, a German artist, has painted a great picture of Christ saying "Come unto me."

I have been impressed with the great variety of characters which he groups around the Master. The sick, the crippled, the sad, the weary, the discouraged, the young, the old, the rich, the poor, the despised and the favored were all there. And as you look at each longing, anxious face you feel that there is not much difference in the group after all. They are all alike in one thing, they all need the same Savior. They are alike in this, that they may all have him, and all upon the same condition. They are all alike in this, that whatever be their condition they will be miserable without him.

Jesus wants us to come, with our sins and troubles, and he will give us rest. If anything plagues us with pain, we have rest when the pain cause is taken away.

A missionary teaching the Indians said, when he instructed them concerning God, how he had made the sun, stars and earth, they said, "How glad we are to know this. Our fathers

and ourselves often wondered who made these, and trouble was ours because we could find no answer." But when he told them how Jesus revealed God as Father, and by his life and death showed his love, they said, "Now, indeed, you make us glad, for now we know who God is, what he is like, and we can trust and love him." We not only need to know God as Almighty Maker of heaven and earth, but also as the Father, sending the Son and saving us, to make us glad in the knowledge of him.—*Augsburg Teacher.*

He Only Can Save.

There is a story told of a poor blind man who stood on a bridge over a canal in the City Road, London, reading aloud from an embossed Bible to any who would listen. A gentleman on his way home stopped on the outskirts of the crowd to see what attracted so many loungers. Just then the poor man, who was reading in the fourth chapter of the Acts, lost his place, and, while trying to find it with his finger, kept repeating the last clause he had read. "None other name—none other name—none other name." Some smiled at the blind man's embarrassment, but this gentleman went away very thoughtful. He was at that very moment inquiring the way of life, and in the mood to be influenced by a word spoken in season. The chance word haunted him, and before morning he had surrendered to its power. "I see it all!" he cried. "I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save. To him will I look."

Let Him Save You.

An aged, weary woman, carrying a heavy basket, got into the train with me the other day, and when she was seated she still kept the heavy burden upon her arm. "Lay your burden down; mum," said the kindly voice of a workingman. "Lay your burden down, mum; the train will carry both it and you." God will carry us and our burdens, too.—*Central Christian Advocate.*

SERVICE SEVEN—Friday Evening

Repentance

TEXTS FOR SERVICE VII

Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.—*Matt. 4:17.*

Wash you, make you clean; * * * cease to do evil.—*Isa. 1:16.*

And be renewed in the spirit of your mind.—*Eph. 4:23.*

Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.—*Matt. 3:8.*

For I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—*Matt. 9:13.*

Turn ye unto me, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will turn unto you.—*Zech. 1:3.*

And they went out, and preached that men should repent.—*Mark 6:12.*

The Lord is nigh them that are of a broken heart.—*Ps. 34:18.*

If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, * * * he shall surely live.—*Ezek. 18:21.*

Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.—*Matt. 5:4.*

The Prodigal Son.—*Luke 15:11-32.*

Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.—*Luke 13:3.*

Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance.—*2 Cor. 7:9.*

And I gave her space to repent * * * and she repented not.—*Rev. 2:21.*

For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death.—*2 Cor. 7:10.*

As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live.—*Ezek. 33:11.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matt. 4:17.

Repentance is a change of mind:

1. Concerning my sin.
2. Concerning God's son.

Wash you, make you clean; * * * cease to do evil.—Isa. 1:16.

Man's part in conversion:

1. Willing the putting away of evil.
2. Willing the acceptance of the good seen in Christ.
3. God meets the penitent and gives the will efficacy.

And be renewed in the spirit of your mind.—Eph. 4:23.

1. Sin hates what God loves and loves what God hates.
2. Penitence loves what God loves and hates what God hates.
3. The Spirit is ever ready to bring about this renewal of the spirit of the mind in answer to earnest desire.

Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.—Matt. 3:8.

1. The test of the value of a good emotion is actions and not merely avowals.
2. True repentance will find expression in a transformed life.
3 Let your life in the present witness to the genuineness of your sorrow for the past.

For I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—Matt. 9:13.

1. Christ the Savior of the lost.
2. The penitent's consciousness of sin a ground of encouragement rather than despair.
3. Self-righteous complacency excludes from salvation. —Pharisees.

Turn ye unto me, saith the Lord of hosts, and I will turn unto you."—Zech. 1:3.

1. Man's part in salvation; repentance, faith.
2. God's part; conviction, regeneration.
3. "Work out your own salvation * * for it is God which worked in you."

And they went out, and preached that men should repent.—Mark 6:12.

1. The initial need—repentance.
2. The initial theme—repentance.
3. The initial act—repentance.
4. The Christian's daily need—repentance.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart.—Psalms 34:18.

1. Not sin, but hardened indifference to sin, drives God from the life.
2. Penitence always wins instant pardon.
3. Sin realized is a heart-breaking experience, leading up to the joy of renewed fellowship.

If the wicked will turn from all his sins that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, * * * he shall surely live. —Ezek. 18:21.

1. The condition; repentance, conversion.
2. The measure of the thoroughness of repentance; "all his sins * * all my statutes."
3. The inducement; eternal life.
4. The certainty of the promise; "surely."

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.—Matt. 5:4.

1. Penitence the stepping stone to pardon.
2. Pardon brings peace; "with God," "of God."
3. Power; to live the renewed life.
4. Hope for the heavenly hereafter.
5. Therefore penitence is a beatitude.

The Prodigal Son.—Luke 15:11-32.

1. Sin banishes from the Father's house.
2. Sin herds men with swine.
3. Sin's wretchedness reminds of the home forsaken.
4. Impels to return.
5. The waiting Father's gracious greeting.

Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.—Luke 13:3.

1. Sin's sequel is destruction.
2. Repentance is the only way of escape.
3. Repentance a life and death matter.

Now I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance.—2 Cor. 7:9.

1. Joy that brings sorrow: Godless mirth.
2. Sorrow that leads to joy: Penitence, the gateway to salvation.
3. Our interest in others' welfare should fill us with gladness when they grieve for sin.

And I gave her space to repent * * * and she repented not.—Rev. 2:21.

1. The day of grace.
2. Unimproved.
3. A cause of everlasting regret.

For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death.—2 Cor. 7:10.

1. Worldly sorrow: (1) Repining; (2) Disappointed ambition; (3) Remorse.
2. Godly sorrow: Repentance.
3. The contrast in results: (1) Despair; (2) Penitent faith and hope.

As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live.—Ezek. 33:11.

1. God not a vindictive despot.
2. Nor a cruel executioner.
3. But a loving Father yearning for his wandering children.

SUGGESTIONS

Cottage or neighborhood prayer meetings held at a number of central points will deepen interest and concentrate prayer. It would be all the better if these were begun a month before the special services.

In the ordinary course of events in evangelistic meetings, the pastor and other workers will find numerous opportunities for personal work opening up by this time. Reports will have been received from those who promised—and were assigned—to speak to others.

If convenient, plan for a Saturday evening conference with office-bearers according to the announcement of Monday evening. Use this and other opportunities for instructing amateurs in the wisest methods of personal approach.

The following from a religious weekly, read at the Saturday evening conference, will help your personal workers:

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and in thy heart shalt believe that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." With all the light that has been shed upon the question of accepting Christ, by the word of God, and the help given by those who are actively engaged in soul saving, there are still multitudes who don't seem to understand that God's word means just what it says.

Not long since we found a Christian trying to show an inquirer the way to Christ, and it was really painful to see how this Christian worker was stumbling the inquirer, making it very hard indeed. Instead of taking the word of God and showing it to the inquirer, pointing out some such passages as the one just quoted, Romans 10:9, the worker is so apt to try to explain the way of life in his own words. It is sure then to be only man's wisdom, and the one who is seeking Christ gropes about blindly, wanting to be a Christian, yet not knowing how. Again and again have we found this to be the case.

Those who were attempting to lead souls into the kingdom were only making the darkness thicker.

Recently in a meeting where there were a number of souls to be dealt with, we found a young man after the services were over, with a troubled look on his face, and when the question was asked him, "Well, have you found Christ?" he said, "I don't know, I don't think I have; it is a great mystery." Upon being asked why it was a great mystery and how, he said, "Well, I cannot be a Christian until I have feelings or some of the experiences that these others have had." When we asked what experiences, he said, "Well, a lady told me how she got Christ and I have not any of those signs at all."

Instead of others' experiences being given him, this young man should have been helped to look to Christ's promises, using his words pointing to such clear, plain passages as this, "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life." (John 3:36.) Or, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son; that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." (John 3:16.) "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." (Rev. 3:20.) "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John 5:24.)

When there are such plain, clear explanations of what it means to come to Christ and exactly how to come, why should we try to take the matter into our own hands and try to lead souls to Christ on our own responsibility? God's word is sufficient. Very few words of ours are needed and those principally to point the inquiring soul to the Word of God.

Give more and more attention to preparation for the after talks. Use them to bring matters to a head. Saturate them with the gospel.

Emphasize the invitations to those interested, to give expression to their interest by whatsoever methods are considered best under local conditions.

SEED THOUGHTS

In the words of the child's hymn:

"Repentance is to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve
By doing them no more."

True repentance will endeavor, with the full strength of the emancipated will, to renounce evil in thought, in word, or in act, and to perform all righteousness. The penitent soul belongs to Christ, repudiates self-lordship, and yields, submits, surrenders, dedicates itself to the service of the Redeemer; it places itself, to use the words of George Whitefield, "blindfolded and without reserve" in the strong and gentle hands of infinite love.—*Life in His Name.*

Repentance, when it is done, is such a beautiful thing that Jesus himself said, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Have you repented along that line? There are some of you who do not understand how it is you have no peace and no joy in your profession. I know, just as well as if I lived with you, I know if you have no joy and no peace in your professed faith it is because you have never turned to God wholly. Some of you say, "I want peace." Never mind peace; do as you are told, and peace will come. There are some people more concerned about nice feelings, happy feelings, ecstasies and joys, and all the rest of it, than they are about putting God in his place. You put God in his place, and you will have peace; you honor God, and you will have peace.—*As Jesus Passed By.*

Many a wanderer from his father's house has found a short way to God by looking up. That is the only way that any man ever finds God. No matter who we are or where we go, God is not far from any one, because he follows us on high and waits to be gracious to us. If we are trying to help somebody, he is also trying to help that one, and is following him

and us. Circumstances may be hostile, but they cannot decide the case. Temptations may abound, but God is near. Evil things may encompass us, but the blue is always over us—bright and pure and measureless. Enemies may entice us, but he that keepeth his own neither slumbers nor sleeps.—*Selected.*

You have had a revelation made to you of the Lord Jesus Christ as your Savior. In your helpless and hopeless condition, as a sinner before God, you have fled for refuge to Christ, believing in him, trusting him and rejoicing in him as your all-sufficient friend and helper. You have had a saving apprehension of God's mercy in Christ toward you.

But along with this beholding of the Lord Jesus there has also been revealed to you the true nature of sin, and you have been conscious of a certain feeling in relation to it, as also of a certain attitude, purpose and effort. To all of these varied aspects of your soul's relation to sin the term repentance has been applied. It is a saving and gracious effect wrought in you by the Holy Spirit, whereby your emotions, estimates and efforts, as to sin, are changed.

You must link it in closest association with your faith. Wherever the one is the other must of necessity already exist or inevitably follow.—*God's Way Out.*

What a wonderful effect pardon has on a man! Oh, the wonderful effect it has on a man to know he is pardoned, to be sure he is forgiven! He begins to tremble all over. "They shall fear and tremble for all the goodness I will make to pass before them." He is afraid he will go to sin again after such love and after such mercy. He is melted down. He does not know what to make of it. For a time he can hardly believe it is true. I know I felt at first like Peter when the angel brought him out of prison and the great iron gate was opened. He knew not what was done unto him, and "thought he saw a vision." He could not believe it was true. You are amazed, you are overwhelmed, you are faint-hearted with fear at the intense delight of pardon, being half afraid it can not be so. That such a wretch as you can really be passed by and your iniquities blotted out for ever and ever—oh, it does make you fear, with a holy, reverential fear!

Now, are there any of God's people here tonight who are afraid they do not fear God enough? If you want to revive your fear of God, and have it deepened, believe in your pardon. Believe that you are forgiven, prize the forgiveness, cling to the cross. Know that your sins are blotted out, and all that sweet fear of God, by which is meant the whole of piety, will abound in your soul. Some think it is a good way of deepening their faith to begin to question whether they are Christians.—*Selected.*

Sin "blotted out." The ancient stylus, used to write on tablets of wax, had a broad, flat blade at the opposite end. When it was used to erase what had been written, it was very easy to reverse the instrument and with the flat part press back the wax into the little furrows made by the stylus, and so effectually blot out the record, making the tablet as smooth as though it had never been used.

Again, "blotted out as a thick cloud" may refer to the immediate dispersion of mists about mountains, when the sun rises in splendor. Sometimes they disappear instantaneously under the combined influence of heat and wind, so that no intervening vapor remains.

"Cast behind the back" is put out of sight. "Cast into the depths of the sea" is an expression used because the ancients held the abyss of ocean to be unfathomable, and what was so cast in would be irrecoverable.

"Removed—as far as the east from the west."—(Ps. 103.) Notice the east and west represent opposite directions, and not simply distances, however great. As stars are so far removed as to be lost to sight—as from the surface of Sirius the entire orbit of the solar system would shrink to invisible insignificance—so God puts sin so far away that even the remembrance of it is annihilated. (Hebrews 8:12; 10, etc.) Compare Hebrews 11, the Westminster Abbey of Old Testament saints, where among all the inscriptions no record or remembrance of sins appears.—*A. T. Pierson, D. D.*

We must either turn to God, receive his gracious forgiveness, and render him the holy and reverential fear of our hearts and the obedience of our lives; or else meet him with our sins

and, under his outraged law, take the just consequences of transgression.—*Selected.*

What is repentance? Listen. It is not promising to be better. There are plenty of people who have been promising to be better ever since they can remember, from boyhood or girlhood. When God has laid his hand upon them, as he does in a thousand ways, they are ready to promise, and do promise. Where are you, you who have been making promises till your hair is gray, and have broken every one of them, and angels beholding your shattered promises have shuddered to the tips of their wings? You are further from God than ever you were in your life, with all your promises. Your psalm-singing and your hymn-singing, and your church-going, and your offerings, and all the rest of your religious paraphernalia, are so much mockery because you have not walked the straight and blessed path of obedience and trust.

It is not enough to promise. It means more than that. If it is not conviction, if it is not sorrow, if it is not the desire to be better and the promise to be better, what is it? What is repentance? Is it crying? No. Is it excitement? No. Is it emotion? Is it kneeling down and groaning? No. Is it going and hearing preachers? No.

What is it? Listen. Jesus Christ tells you in that beautiful picture in the fifteenth of Luke. It is a wonderful chapter. There are three cases in that chapter—the silver, the sheep, and the son. The sheep was lost out of the fold, the silver was lost in the house. The sheep was lost without any intention of being lost, but it was lost. The silver was lost in the house through somebody's carelessness, and it may be there is somebody lost in your house, in your pew in the church, through somebody's carelessness. God help you to find out who that somebody is! The son was lost, and it was his own fault. He was a prodigal before he left home. He was a rebel before he got a penny of his fortune. He was as bad in heart and in mind before he received a cent of the money as when he had spent it all. He was guilty the moment he said to himself, "I will demand the portion of goods that falleth to me." When the sheep went astray a man went after it. When the silver

was lost a woman went after it. When the son went astray nobody went after him. How is that? Remember who told the story. Nobody went for him. How is that? Because he was a man, because he was a moral agent, because he was accountable to God for his own act. Why did not the father gather his servants with the elder brother, why did he not gather his neighbors together and say, "Look here, I have lost my boy, let us go and find him and bring him back in spite of himself?" Why did he not? Because if they had brought him back again he would have been a prodigal still, he would have been a rebel inside the house as well as out of it, for no man comes till he returns; and heaven and the Bible, Christ and Calvary, the Holy Ghost and eternity stand absolutely defeated before the citadel of the human will. Do not forget it. Listen. The prodigal went astray, took every step from the homestead of his own deliberate choice, step by step away up into the far country, and he had to come to himself, he had to come back every inch of the way, and he did not send a letter home to his father and say, "If you will send the old chariot I will come home," and he did not ask anybody to give him a lift. He had to walk back every inch his own self, step by step with bleeding feet and aching head, and broken heart. He had to do it. "But," you say, "the father ran to meet him, did he not?" Yes, he did, and he will run to meet you when you come.—*Gipsy Smith.*

To you, amid your troubled thoughts and emotions because of your sins and your sense of condemnation on their account, there was revealed the Lamb of God taking away sins, "bearing them in his own body on the tree." Not only did you see and believe him to be a sin-bearer in general and for others, but you were led by the Spirit to behold him as bearing your sins and "blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against you, which was contrary to you, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross." In this faith you exclaimed, "My Lord and my God." You were led to rejoice in his salvation and gladdened by the blessed rest and peace coming into your soul after the antecedent fears. You knew and felt that "his banner over you was love." And what effect did all this have

upon your vision and feeling and purpose and endeavor in regard to sin? Did not Gethsamane and Calvary,— in their awful revelation of what your Savior endured for you—did they not reveal sin as a thing hateful and to be hated? And in the light of the cross and your new found liberty from the fear and the bondage which had oppressed you, was there not aroused in your soul a feeling of personal antagonism to sin, as that which your regenerated nature instinctively felt to be, always and everywhere, your implacable enemy? Because of sin you endured much and your Lord endured more. Because of what you saw in him and out of a grateful recognition of what he did for you, your soul went out toward him in love. And, in view of all, you became, like him, a lover of righteousness and a hater of iniquity, and he hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness."—*Campbell.*

But abandonment of sin alone is not sufficient. This is but one-half of repentance. We must not only repent and turn to God, but we must follow this with works meet for repentance. We must be active in duty. We must awake to righteousness. We must not only cease to do evil, but must learn to do well. We must go forth to plant and to water in the vineyard of the Lord; and run and toil to gather in his ripening harvests. We must not only do good ourselves, but encourage good in others. Having conquered our evil habits, we must add to our faith all the Christian virtues, and the Christian graces. These things must not only be in us, but must abound. In a word, true repentance will produce conversion, and conversion will lead us to an outward, visible profession, and covenant with God, before man.—*Selected.*

The best definition of repentance in the Word of God is found in 2 Cor. 7:10, where Paul says, "For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of." It is not that flippant regret of a criminal at being found out, nor that hypocritical sorrow whose tears are an intended appeal for clemency, nor the sorrow of the fear of punishment. It is a godly sorrow, thoroughly sincere, the result of yielding to conviction; the effect upon the soul of an adequate recognition of the sinfulness of sin, and the loathsomeness of our own individ-

ual sin. It is a deep, sincere regret at having committed wrong. It is an acknowledgement of guilt, a confession of blameworthiness. It is sorrow for sin in itself. If this sorrow be wrought by the Holy Spirit it will be in the right motive. It will more than likely break open the fountain of tears. Why should we not weep over our sins? Is it in any sense an unworthy emotionalism? Our Savior wept and groaned, and sweat as it were great drops of blood, for our sins! Should we refuse to weep over our own sins? Should we not rather be ashamed not to weep? He shed his blood, and are we loath to shed our tears? One thing is sure; so long as we are not full of sorrow for sin, we are not in any condition to receive salvation, nor have we any promise. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." (Psa. 51:17.)—*Spreng.*

Repentance is the response of the enlightened, redeemed man to the call of God, the "I will" of the soul. It is putting your hand on your heart and getting hold of what has been your curse, the thing that has chained you. It is getting hold of the thing that has made hell of earth for you, the sin of your heart—for I have discovered that there may be a dozen sins in a man's life, but there are not a dozen that predominate; there is one overmastering, predominating, all-prevailing sin that enslaves and damns, and if that sin goes everything goes. It is putting your hand in your heart and plucking that out and saying to God, "There it is, and I will die before I will sin again." Have you repented in that fashion? Don't talk about church membership, don't insult God by talking about the communion until you have done this; this is the first thing and the others will not be expected until you have done this.

"Repent ye," make a full surrender to God.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

No age has ever been altogether without the heavenly vision. Job saw and heard more clearly than many others, perhaps, because he had come into the Divine Presence through a great fight of afflictions. When the vision burst upon him, he said, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine

eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." As long as he compared himself with other men he could maintain that he was righteous, but God had placed before him a higher standard.

If by some magical power a beast could become a man, he would at once find himself a sinner, for his beast heart would not be suited to human relations. Not only would his habits need reforming, but new ideals, new motives, and even new instincts would be necessary. If a peasant could become a prince, he would need a similar change of heart. If a man hears the call of Christ, and, following him, passes out of the world into the kingdom of God, he feels as he never felt before that he is a sinner. He feels the need of a mentor that may teach him the rules of the new social plane on which he essays to live. He cannot keep in right paths unless he hears the voice, "This is the way, walk ye in it." He needs more than a guide and mentor. He needs a thorough transformation.

Somewhere in the far-distant future the past may be forgotten. The "old" man may die. He that sitteth upon the throne will say, "Behold, I make all things new." But until that time, at least, the man who has been made a partaker of the powers of that new world must look into his former life and self as into the depths of a pit, and his song will be, "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." —*Selected.*

A religion that does not turn up sin by the roots is spurious. A religion that does not make a new creature is false. A religion that does not get hold of a man to his very depths and make him right with God is blasphemy. If you are willing to forsake your sin and make the surrender now, you too shall know that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—*Selected.*

Repentence is love recoiling from evil in the presence of Christ. Rev. J. H. Jowett says, "What is love? It is absolutely indefinable. Take down the dictionary; that does not go beneath the skin. If you put your analytical finger on love, where would you begin? Young people in love, where would you begin? The biggest thing in love, I tell you, is

purity. There can be no love without it. Love at the heart of God is incorruptible holiness."

Here is the difference between sentiment and sentimentalism. Sentimentalism deals with love that has no holiness in it. Sentiment is pure. Sentiment goes above the snow line. Sentimentalism stays at the base. "The fear of the Lord is clean." Sentiment is not afraid of God. Love is holiness on the march to the unholy to make it pure.

Because love is holy, love is sensitive. Only the pure are sensitive. Every step into impurity is a step into insensitiveness. "The wages of sin" is benumbment. It is the clean that is quick, the impure that is obtuse. Were I superlatively holy, I should feel everything. See if there be any sorrow like like unto my sorrow." "I have trodden the winepress alone." Because love is holy, love is sensitive, and because love is sensitive, love is also redemptive. You can never measure your holiness by your recoil from sin. Holiness is aggressive. It operates upon the sin which it stands aside from. It reacts upon it in order to make it pure.

Because love is holy, sensitive, redemptive, it is also sacrificial. "Who loved me and gave himself for me." He came to my house of bondage to set the bondslave free.

ILLUSTRATIONS

How One Sinner Repented.

The story is told of a dissipated young man who one day entered a street car in one of our large cities and sat down all unnoticed. He was so cast down and in despair that he did not heed or care who else was in the car. He had lost one job after another because of his dissipated habits, and now the extremity had come. He mumbled to himself, "If I can not get work, I can die; there's an end to all things. When one ceases to be useful, he ought to be out of the way." He then looked back to the time when he had come to the city, full of hope, ambition, and promises to his mother to be a pure, honest boy; but, alas! it was the old, old story. A sparkle came to his eyes as he thought of the fortune he hoped to lay soon at her feet. Then, as he realized his condition, a great wave of agony, shame, and distress swept over the once manly countenance. Now he found himself alone—the man beside him had just left. With downcast eyes he noticed a slip of paper. Slowly and thoughtlessly he picked it up and was about to throw it down when he thought the handwriting looked familiar. As he glanced at the script the words attracted his attention; he read and re-read them until they burned themselves into his memory: "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies." He was aroused to a sense of his surroundings as the car stopped and he saw they were at the terminus of the line. He got off because it seemed to make no difference where he was. So, without noticing what he was doing, he crossed the street and sat down on the grass in the shade, with head down, eyes fixed upon the ground, and as if seeing them there, again repeated the words, "I thought on my ways and turned my feet." He was coming to himself as many another prodigal has done. He was thinking. He did not know he was being watched by a lady on the veranda across the way, and had not heard her daughter singing; but now the words floated out, through the open window:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone."

"Alone, yes, alone," he said while he wept. He glanced up as a little child ran past him, then turned and looked at him with his countenance full of pity, and said, "Have oo 'ost anyfing?"

"Yes; I've lost my all, my manhood."

The lady missed the little child and called him, but he paid no heed. She came across the street for him. As she neared them the little boy said in tones of sympathy:

"Mamma, he 'ost somefing."

"Can I help you, sir?" she asked in the kindest, sweetest tones he had heard since he left home and mother. And her Christian sympathy and kindly testimony of the willingness of God to stretch out a hand to those who are in trouble was the beginning of a new and noble life.—*The Fisherman and His Friends.*

When He Repented.

An old pastor, now dead, used to relate the following incident:

"There came to me here one day a grand looking fellow. I did not need to ask whether he did business on the water, for the sea breeze had kissed his brow so often that it had left its mark there. I said, 'Where did you find the Lord?'

"In a moment he answered, 'Latitude 25, longitude 54.'

"I confess that rather puzzled me. I had heard of people finding Jesus Christ in these galleries and down these aisles, but here was something quite different.

" 'Latitude 25, longitude 54!' What do you mean?"

"He said, 'I was sitting on deck, and out of a bundle of papers before me I pulled one of Spurgeon's sermons. I began to read it. As I read it I saw the truth, and I received Jesus into my heart. I jumped off the coils of rope, saved. I thought if I were on shore I would know where I was saved, and why should I not on the sea? And so I took my latitude and longitude.' "

Stirring the Conscience.

An old, white-haired Brahmin came to me in Calcutta, after a public meeting of students, and said, "Is 'stir the conscience' an intelligible use of English?" I assured him that it was. He replied "India's conscience has been dead for centuries, at least along certain lines. The Bible will stir the conscience of India.—*The Century.*

A Concrete Case.

"I was conducting a mission in Glasgow, a few years ago, that lasted sixteen weeks," said a noted evangelist. "We had a Glasgow Pentecost. In those Scotch churches thousands of people came to Christ. I moved just from church to church in one section of the city and I took a circuit of ten churches—a week in each. I noticed for six or seven weeks a man, a fine specimen of a Scotchman, following me from church to church night after night. I knew he was concerned and prayed for him. I felt, somehow or other, that there was a link between that man and myself and I felt that he understood it, too. One night I stayed in that old-fashioned box pulpit and watched the congregation leave at the close, and my man sat down below in the pew and watched me, and presently we two were left alone. I left the pulpit and went to him and I said, 'My friend, I have been watching you for some weeks.' 'Yes, I know,' he replied. 'Well, you are concerned about your soul?' 'I am,' he said. 'I never was so moved in my life as in these last few weeks.' I said, 'You know what you have to do?' 'Yes, I do.' I was urging him to make the surrender, and while talking with him discovered a gentleman near us listening. He came forward and said, 'Will you let me speak to this brother?' I said 'Yes,' and he continued, 'I have heard part of the conversation and I want to read to you, turning to my friend in the pew, a text,' and he read John 3:16. 'Do you believe that?' he asked. 'Yes; of course a Scotchman believes that. I can repeat it as well as you can.' The newcomer then read Romans 10:9, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved,' and asked again, 'Do you believe that?' 'Of course

I believe it.' Next he read from John's epistle, 'If we confess our sins he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness,' and asked, 'You believe that, too?' 'Yes, I believe that.' 'Then you are a Christian.' My friend straightened himself up and looking at the man with the Bible, said, 'You are wrong, my friend.' 'Well, but you believe Christ died for you?' 'Yes.' 'You believe he rose from the dead for your justification?' 'Yes.' 'You believe he is able to save you?' 'Yes, right on the spot.' 'Then you are saved.' 'No, I am not.' 'How do you make that out?' 'Well, you have read three passages, now find one for me.' 'Where is it?' 'Isaiah fifty-fifth chapter and the seventh verse.' The man with the Bible turned to the passage and read, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord.'

"'Now stop,' said my friend. 'I am the wicked man; I am the unrighteous man, and I have to forsake the sin and the wicked thought, and I have to come back from my own way to God's way. His thought is so high and mine so low. In my heart is a great sin, and I am hugging it and am not willing to give it up, and my own common sense tells me I cannot be saved until I surrender.' That is the best sermon I ever heard on repentance in my life. A religion that does not turn up sin by the roots is spurious. A religion that does not make a new creature is false. A religion that does not get hold of a man to his very depths and make him right with God is blasphemy. If you are willing to forsake your sin and make the surrender now, you too shall know that joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'"

"Repent Ye!"

From my seminary days I have carried Dr. Hastings' story of Lyman Beecher and the sermon on repentance. Driven from his work by physician's orders, the senior Beecher had gone to the seashore, where he was fishing and roughing it. One Sunday morning he went to a little church whose young pastor recognized him and insisted that he preach. "Not at all," was the answer, "I am in fishing clothes, I have no sermon and I am here to rest." So the young fellow went into

the pulpit and, as Beecher told it, "read a very good essay on repentance," defined it, showed how necessary it is and—sat down. "Then," said the sturdy theologian, "I went up into the pulpit, fishy as I was, and put the cracker on that sermon, told the people it meant that they must repent or they would be lost, every one of them, and dismissed the congregation." Turning to the preacher, he said, "Sir, you ought to be hung! It is a capital crime to bring people into the presence of such a truth and never make them feel it as their personal business." We do not need people who know what repentance is, but people who know how to repent and who have done it. The sermon must shut a man up to some sort of decision, a decision of mind or of act. It must make appeal to his will. A man once said to me about Dr. John Hall, that he could preach the doctrine of the sovereign election of God so that you felt like going out at once and getting to work.—*McAfee.*

The Riches of Jewels.

George Macdonald has a story of a father and daughter, dwellers in an old Scotch castle, so reduced and poor that they could only live in the scantiest way, who, all the time, however, were really rich, because in a secret cupboard were masses of flashing jewels, put there by some ancestor of an earlier time. If they had known how rich they were! And all the time God's utmost gift of forgiveness, strength, love, power for noble living, are at men's hands, if they but knew.—*Wayland Hoyt, D. D.*

A Broken Heart.

A French prince visiting the arsenal at Toulon was asked by the commandant to release any prisoner he desired (a custom with those of high rank). All with whom he conversed had some tale of grievance, but at last there was a man who said, "Sir, I have been a bad man, guilty of all, more than I am charged with. It's a mercy I have not been broken on the wheel!" "Here is the man to release," said the prince.

Won By His Wounds.

General Gordon was once a candidate for the United States Senate, from Georgia. A certain member of the legislature

had been elected on purpose to vote against him. He stormed and raved against his old commander at all times and places; and when it came to voting he marched resolutely up the aisle with an anti-Gordon ballot in his hand. There, on the platform, sat the old general, the scars of battle still disfiguring a face which had once been handsome. As the veteran approached the ballot box his heart began to fail him as he caught sight of Gordon. His frame shook with emotion, but he tried to nerve himself for the ordeal. Then, suddenly turning and facing the caucus, he cried out, as the tears streamed down his bronzed cheeks, "It's no use, boys! I can't do it! Here goes my vote for John B. Gordon. It was all up with me, boys, when I saw that scar. Forgive me, General." The General's scar, in the old soldier's thought, was his highest badge of honor.

A Famous Penitent.

Rom. 13:13, 14 was the passage which led to Augustine's repentance. In chapter twelve of the eighth book of his *Confessions* he describes himself as seated under a fig tree in the garden, miserable and tearful, when the voice of a boy or girl was heard crying, "Take and read, take and read!" Augustine interpreted this as a "divine command to open the book" of Paul's epistles, which he had laid down not far away, "and to read the first chapter I could find. I seized the book, opened it and read in silence the first passage on which my eyes lighted. It was: 'Not in revelling and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof.' No further would I read, nor was aught else needed. At once, as it were, at the end of the sentence, my heart was flooded with the light of peace, and all the shades of doubt removed. Then, putting my finger in the place or some other mark, I shut the book and told Alypius quietly what had occurred. Whereupon he informed me of what had happened to himself, of which I was ignorant; and he did so as follows: Asking to see what I had read, he went past my passage, which I showed him,

to the following words: 'Him that is weak in the faith, receive ye.' This he applied to himself, and told me all."

I Cannot Feel Saved.

Martin Luther, in one of his conflicts with the devil, was asked by the arch-enemy if he felt his sins forgiven. "No," said the great reformer, "I don't feel that they are forgiven, but I know they are, because God says so in his Word." Paul did not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt feel saved," but "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Ask that man whose debt was paid by his brother, "Do you feel that your debt is paid?" "No," is the reply, "I don't feel that it is paid. I know from this receipt that it is paid, and I feel happy because I know it is paid."

So with you, dear reader. You must believe in God's love to you as revealed at the cross of Calvary, and then you will feel happy, because you may know you are saved.

A dear old Christian, on hearing persons speaking of their feelings, used to say, "Feelings! feelings! Don't bother yourself about your feelings. I just stick to the old truth that Christ died for me and he is my surety right on to eternity; and I'll stick to that like a limpet on a rock."

A Converted Magnetic Needle.

Some months ago I found that the needle in a small compass in my possession was inverted, so that the arrow pointed to the south. It was not only wrong, but radically wrong. If it had deviated only a little from the true north, I should have supposed that there was a magnetic storm brewing, or that the mechanism of the compass box was at fault. But in whatever position I placed it, it would turn and point due south, when left free to move as it would.

So, first, I tied the needle, so that it could not point any other way but north. Then I placed it pointing to the north star, and left it for a week. But as soon as it was free, around it moved and pointed south. If such a compass as that were carried by a man lost in the mountains, the more faithfully he followed his guiding compass the more lost he would be. If it belonged to a sailor at sea, the more faithfully he trusted

his needle the farther from his destination would he sail, or the more sure of shipwreck would he be.

That compass was perverted, and I determined to convert it. In my cabinet is a mass of magnetic iron, known as lodestone. I placed the compass needle on the stone so as to make it point north with the arrow of the needle. I left it in the company of the magnetic iron for twenty-four hours, and when I took it off the needle was converted, and now it points of itself faithfully and continuously to the north star. Scientifically it was regenerated. It was converted and remains converted.

This perfectly illustrates the condition of the sinner by nature, and what he becomes by grace.

Fruits Meet For Repentance.

At the first Sabbath service conducted by Gypsy Smith in Johannesburg, a Dutchman was so affected that he was thoroughly broken down. Repenting truly of his sin, he went home rejoicing in forgiveness. On rising the following morning, he noticed a gold watch on his table. "I must restore that to the owner," said he. He quickly dressed, and hurried to the house of a leading Dutchman. Immediately he saw him, he pulled the watch out of his pocket, saying, "Sir, this watch is yours. I stole it from you eight years ago. Yesterday I heard Gypsy Smith preach. I gave myself to the Lord. No longer can I keep the watch. Forgive me, sir; forgive me; the watch is yours. I cannot keep it and Christ."

The Cross Seen Through Tears.

It is only in the presence of a real penitent, pointing to his irrevocable deed of sin, that the gospel can be understood.

In Scotland a young man who wanted to be a Christian was taken out by his father and pointed to a toad and asked, "Do you feel as worthless as that toad?" "No." "Then you are not worthy to come.' Not until he could say 'Yes' to that question was he let into the church. Then the story was put in a book to show how a man must feel before he can begin a Christian life. Another voice interposed a question whether repentance did not include "godly sorrow." "Godly sorrow," said Mr. Moody, "is the sorrow of the godly over their sins. A sinner

can't have godly sorrow. I had no great sorrow when I began a Christian life. It was after I was converted that my conscience became sensitive and tender. Before that I could swear without any compunctions of conscience, but after that a half-spoken oath caused me days of keenest grief. What is repentance? It means turning. When I find myself driving in the wrong direction I am to turn about. God commands men to turn. As a soldier defines repentance, 'Attention! Halt! Right about face! March!' They are not to wait for sorrow or anything else." And again and again he insisted, in response to questions from those who could not easily separate repentance from sorrow, that the inquirer is not to seek sorrow but the Savior.—*Wilbur F. Crafts.*

There Is No Difference.

Like death, the gospel ignores the artificial distinction upon which society lays so much stress. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan illustrates this "one way for all" truly in the following incident:

"You get a man to the Master, and I do not care if he is up there or down there, where he is; the man that is cultured and refined and scholarly, or the man who is ignorant and debased and vile—get him to Christ and he will fill him.

"Shall I tell you where and how the Lord taught me that lesson in my work? I am bound to confess there was a time in my evangelistic work that I had an idea that Christ could satisfy the man that was down there in the slums, but I was always a wee bit afraid if into the inquiry-room there came a man of position and culture, and I tell you the Lord gave me one of the most wonderful illustrations of the absurdity of my fear that I ever had. I was conducting special meetings in a town in the Midlands that shall be nameless, and there came into the inquiry room a ragpicker, a great, gaunt old man who had grown hoary in the service of sin and Satan, an awful character; but God had shown him his heart hunger and had revealed the Christ to him, and there in our inquiry room that man knelt, and I knelt by him, and I felt at home as I spoke to that man of the blood that cleanseth from all sin. I felt it was just what he wanted

"And presently somebody touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Here, won't you speak to this man?' And I looked around, and there, kneeling next to me was the mayor of the city, a man about as old as the ragpicker, but a man who had all the marks of culture and refinement, a man of position. There he was, and I happened to know that six weeks before, the mayor had sentenced the other man to a month's hard labor. He had got out a fortnight before, and there they were, side by side, and I had to turn from the ragpicker and talk to the mayor. Presently the light that had broken there broke here, and I found that the blood that was needed there was sufficient here. He filled them both. And the most blessed part of it is, that when this man got up, he went over to that man and said, 'Well, we didn't meet here the last time.' It was the mayor who had said it, and the old fellow looked up and said, 'No, we will never meet again like we did the last time, praise God!' What a scene it was! It is in my memory to this day."

Melted by Love.

Dr. George F. Pentecost has told the following striking incident in illustration of the power of God's love to win the sinner: A young man, the only son of a New England farmer in moderate circumstances, fell into ways of dissipation at college. Contracting gambling debts which he could not meet, he was arrested for forging the name of a friend of his father. Tried, convicted, sentenced, he escaped from the deputy on the way to prison and hid himself in the far west. The father toiled on; secured money to cover the forgery, got a pardon from the governor, and giving several thousand dollars to a private detective—the former deputy—he gave him a note for his son and sent him west to find him. He did find him, in a San Francisco gambling hell.

The room in which he was found had but one entrance, so that escape could only be made by the door through which the detective entered. No sooner had he come into the room than the young man recognized him, and naturally supposing he had been hunted down at last, and that the officer had come to arrest him and carry him back to prison and to

increased punishment, he determined, if possible, to escape; and so, rising from his seat at the gambling table, he made a rush for the door, striking the old sheriff a fearful blow in his passage, which felled him to the floor; but the officer succeeded in keeping his grip upon him till he could speak.

"Stop, John! I have not come to arrest you, but to put into your hands the governor's pardon, and to take you home to your father, who sent me to find you."

This communication, which he at once accepted as true, arrested further attempts to escape. Standing still, he received the parchment document on which the pardon was engrossed. Having read it, he tore the document up and flung the fragments on the floor, remarking, with miserable bitterness:

"I do not care for his pardon—it does indeed remit the penalties of the law, and so far sets me free; but it cannot restore my ruined character; it cannot undo the misery I have brought upon my father, nor restore me to my place in society. I will not go home to face my father's just anger, and live as an outcast in the community where I was born."

"But, John," said the ex-sheriff, "that is not all; I have a letter from your father which he bade me put into your own hands; here it is." And he handed him the letter.

The young man took it and looked long upon the superscription, and then broke the seal. Out of it fell the cancelled note, with the bank cashier's receipt for payment in full, and the contents of the letter were as follows:

"My Dear Boy.—The miserable debt is paid; the governor has pardoned you. Your old father has never ceased to love and long for you, and freely forgives you. Come home to me."

For a moment the young man gazed upon the letter he held in his hands; and then, for the first time in years, his heart was touched. His lips trembled, tears came into his eyes, and, falling upon a chair, he sobbed out his sorrow and repentance; then, looking up, he reached out his hand to the ex-sheriff and said:

"I will go back with you. Take me to my father!"

Oh, my friends, this is but a poor parable of what the gospel is!

SERVICE EIGHT—Sunday Morning

Influence—Example

TEXTS FOR SERVICE VIII

Where is Abel, thy brother?—*Gen. 4:9.*

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—*1 Thess. 5:22.*

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?—*Matt. 5:13.*

Ye are the light of the world.—*Matt. 5:14.*

Ensamples to all.—*1 Thess. 1:7.*

For from you sounded out the word of the Lord * * * so that we need not to speak anything.—*1 Thess. 1:8.*

Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles: that, whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may by your good works, which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.—*1 Peter 2:12.*

That ye may be blameless and harmless.—*Phil. 2:15.*

Among whom ye shine as lights in the world.—*Phil. 2:15.*

Holding forth the word of life.—*Phil. 2:16.*

Walk as children of light.—*Eph. 5:8.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

Where is Abel thy brother?—Gen. 4:9.

1. Self-interest should lead you to know. My brother's safety is my own welfare.
2. Brotherly feeling should lead you to know. "Bear ye one another's burdens." My brother's welfare is my business.
3. God expects you to know. He designates me as "my brother's keeper."

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—1 Thess. 5:22.

1. Abstain from evil—Contamination involved.
2. From the appearance of evil.—Influence at stake.
3. Of all evil.—Minute scrupulousness for others' sakes.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted?—Matt. 5:13.

1. A preservative influence.
2. A purifying influence.
3. An appetizing influence.

Ye are the light of the world.—Matt. 5:14.

1. The light by which men see God.
2. By which they shun the rocks.
3. Reach the heavenly haven in safety.

Ensamples to all.—1 Thess. 1:7.

1. Multitudes are spiritually illiterate; they do not read God's printed word.
2. But they read Christians: living epistles written of God.
3. Be careful as to the message your life utters.

For from you sounded out the word of the Lord * * * so that we need not to speak anything.—1 Thess. 1:8.

1. Character's resonance: "What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say."
2. Life sermons powerfully supplement pulpit sermons.
3. What sermon is your character preaching?

Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles; that, whereas they speak against you as evil doers, they may by your good works which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation.—1 Peter 2:12.

1. Christians are sculptors carving Christ-like lives.
2. Consistent lives refute slander.
3. Witness to God's power.—"Miracles of grace."

That ye may be blameless and harmless.—Phil. 2:15.

1. A high ideal.
2. Attainable through divine power.
3. The lowest we dare adopt.

Among whom ye shine as lights in the world.—Phil. 2:15.

1. The world in darkness.
2. Christians' lights.
3. Keep the lamps trimmed.

Holding forth the word of life.—Phil. 2:16.

1. Men are groping.
2. We have light.
3. Shed it forth.

Walk as children of light.—Eph. 5:8.

1. Heathen—children of darkness.
2. Jews—of dawn.
3. Christians—of light.
4. Live up to your privileges and obligations.

SUGGESTIONS

Hold an officers' and teachers' prayer service before the Sunday school hour, and urge teachers to press Christ's claims upon their scholars.

Use the lesson period, or some other time during the school session, for an earnest talk to the school, seeking to lead the scholars to decide for Christ.

Hold a church officers' prayer service before the hour of morning worship.

A young people's rally in the afternoon can be made productive of good results.

Offer to meet with any who desire to talk to you about their own interest, or with reference to their solicitude for friends, after the morning service.

At this, and at all other services, use hymns of a warmly evangelical character, and seek to help your choir to realize their opportunity for singing gospel truths into men's hearts. A leader in cordial sympathy with the spirit and aim of the services can render very valuable assistance.

SEED THOUGHTS

There is nothing in the universe that stands alone—nothing solitary. No atom of matter, no drop of water, no vesicle of air, nor ray of light, exists in a state of isolation. Everything belongs to some system of society of which it is a component and necessary part. Just so it is in the moral world. No man stands alone, nor high angel, nor child. All the beings "lessening down from Infinite Perfection to the brink of dreary nothing," belong to a system of mutual dependencies. All and each constitute and enjoy a part of the world's sum of happiness. No one liveth to himself. The destiny of the moral universe is affected by his existence and influence. The most obscure individual exerts an influence which must be felt in the great brotherhood of mankind. Should the hand say to the foot, "I have no need of thee," the world would stand still. No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness, not only of the present but of every subsequent age of humanity. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe; no dark niche along the disc of nonexistence to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Everywhere he will have companions, who will be better or worse for his influence.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Dr. Trumbull speaks of a man who went one day to call upon a friend in one of our theological seminaries. While he waited for the young man he sought an opportunity for personal work. The janitor came through the hall. He never had seen him before, but that mattered not; a word or two of kindly greeting opened the conversation; then he spoke to him about Christ. Before his friend appeared he had led this janitor into the kingdom. Then the man told him that though he had worked in this institution for years and had come in daily contact with

scores of men who were preparing for the gospel ministry, no one had ever before spoken to him a direct word concerning his relation to Christ.—*The Passion for Souls.*

Histories and biographies make little account of the power men exert insensibly over each other. They tell how men have led armies, established empires, enacted laws, gained causes, sung, reasoned and taught—always occupied in setting forth what they do with a purpose. But what they do without a purpose, the streams of influence that flow out from their persons unbidden on the world, they cannot trace or compute, and seldom even mention.

How many persons do you meet, the insensible influence of whose manners and character is so decided as often to thwart their voluntary influence, so that, whatever they attempt to do in the way of controlling others, they are sure to carry the exact opposite of what they intend!

How many reject Christ because of friends or acquaintances who have no suspicion of the influence they exert, and will not have till the last day shows them what they have done!

How well understood it is that the most active feelings and impulses of mankind are contagious! How quick enthusiasm of any sort is to kindle, and how rapidly it catches from one to another, till a nation blazes in the flame!

If every disciple is to be an "epistle known and read of all men," what shall we expect but that all men will be somehow affected by the reading? Or if he is to be a light in the world, what shall we look for but that others, seeing his good works, shall glorify God on his account?

If without heart or interest you attempt to move another, the involuntary man tells what you are doing in a hundred ways at once. A hypocrite endeavoring to exert a good influence only tries to convey by words what the lying look and the faithless affectation or dry exaggeration of his manner perpetually resist.

It is folly to endeavor to make ourselves shine before we are luminous. If the sun without his beams should talk to the planets, and argue with them till the final day, it would not

make them shine; there must be light in the sun itself, and then they will shine, of course.—*From Horace Bushnell's sermon*

indolent will.—*Selected.*

It is impossible to live the life of quiet, calm trust in God in the midst of the turmoil and unrest of this feverish age, without creating an atmosphere of quietness and peace of which all will become conscious. The atmosphere is a vindication of God, for it results from trust implicitly reposed in him. We have never looked upon the courageous confidence of some sorrowing saint who through all the painful process has evidenced a quiet strength and a great heart satisfaction, without having realized that God's methods were vindicated in his children.

For these purposes Christians exist. The value of every Christian life is that of positive and powerful testimony to the reality of the spiritual, the possibility of victory over evil, and the beauty of the divine ideal in human life. This testimony is in itself of the nature of powerful fellowship in activity with God.

And finally, wherever the Christian life is clearly seen, it becomes an argument vindicating God against all the criticisms of unbelief. Christianity is infinitely more than the salvation of the individual. It is that, but with the larger purpose of creating an influence, exerting an opinion, and encompassing an end. The goal toward which Christ moved was the setting up of the kinship of God, and the restoration of a lost order. All such as share his life have that same goal in view. The whole creation groans in its limitation, and waits for the manifestation of the sons of God. Every such present manifestation is a contribution to the breaking of humanity's bonds, the ending of the race's limitation, and the changing of groaning into acclamation and worship.—*From "The Life of the Christian."*

In a western city a certain voluptuary built him a room with double walls and double doors and double windows. The noise of business, the traffic of earnest people, the energy and the passion of life—these were abhorrent to him. He shut out his world. He hated and abhorred the profane crowd. Like

Gallio, he desired not to be vexed or excited by unpleasant moral questions, and to let his life flow on according to its indolent will.—*Selected.*

Our Master wants us to shine so as to make one little spot of the world brighter. Shining is always costly. Light comes only at the cost of that which produces it. An unlit candle does no shining. Burning must come before shining. We cannot be of great use to others without cost to ourselves. Burning suggests suffering. We shrink from pain; we do not set it down among the pleasant things of our life. We are apt to feel that we are doing the greatest good in the world when we are strong and able for active duty, and when heart and hands are full of kindly services. When we are called aside, and can only suffer, when we are sick, when we are consumed with pain, when all of our activities have been dropped—we feel that we are no longer of use, that we are not doing anything. But if we are patient and submissive, it is almost certain that we are a greater blessing to the world in our time of suffering and pain than we were in the days when we thought we were doing the most by our work. We are burning now, and shining because we are burning.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

We may print religious literature and scatter it over the land till, falling like autumn leaves, it drops at every man's door. But the world will not read books—it is too busy, too restless, too eager; but, my brethren, it will read you, and it will receive or reject the claims of the religion of Christ in proportion as it finds in your every-day work, your every-day life, the record which you are there making, the witness you are giving.

Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct.—*Spurgeon.*

It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathomless import, that we are here forming characters for eternity. Forming characters! Whose? Our own? or others? Both; and in that

momentous fact lie the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow beings will yearly, and till years shall end, enter eternity with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations, and in all their successive strata of thought and life. And they, too, will form other characters for eternity until the influence of my existence shall be diffused through all the future generations of this world and through all that shall be future to a certain point in the world to come.—*Elihu Burritt.*

Before the Australian gold fields were opened, experts were sent to explore the district. They made their survey and sent in their report that gold would be found. But somehow no one was greatly interested. Some time after, some lads came from the bush to Melbourne with some lumps of yellow ore in their pockets. "Why," said those to whom they showed it, "that's gold; where did you get it?" "Oh?" said they, "there's plenty of it up our way." Next morning every one who could go was off to the diggings. As witnesses to Christ our lives must show that we have the nuggets.—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

The testimony of a man's life cannot be controverted. If he is evidently transformed from a self-seeking sinner into a humble-minded saint, he is himself the living witness to the truth and power of that gospel of Jesus Christ which has wrought the transformation. Lives so transformed, witness thus made vital, human nature crucified with Christ to live anew in him are the proofs of gospel demanded by the stress of the present time. Scholarship and history and comparative religion may argue persuasively the truth as it is in Jesus. But the final argument, the irrefragable testimony is the living epistle, written in fleshly tables of the heart, known and read of all men.

One striking example of the power of such a living epistle is that given by Henry M. Stanley, in his account of his association for a brief time with David Livingstone. "Had my soul been of brass, and my heart of tin, the powers of my head had surely compelled me to recognize, with due honor, the Spirit

of goodness which manifested itself in him. Had there been anything of the Pharisee or the hypocrite in him, or had I but traced a grain of meanness or guile in him, I had surely turned away a skeptic. But my every-day study of him, during health or sickness, deepened my reverence and increased my esteem. He was, in short, consistently noble, upright, pious and manly, all the days of my companionship with him."

Such a life, shaped by the inner, spiritual forces of the hidden life of Jesus Christ within the man, brought into genuine likeness to Jesus Christ himself, was the sufficient proof to the man of the world of the truth of that religious faith which the world-famous missionary confessed. The traveler had but little time or patience for the argumentations of scholarship or philosophy. The living epistle of Christ, written on the life of the man, was ample testimony.

It is such witness as this that is demanded in all time, and never more than in our own time. Men grow weary of the contentions of scholars. They have but scant regard for what they believe to be the unsubstantial theories even of the theologian. But they recognize and ackowledge the testimony of a life, lived in simplicity and in truth before their own eyes. Jerry McAuley is a more effective witness than Ernest Renan. Livingstone's personality is more convincing than Eliot's theorizing.—*The Presbyterian.*

There is nothing so powerful for good as a godly life. The sermon of twenty-five or forty-five minutes' length is soon ended. Too often it is forgotten before the hearer leaves the house. It is very easy for Satan to catch away the spoken word. Soon as the voice of the preacher is still the world comes in like a flood, drowning every thought of God and eternity. But a godly life is a long sermon. Such a preacher is not confined to a half hour, but has years of impressive teaching for the world. The one who lives such a life may not be highly educated, but may be one of the "foolish things" which God chooses to confound the wise. While Satan may catch away the words of the preacher, he can not steal away the influence of a life conformed to the teachings of Christ. Many an infidel has remained unmoved as he has listened to

powerful sermons, who has been silenced and subdued by the consistent life of a Christian wife. The world is a sharp critic. Worldly men know what a Christian should be, and how he should live. They see through the guise of the hypocrite. But they take knowledge of the true child of God, that he has "been with Jesus." The greatest obstacle with which the cause of Christ has to contend is a church conformed to the world. Such a church is looked upon by shrewd, discerning men with contempt, while the truth lived out in the daily life of some humble follower of Christ commends itself to the conscience of everyone. The influence of such a life is mighty for good, and will be as lasting as eternity. The wicked will not read the Bible, but they will read the life of every professor of religion. —*N. Day.*

Men carry unconscious signs of their life about them. Those that come from the forge, and those from the lime and mortar, and those from the humid soil, and those from dusty travel, bear signs of their work. One need not ask a merry face or a sad one whether it hath come forth from joy or grief. Tears and laughter tell their own story. Should one come home with fruit, we say, "Thou art come from the orchard;" if the hands are full of wild flowers, "Thou art from the fields;" if one's garments smell of mingled odors, we say, "Thou hast walked in a garden." But how much more, if one hath seen God, hath held converse of hope and love and hath perfumed raiment, the sacred tokens of divine intercourse!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, speaking of the importance of making our lives conform to what we profess, says, "There can be no abiding power until we keep our conduct abreast of our profession; that something is a consistent life. It is a beautiful thing to hear one who is gifted in speech and in prayer in the prayer-meeting, but I am persuaded that there is something far more beautiful, and that is, for one to be able from Monday morning until Saturday night to live in Christ. Here is a power infidelity can not assail nor unbelief deny. If you are traveling through an orange country you are sensible all the time of the fact that the orange blossoms are about you; the

fragrance is wafted to you the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning; it even makes your sleep the sweeter. There is a sweetness like that about the life that is truly 'hid with Christ in God.'"

We are not to teach that wisdom and prudence are despised, but that the wisdom and the prudence of this world cannot bring us to the saving knowledge of the truth in Christ. Kidd, in *Social Evolution,* says, "It has to be confessed that in England, during the nineteenth century, the educated classes, in almost all the great political changes that have been effected, have taken the side of the party afterward admitted to have been in the wrong. They have invariably opposed at the time the measures they have subsequently come to defend and justify. The motive force behind the long list of progressive measures * * * has come almost exclusively from the middle and lower classes, who have in turn acted, not under the stimulus of intellectual motives, but under the influence of their altruistic feelings."—*Augsburg Teacher.*

"There was a splendid torch-light procession from a country station in America, some time ago, in honor of a returned hero. As the procession started, one torch after another blazed into radiance as if touched by electricity. One could not tell what lighted them, for they were not waiting to give light to each other. Presently a small child was discovered crouching under some timbers to keep away from the wind, with a lighted candle in his hand. Every torch-bearer came to him for light. Silent, smiling, happy, with one little hand sheltering the flame held in the other, this little fellow was lighting up the world of darkness." There is a deep meaning in the picture. However small anyone may be, he can keep his own light of faith and love in God burning. It may not be a very big light, and may need to be sheltered with watchfulness, lest it go out; but it doesn't take a big light to light a big torch. The faith and love of a little child in the Lord Jesus has often shown grown men and women the way to him and kindled their lives into light, shining for God and truth. Keep the flame of your trust and love alive, shield it with prayer, watch that it does not go out. It may light the flame of love and devotion in another.—*Selected.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Torch-Bearer.

A voice came ringing down the way, "Room! room for the Torch-bearer! room for the keeper of the gates of Tomorrow! room!"

"Ah! yes," I said. "It is he, the great sage, who has lightened the world-shadows this many a year. Who should bear the torch but he?"

I looked, and the sage passed, his arms folded on his breast, his calm eyes bent forward, seeing many things; but no torch was in his hand.

And still the cry came ringing down the world's way, "Room for the Torch-bearer! make way! make way for the keeper of the gates of Tomorrow!"

"Ah!" I said. "It will be the mighty leader, then; he who so long has marshaled our hearts, and led us whithersoever he would with a wave of his hand. Hail to him, hail to the Master of Armies!"

But as I looked, the master passed, and his truncheon hung low by his side, and his eyes looked downward, remembering; and no torch was in his hand.

Yet still, as I marveled, came that great cry ringing down the world's way, and now it sounded loud in my ears:

"Room! room! make way, give place! the Torch-bearer comes. Make way for the keeper of the gates of God!"

And once more I looked.

Ah! bare and dusty were her feet, the little woman; and she went bowed, and stumbled on the rough stones, for the great torch hung heavy in her hand, and heavy the babe on her arm; but he sat there as on a throne, and laughed and leaped as he sat, and clutched the living torch and shook it, flinging the blaze abroad, and the world-way lightened before him.—*Laura E. Richards, in The Silr Crown.*

"What's Come Over Murray?"

An alert-minded pastor said, "A young man came to me recently, asking, 'What Christian work can I do?' I said, 'What time do you rise in the morning?' He answered, 'Six-thirty.' 'And breakfast?' 'Seven.' 'What do you do next?' 'I go to the office.' 'What do you do then?' 'I work steadily until noon, then I take an hour for lunch, work until five-thirty or later, and then go home to dinner.' 'And then what?' 'I read, talk, sometimes we go to a concert, and then go to bed.' 'Is that a sample day?' 'Just about.' 'Murray,' I said, 'God has so filled your day, that I don't see how you can get in much time for Christian work.' 'I guess that's so,' he said, and rose to go. 'Wait, Murray,' I said. 'Are there others employed where you are?' 'Yes, lots of them.' 'How do you do your work; as well as the rest, more poorly, or better?' 'Oh, as well as any of them, I think.' 'Do they know you are a Christian?' 'Why yes, I suppose so.' 'Do they know you are anxious to do Christian work?' 'No, I don't believe they do.' 'See here, Murray!' I said, 'here's Christian work for you, that you can commence tomorrow. Do your work better than you ever did. See what needs to be done as you never did. Help the other fellow who is behind, if you can. Let them all know you are a Christian, by living it. Get some fellow to stop swearing, or drinking. Preach Christ by your life. Try it.' He said that he would. Six weeks later, I met the superintendent. He said, 'Isn't Murray one of your men?' I said he was. 'Well, what's come over Murray?' I told him I didn't know that anything had. 'Well,' he said, 'there has. He's the best clerk in the whole place; has the best influence there. The men all notice it. There's a different atmosphere in the department, and there has been for a month or more. He's a Christian sure. Something's come over Murray.'"

Self Sacrifice For Others.

The most dangerous point on the Atlantic coast is the life saving station at Cape Hatteras, commanded by Captain Pat Etheridge. He is a big, tall man with a splendid, strong body, keen eyes, kindly face and long, bushy beard. He has asked several times to be removed, for he is more than sixty years

old, but the government insists on keeping him at this station.

The peculiar danger of this post is that the wrecked vessels are not thrown up on the beach in easy reach of the life-saving station, but go to pieces on the Diamond Shoals, ten miles out to sea, and the crew must go that distance to save them.

Several years ago, a vessel foundered on these shoals in a fearful storm. Her signals of distress were seen from the light-house and Captain Pat got ready the self-bailing lifeboat, which is fitted up with mast and sails as well as oars. Meanwhile the storm grew worse and the wind, which was off shore, grew more violent every moment. He ordered the crew to launch the boat—but they hesitated. They were men who had risked their lives in a hundred brave adventures, but now they paused. They looked at the hungry sea running so high, and off to where the breakers thundered on the shoals, and they listened to the roar of the storm. Then one of them spoke: "Captain Pat, it's no use with that wind, we can launch the boat and we can reach the ship, but we can never come back." There was silence, except for the wail of the storm growing louder, then Captain Pat said, "Boys, we don't have to come back."

The crew looked into the flashing eyes of their captain; they understood and as one man they launched the boat. They reached the wreck, took off the survivors, and, the wind changing a point or two, after nine hours of the most heroic toil they got back to the station. And the captain's words, "Boys, we don't have to come back," are repeated by men at all the life-saving stations on both our coasts wherever there are dangers to run, deeds to do, and lives to save.—*Welsh.*

A Word in Season.

On a cold winter evening, said Dr. T. L. Cuyler, I made my first call on a rich merchant in New York. As I left the door and the piercing gale swept in, I said:

"What an awful night for the poor!"

He went back, and bringing to me a roll of bank bills, said, "Please hand these for me to the poorest people you know."

After a few days I wrote to him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added,

"How is it that a man so kind to his fellow creatures has always been so unkind to his Savior as to refuse him his heart?"

That sentence touched him to the core. He sent for me to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ. He has been a most useful Christian ever since. But he told me I was the first person who had talked to him about his soul in twenty years. One hour of work did more for that man than the pulpit effort of a lifetime.

Brethren, don't neglect the hand-to-hand and face-to-face combat. Be diligent seekers of individual souls. Watch your opportunities.

Leading Others Astray.

A little clock in a jeweler's window in a certain western town stopped one day for half an hour, at fifteen minutes of nine. School children, noticing the time, stopped to play; people hurrying to the train, looking at the clock, began to walk leisurely; professional men, after a look at the clock, stopped to chat a minute with one another; working men and women noted the time and lingered a little longer in the sunshine, and all were half an hour late because one small clock stopped. Never had these people known how much they had depended upon that clock till it had led them astray.

Many are thus unconsciously depending upon the influence of Christians; you may think you have no influence, but you cannot go wrong in one little act without leading others astray. —*The Seattle Churchman.*

How Much One Life Can Do.

The Mississippi has in the course of ages transported from the mountains and high land within its drainage area sufficient material to make 400,000 square miles of new land by filling up an estuary which extended from its original outfall to the Gulf of Mexico for a length of 500 miles and in width from 30 to 40 miles. This river is still pouring solid matter into the Gulf, where it is spread out in a fan-like shape over an extended coast line, depositing 362,000,000 tons a year, or six times as much soil as was removed in the construction of the Manchester ship canal, and sufficient to make a square mile of new

land, allowing for its having to fill up the Gulf, to a depth of eighty yards. Some idea of the vastness of this operation may be conceived when the fact is considered that some of this soil has to be transported more than 3,000 miles; and that if the whole of it had to be carried in boats at the lowest rate at which heavy material is carried on the inland waters of America, or say for one-tenth of a penny per ton per mile over an average of half the total distance, the cost would be no less a sum than $1,190,000,000 a year.

Her Influence For Evil.

A certain mother in one of our large towns was very fond of playing progressive euchre. One evening she received a fine silver cup for being the most successful player in a group of her society friends. She was much delighted with her success, and on showing it to her family the next morning, her son, in his early teens, said, "Huh! I can beat that, for I made ten dollars at the pool table last night!"—*The Ram's Horn.*

Following a Leader.

Richard Cecil records the story of a flock of lambs that was crossing a bridge over the Severn. Something hindered their passage, and one leaped over upon the stone abutment and fell into the stream. The rest followed his example, leaped over and were also drowned. Scarcely less is the fatuity which men show in following the evil example of their associates and rushing on to ruin with their eyes wide open.

"The Man Next Door."

Some kinds of Christianity are effective only at long distances, their beauty and usefulness being in proportion to the distance from which one views them; which means that at close quarters they are neither useful nor beautiful. It seems more than doubted whether such religion has any claim at all to be called Christian, and yet it is common enough in everyday life. There are Chinese converts possibly blessing some saintly brother in Canada because of his generosity and Christian kindness, while his next door neighbors in Canada have never heard him speak a kindly word, nor even seen him smile. The religion that will not stand the next-door neighbor test is not what the world needs.

Then the next door neighbor is often worth knowing. We look for saints and heroes in the far distance, and they are living right upon our own street. Some of us would gladly go a thousand miles to talk with some one who has become to us a hero, and yet it may be that within sound of our voice is some one greater than he. The man next door may be worth knowing. Try to find him out!—*The Christian Guardian.*

Few Talents.

It was a great joy to us, says a noted Presbyterian pastor, during a recent season of special meetings, to have a very humble serving maid bring to us on three successive occasions a soul whom she had sought out and won to Christ, or at least to a willingness to be taught the way of salvation. It made us as sorry for many others of larger opportunity and great abilities. The maid with one talent was doing more for her Master than many to whom he had given ten. Some positions will be reversed in the Kingdom.

The Power of Influence.

A chief of police reports that many of the criminals who come under his charge confess that their fall came as a result of reading exciting tales of crime. These stories are forgotten perhaps for years, or until the emergency arises, and then there flashes through the mind the plot or device cleverly suggested by those early stories. In the belief that he will not be caught, the tempted man repeats some one experience with, as he thinks, a little added cunning. The result is disgrace

One of the most eminent surgeons in New England recently said, "I was influenced more in my early days by reading *The Youth's Companion* than by any other factor." Successful men from every walk of life voluntarily testify that some influence in early years, such as reading stories of really heroic men and women, has helped them to solve difficulties, and to be fearless in right doing at crucial periods.

What One Woman Did.

About twenty years ago a Christian woman of London was asked to take charge of a Bible class of three young women. She shrank from its responsibilities, but, with many misgivings, consented to the trial. The first month's experiences

were so encouraging that she consented to go on with the work, and the class constantly increased in numbers. From fifty it soon grew to eighty, and a larger room was provided. In the course of a few years the Bible class became five hundred strong, and now, at the age of sixty-nine, the faithful teacher has fallen asleep in Jesus. This was the secret of her success. She knew the members of her large class, and called them by their names. She visited them at their homes, and wrote letters to the absent ones. For each and for all of them she prayed unceasingly. Her pupils are scattered over the whole earth, and many of them are telling to others the good things she brought to them.

Her Influence.

A woman was converted on Sunday night. She was the mother of six boys, and on Monday she brought one of them, on Tuesday another, on Wednesday another; on Thursday, I think, she brought two; and on Friday she brought a motherless youth of seventeen, who lived with her. On Saturday night there was a testimony meeting, and she arose and spoke. Her face was a study; it showed something of the blessing she had got within. "God has done great things for me this week," she said. "He saved me last Sunday, and I started to pray for my boys and husband. He saved five of my boys and this motherless youth. Tomorrow my husband will be saved. He is a blasphemer. He does not know I have been praying for him. He and my first born will be converted tomorrow; God is going to give me both. If he does not (holding up her Bible), this book is not true. But I know, I know that God will save them both tomorrow." I cannot tell you the thrill that went over the house when that woman's faith, so triumphant, was thus shown. When we had prayed, the meeting was dismissed. The next morning the husband left his signal box on the railroad at six o'clock (he had been on duty all night), and when he got home, to the cottage in which we lived, he said to his wife, "Let me have some breakfast as soon as you can. I want what little sleep I can get this morning, for I am going to hear that man, Gipsy Smith, both this afternoon and tonight." His wife replied' "That is right; we have been praying for you." "For me?" "Yes, all this week. God saved me last Sunday, and I have brought five of the children into the kingdom,

and we have been praying for you." "For me?" "Yes, Gipsy Smith prayed for you last night, and all the church said 'Amen.'" "What time was it?" "It was half past eight when we were praying for you." The husband replied, "At half past eight the line was clear. I had nothing to do for a little while but to think, and I thought of my children and of the wicked life I have lived, and something spoke to me in that hour in the signal box and said, 'You ought to be a Christian, for your wife's sake, your children's sake, your own sake and for Christ's sake."

Forfeited Opportunity.

Mrs. Barney, the prison worker, went to a western city to speak. She was met at the railway station by a lady who was to entertain her. She went to the home of her hostess in an old rattletrap carriage driven by a red-nosed young man. When Mrs. Barney stepped inside the door of the home her hostess apologized for the appearance of carriage and driver, explaining that she did not feel free to employ any other, and said, "O Mrs. Barney, will you kneel here with me and pray for that driver?" After the prayer she told Mrs. Barney the story. Several years before she had been given a class of five boys in the Sunday school of her church. These boys had been gathered from the streets. She thought it her duty to entertain the boys by telling them stories during the lesson hour, and when the matter of their personal salvation would be pressed home on her she would say, "Oh, that isn't my business; that's the pastor's work." After a time she moved to another city and was compelled to give up her class. During her residence in that city she came to a new vision of Christ. Then she began to realize that she had lost a golden opportunity in that she had neglected to teach the Bible in such a way as to lead those boys to a personal knowledge of Christ. Five years afterward she returned to the city and inquired for her boys. No one in the church knew anything about them. One day she found this young man driving a cab, and he was under the influence of liquor. When she asked him about the other boys, he said, "Oh, lady, two of us is dead, and two of us in prison, and I'm the only one left!" She begged him to sign the pledge and become a Christian, but he said, "No,

lady; there was a time when I would have done anything for you, but it's too late now—too late now." She had lost her opportunity.

Spoiling a Poem.

Coleridge fell asleep while reading the passage in "Purchas's Pilgrimage," in which is mentioned "the stately pleasure house." On awakening he was in possession of a poem of several hundred lines, all complete, which he began transcribing without any consciousness of effort. It was "Kubla Khan," and he wrote fifty-four lines of it as rapidly as he could scribble down the words. Then a caller came in, stayed an hour, and when he left, the rest of the poem had almost faded out, had grown so dim that he could not recall it, and the world lost a beautiful poem through the casual intrusion of a nameless caller. So one life may influence the destiny of another for weal or woe.

Responsibility for Influence.

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toilworn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a god-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring

towards inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one; when we can name him artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in turn, that he have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.—*Thomas Carlyle, in Sartor Resartus.*

The Romance of the Lighthouse.

To keep a "good light"—that is, one which is always reliable, always on time; which never goes out, except for those unavoidable instants when a chimney burns, says C. H. Claudy, in the *Woman's Home Companion,* to have each glass of the hundreds flashing like a diamond; to have every part of the equipment immaculate; never to have the light "go back" and be reported—these are the simple ambitions and the code of laws of the lightkeepers. And nothing, nothing, must keep the light from being lit, and staying lit. And no excuse, save that of an act of God, can avail a keeper if his light is "black" and it becomes known.

There is a tale which was told to the writer by an old, old lightkeeper—who had been keeper of a first order, second order, then a third order and finally a fourth order light, at his own request, when he could pass the remainder of his days with the lesser duties of the smaller light. "Jim was a fine keeper," said the old keeper. "He was thirty-two years on the Point Blank light and never once had his light 'gone black' nor anything been said against him. He loved his light next to his wife. Had he loved his wife second and his light first he would be there yet. Both his assistants were off, one sick, t'other away somewhere, and Jim was sitting up nights with the light and doing the housework, days, 'cause his woman was sick, too. And it told on him. And one night Jim dropped off to sleep in his chair under the light. He slept twenty minutes. When he woke the place was full of smoke and his light was black. Chimney had melted. The

light was reported to Washington, and Jim had to go to the board. He said they took him in like a brother and treated him like a friend, but he knew he had to go. They said they hated to do it, that they knew his record was fine, but that while they were sure it would never happen again, still for the good of the service and the effect it would have on the rest of us, he had to go. His heart is broken, and it killed his wife. But they are two; the lights are for all of them—" and the old man waved his arm toward the bay and its teeming life of ships.

A Testimony.

Once, in Prince Edward Island, at a prayer meeting, several had spoken of important works they had done in the Lord's cause. At last an aged man arose, with stooping body and trembling, and said in a faltering voice, "Brethren, I am a mighty shabby fellow," and then tumbled back into his seat. His testimony made far more impression of real godliness than all the others.—*Peloubet.*

Emphasized by Repetition.

An evangelist tells how a bargeman was won through a single text oft repeated. It seems that one of his mates persuaded the man to go and hear Mr. Moody. The preacher did not touch him; but a gentleman gave him a tract in which he read, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." (John 6:37.) He went to another meeting, and received another tract with the same words, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." It seemed very strange to meet the same words twice; but the strangeness increased when a gentleman came alongside in a canoe and threw a book on board. "It was a little one," said the man, "and when I opened it the first thing I clapped my eyes on was, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' " Three times in one week was pretty good, but there was more to follow. He received a letter from his wife, whom he had left at home; in it she told of a meeting she had attended, and quoted the text of the preacher: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "On the strength of those words I came," said the bargee, "and he did not cast me out."

Influence.

A native king in West Africa was induced by a missionary to lay aside his royalty for a time and attend a Christian educational institution. He graduated with honors, but having head knowledge only, went back to his tribe, put on his heathen clothes, took a half dozen wives, and sank back into degradation. Bishop Taylor preached to him one day for fully two hours, but left him still in darkness. Soon after, the bishop established a mission station on the bank of the river opposite the king's palace. A lady opened a nursery, and soon had twenty native children under her care. In less than two years most of them were genuinely converted, and at a public meeting were called upon to testify, from personal experience, to the reality of the salvation of Jesus. One by one these children stood on a box, and told the story with such simple clearness and evident truthfulness that the heathen were convinced. The king and several of his chiefs were brought to God, and he became the native pastor of the church erected in his village.—*Illustrator.*

The Opportunities of Insignificance.

From the Bureau of Entomology in Washington to the dromedary corrals of Algeria seems a far cry. But the one has come to the aid of the other in an interesting experiment now under way. Dromedaries suffer from a trypanosome disease with which they are inoculated by gadflies, just as human beings are inoculated with the sleeping sickness by the tsetse fly. These gadflies have no effective enemies on the ground. Dr. Edmond Sergent, of the Pasteur Institute, who has been studying the disease, wrote to Dr. Howard, asking what could be done.

"I think we've got what you want," answered the American entomologist, and sent down south for some "horse guards." The "horse guard" is a large and powerful digger wasp, which attends a horse much as a rhinoceros bird attends that huge pachyderm, to make its own living. Any and all kinds of gadflies are food for the "guard." One by one it picks them off the horse's back, kills them with a savage thrust, and carries them off to its little cave, where they are neatly stored

to furnish nutriment to the future generation of "diggers." A reasonably industrious horse guard is good for several hundred assorted gadflies per day. Cocoons of this useful wasp were sent to Algeria, packed in refrigerating baskets to retard hatching, and with them photographs of the cave nests, with full description, to aid in the building of the new home. The insects arrived in good condition, and were introduced to the specially constructed apartments prepared for them. They have thus far appeared to be satisfied in the new environment, and there is no reason why they should not prove even more beneficent to the dromedary than they have to the horse.—*The American Magazine.*

The Joy of Remembering Opportunity Improved.

"Tomorrow when the ears are dull that long to hear your voice,
The loving words you spoke today will bid your heart rejoice;
Tomorrow, when from silent lips the smile shall disappear,
You will be glad if through today they smiled when you were near."

Steering by Mother's Light.

A very beautiful story is related of a boat out at sea carrying in it a father and his little daughter. As they were steering for the shore they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened to destroy them. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do any good, mother," the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily, they came toward the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbor by the cottage.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices, and came down the stairway with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she said.

"We steered by mother's light," answered the daughter, "although we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it is time I was

steering by my mother's light." And ere he slept he surrendered himself to God and asked him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by, and disease smote him. "He can't live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said, as they wept; "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by my mother's light."—*Sent of God.*

Influence of Evil.

In a gun factory, a great bar of steel, weighing five hundred pounds and eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a very delicate chain. Nearby a common bottle cork was suspended by a silk thread. The purpose was to show that the cork could set the bar of steel in motion. It seemed impossible. The cork was swung gently against the steel, and the bar remained motionless. But it was done again and again and again for ten minutes, and lo! at the end of that time the bar gave evidence of being uncomfortable; a sort of nervous chill ran over it. Ten minutes later and the chill was followed by vibrations. At the end of half an hour the bar was swinging to and fro like the pendulum of a clock.

How Influence Spreads.

Dr. A. T. Pierson says: "The Moravians providentially molded John Wesley, and the Holy Club of Lincoln College, Oxford, touched by this influence, took on a distinctively missionary character. Their motto had been 'Holiness to the Lord'; but holiness became wedded to service, and evangelism became the watchword of the Methodists. Just then, in America, and by a strange coincidence, Jonathan Edwards was unconsciously joining John Wesley in preparing the way for modern missions. In 1747, exactly 300 years after the United Brethren organized as followers of Huss, at Lititz, in Bohemia, Edwards sent forth his bugle-blast from Northampton in New England, calling God's people to a visible union of prayer for the speedy and world-wide effusion of the Spirit. That bugle-blast found echo in Northampton, in old England, and William Carey resolved to undertake to organize mission effort—with what results we all know. And just as the French revolution let hell loose, a new missionary society in Britain

was leading the awakened church to assault hell at its very gates. Sound it out and let the whole earth hear. Modern missions came of a symphony of prayer, and at the most unlikely hour of modern history, God's intercessors in England, Scotland, Saxony and America repaired the broken altar, and called down the heavenly fire. That was God's preparation.

"The monthly concert made that prayer spirit widespreading and permanent. Other bodies of Christians followed the lead of the humble Baptists, who, in Widow Wallis' parlor at Kettering, made their new covenant of missions; and great regiments began to form and take up the line of march, until before the nineteenth century was a quarter through its course the whole church was joining the missionary army. And so it came to pass that, as a little while before, even clerical essayists, like Sydney Smith, could sneer at the 'consecrated cobblers' and try to rout them from their nest; that which had been the motto of the despised few became the rallying cry of the whole church of God."

John Wesley's Influence.

Wesley's life was the logical outcome of his principles, and is one of the greatest gifts yet made by God to the church universal. His example furnishes a most powerful incentive to all. The more it is examined the more it shines. By as much as it comes nearer to our own times than that of those who flourished in the early centuries it can speak more directly to our hearts. We cannot do as much as he, but we may do as well, may make our lives equally successful in the highest sense of that word. We may be as faithful to the grace given, and meet as fully the requirements of the Lord. We may show the same spirit, pursue the same purpose, and reach the same "well done" at last; for equal faithfulness to duty brings equal praise from the Most High, in spite of very unequal results due to unequal advantages.

Whether we climb, whether we plod,
Space for one task the scant years lend,
To choose some path that leads to God,
And keep it to the end.—*Riches of Grace.*

Two Thousandfold.

A farmer in Japan, having become a Christian, at once began to tell his friends what a glorious thing it was. They only laughed at him, and grew tired of hearing constantly of this new religion, so at last he hit upon a plan of arresting their attention. He planted a number of grains of rice, one grain in each spot, then carefully manured and hoed half of them, leaving the other half to get on as best they could among the growing weeds. He had read the parables of Matthew 13, and believed the best way to get at farmers' hearts was through their farm work. In due time the grains came up. Those carefully tended did splendidly, while the neglected ones were killed out by the weeds. The next summer he demonstrated what one grain of rice well cared for would do. He planted it in a pot placed on his verandah, and when it grew, hung verses of scripture on it for the passing farmers to read, about the grain that bears sixty to one hundredfold, drawing attention in this way to Christ's teachings. This bunch of rice that sprang from a single grain had forty-three stalks, and over two thousand seeds. The seeds of Christian truth will yield the best crop in the world. The Savior modestly said "a hundredfold," but once in a while there comes one so skillful in sowing and tending the seed that you can write at the end of the harvest "two thousandfold."—*J. H. Forrest, D. D.*

A Child's Influence.

A nobleman whom the missionary had vainly tried to lead to Christ, sent his only son to the Christian Boys' High School. A year or two later, in an epidemic of cholera, the boy died. The missionary gently told the stricken parents of the Good Shepherd, who sometimes took a lamb in his arms to induce the sheep to follow him. Deeply moved, the father sketched an outline of the incident and bade an artist paint it. He showed us the picture; a shepherd, with a face kindly and sweet, carrying a lamb in his bosom, while afar off two sheep, which had been walking away, were turning with wistful eyes to follow their loved one. "Now," said the nobleman, "I want to give ten thousand ticals to build a church in recognition

of God's dealings with me through my boy." And we said, "It is as true now as of old that a 'little child shall lead them.' "

A Fruitful Seed.

A lady in the town of L——, in the northern part of New Hampshire, who had been a lover of the follies and frivolities of fashionable life, was taken very ill. She feared she was about to die and confided her anxieties to a friend who was with her, and sought her help and her prayers.

"Don't talk to me," replied her friend, "I am not a Christian; I can do nothing for you;" but she advised her to send for a Christian lady who might perhaps do her good.

The lady came, but for some reason did not succeed in ministering comfort and leading her into the way of peace. Then another Christian woman was called in, and she conversed with her faithfully, but she found no relief from the burden of sin and sorrow which oppressed her. At length her visitor said:

"I have a little tract which I think will do you good." She went and got the tract, and from the reading of that tract the sick woman was helped into the paths of peace and rest.

The good news spread about the neighborhood. Curiosity was awakened, and that little tract which had been so blessed to the sick woman, went into as many as twenty-five families, there to be read by others, and to turn their thoughts to Christ, the Lamb of God, the sinner's friend. The story of this tract was told by the veteran tract distributor and Bible colporter, Deacon George W. Brown, of New Hampshire, who, during some forty years, traversed every part of that state, traveling every road in New Hampshire and scattering the Word of Life among the people.

"What was the name of the tract?" we inquired.

He could not tell, but promised to ascertain. We saw him a few weeks later when preaching in Concord, New Hampshire, and inquired of him the name of the tract which had been so blessed. He said it was "My Friend."

This was not the first nor yet the last instance in which that tract was blessed to the salvation of sinners. Many thousand copies have been scattered during the last thirty years;

a few have been heard from; of most no tidings have come back. But we trust that many thousands more will be scattered, and we hope some of them will be heard from in the great harvest day, when those that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

The brother who told us this story has finished his course, has distributed his last tract, has made his last offering to aid others in this work, and now rests from his labors, but his works do follow him; and we trust that in the glorious kingdom of our God it will be found that many souls will be gathered and garnered as the fruit of the good seed which he has sown on good ground, and which will bring forth thirty, sixty and an hundred fold.—*The Christian.*

Spiritually Melodious Lives.

The casting of a musical bell is one of the most delicate and scientific of mechanical undertakings. Only long and capable experience can assure that the bell shall have one main note which is supported by only such other notes as shall be in harmony with it; this alone can produce a musical bell, and whenever there are notes present which have no harmonic relation to the main note, an inharmonious sound is the natural result. Anybody can cast bells, but it is only a few adepts who can produce with certainty, bells of a musical character.

The note of a bell is determined, of course, by its size and quantity of metal, and the contour of the bell decides the quality of the note. If the bell be rapped at its top bend, it ought to give the octave above the chief or "consonant" note. Now a chord of perfect harmony—a "common chord"—is composed of the third, fifth and octave sounding together with the dominant note. If a bell is properly cast, on striking it at a place an eighth of its height from its brim, the third note, or tierce, ought to be heard, and when struck at three-quarters of its height from its brim, that is, a quarter of its height from the shoulder or its uppermost bend, the quint, or fifth note, should be apparent. If either of these intervening notes is too sharp or too flat, the bell is a bad bell; and when such a bell comes from the casting, the founders attempt to tune it by clipping or filing away the metal from that part of the

bell which gives off these notes, to flatten them, and reducing the rim of the bell has the effect of sharpening the note. It is hardly necessary to say that a bell so treated can never have the satisfactory sound which it would have had if it had left the mold in tune.

It is so seldom that a peal of bells is a "virgin" peal, that is, that every member of the peal is a "maiden," so perfectly in tune from the mold that it needs no tuning, that one of the bell authorities in England, in his correspondence with me, said that if the German makers succeeded in producing fifteen bells of this nature, they ought to have a world-wide reputation. We rejoice to say that our fifteen bells are as they left their molds, and are the admiration of all metal men; not an unevenness or flaw appears on any of their surfaces, and they are in tune.—*The Churchman.*

SERVICE NINE—Sunday Afternoon

A Whole Life for Christ

(Young People's Rally)

TEXTS FOR SERVICE IX

My son, give me thine heart.—*Prov. 23:26.*

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. —*Eccles. 12:1.*

Kept by the power of God.—*1 Peter 1:5.*

Flee also youthful lusts.—*2 Tim. 2:22.*

Put on the whole armor of God.—*Eph. 6:11.*

Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My father, thou art the guide of my youth?—*Jer. 3:4.*

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. —*Prov. 18:24.*

The name of the Lord is a strong tower.—*Prov. 18:10.*

Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.—*2 Tim. 2:1.*

Fight the good fight of faith.—*1 Tim. 6:12.*

He is able.—*2 Tim. 1:12.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

My son, give me thine heart.—Prov. 23:26.

1. Life a perilous pathway.
2. Out of the heart are the issues of life.
3. Only the God-kept heart is safe.
4. Let God keep it.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccles. 12:1.

1. They are days of peculiar danger.
2. Of character-formation.
3. Days that determine destiny.
4. Of special need of God's guidance.

Kept by the power of God.—1 Peter 1:5.

1. Kept from sin.
2. Kept for Christ.
3. Kept for heaven.

Flee also youthful lusts.—2 Tim. 2:22.

1. Youth a time of rampant desire.
2. A time for special vigilance.
3. Vigilance in youth saves from regret in age.
4. Flee from lusts to Christ.

Put on the whole armor of God.—Eph. 6:11.

1. Life a warfare; foes within and without.
2. God provides armor; defensive and offensive.
3. Use it all.

Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My father, thou art the guide of my youth.—Jer. 3:4.

1. A difficult journey. (Climbing the Alps.)
2. Competent guidance proferred. (Skilled Alpine guides.)
3. The wisdom of acceptance. (A venturesome climber was recently lost because he refused to employ a guide.)

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—Prov 18:24.

1. Life's greatest boon, a true friend.
2. The privilege of Christ's friendship.
3. The condition.

The name of the Lord is a strong tower.—Prov. 18:10.

1. In times of temptation.
2. In times of discouragement and despair.
3. When the blood-avenger pursues.
4. When death assaults.

Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.—2 Tim. 2:1.

1. Our own insufficiency.
2. Christ is able to keep from falling.
3. Avail yourself of his strength.

Fight the good fight of faith.—1 Tim. 6:12.

1. Life a battle.
2. A faith-fight.
3. A glorious fight.
4. Enlist for the war.

He is able—2 Tim. 1:12.

1. Able to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.—Eph. 3:20.
2. Able to make all grace abound toward you.—2 Cor. 9:8.
3. Able to succor them that are tempted.—Heb. 2:18.
4. Able to keep you from falling.—Jude 24.
5. Able to save to the uttermost.—Heb. 7:25.
6. Able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.—II Tim. 1:12.
7. Able even to subdue all things unto himself.—Phil. 3:21.
8. Believe ye that I am able?—Matt. 9:28, 29.

SUGGESTIONS

Enlist the interest and influence of your Sunday school teachers in behalf of this young people's rally.

Have good music and brief prayers and a Bible reading, the whole service kept within an hour.

Give the most earnest, pointed, interesting, prayer-steeped talk of which you are capable, or secure some other good speaker, who will enter into your plan with intelligent, consecrated sympathy.

Hold up the picture of a whole life, from youth to old age, given over to Christ's control, and portray its splendid possibilities. Appeal to the heroic side of life. Cite the case of "Coley" Pattison.

Seek to realize keenly that the young people are "the key to the whole situation," and give them your best.

Make a definite and pointed plea for a whole-hearted acceptance of Christ.

SEED THOUGHTS

The unsaved are most responsive to the truth between the ages of eight (or earlier) and fifteen. Sincerity is more natural and aspiration more ardent at twelve than at twenty-five. God's period for conversion is infancy or early childhood. There never ought to be a moment in the life of a human being in which God does not dwell vitally as Redeemer and Sanctifier in the soul.

It is a fact not to be forgotten that human beings are influenced easily and profoundly by those who are of equal age. Companionship is possible between those whose ages are far apart, but all such companionship is exceptional, and it is the order of the world that one shall find his closest comrades and dearest friends among those whose years are approximately equal. Parents, to be sure, influence their children, teachers their pupils, aged saints young men and maidens, but the influence of a boy or girl over those associated with him or her in work or play is one of the mightiest of the controling forces of this world. Parents send their boys to school, says Emerson, but it is the boys he meets in the street who educate him.—*Charles E. Jefferson, D. D.*

How enormously important are these first conversations of childhood! I felt it this morning with a sort of religious terror. Innocence and childhood are sacred. The sower who casts in the seed, the father or mother casting in the fruitful word, are accomplishing a pontifical act, and ought to perform it with a religious awe, with prayer and gravity, for they are laboring at the kingdom of God. All seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed fall into the earth or into souls. Man is a husbandman, his whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity; and of this divine mission the great instrument is speech. We forget too often that language is both a seed-sowing and a revelation. The influence of a word in season—is it not incalculable? What a mystery is speech!

But we are blind to it because we are carnal and earthly. We see the stones and the trees by the road, the furniture of our houses—all that is palpable and material. We have no eyes for the invisible phalanxes of ideas which people the air and hover incessantly around each one of us.—*Henri Frederic Amiel.*

A living boy of sixteen can get nearer to another living boy of sixteen than can one who is as wise as the wisest saint whose dust lies in Westminster Abbey. A wide-awake girl can get closer to another girl of her own age than can any mother in Israel, however sweet and holy.

What an opportunity, then, for every young Christian who wishes to do original and effective work for Christ! He can approach souls which are inaccessible to the wisest of the sages and the holiest of the saints. The limited measure of his experience fits him to be a minister to those whose experience has similar limitations, and his very ignorance helps him to pass through doors which remain locked to those who carry huge bunches of the keys of knowledge.—*Talks on High Themes.*

The Germans have this telling axiom: "Whatever you would weave into the life of the nation, you must put into the public schools." With equal significance and wisdom it may be affirmed, whatever you would weave into the life of the church, you must put into the young people from whose ranks the future church is to be formed.

It will be well for the young to note how important a part they are to take in that church of the future, God sparing their lives to do so, and the necessity of making suitable preparation for the responsibilities that will one day fall upon them, when they in their turn become instructors of others and molders of a future for those who shall come after them. No amount of faithfulness or lack of it on the part of teachers can alter the pupil's accountability in this matter. As they avail themselves of today's great privileges or as they treat them with calm indifference, so will they prove faithful or be found wanting when life's sterner duties confront them.—*Tenney.*

Procrastination is not only the "thief of time," but likewise the arch thief of souls. Doubtless there are thousands, aye, hundreds of thousands, who have been lost because they delayed the day of their decision to accept Christ. "Hell is paved with good intentions," and the best intention ever formed is the intention of entering upon a Christian life; yet how few put such an intention into execution! How many make up their minds to surrender to God's will during the week of prayer, yet fail to do so because their time is tomorrow, and tomorrow never comes.—*Douglas.*

It is a thought to make the heart sing that no matter how inexperienced and obscure one is, there is some one in the world whom it is easier for him to reach with the everlasting gospel than it is for anybody else. It is a solemnizing thought that there are things which a boy can do which a man cannot do so easily or so well, and that certain work, if left undone under twenty, can never be done in this world at all. The fact to be remembered is that young Christians have their work just as older Christians have theirs, and that the work of boys and girls, young men and maidens, is just as important in its place for the upbuilding of this world as is the work of adults to which the Lord God has called them.—*Charles E. Jefferson, D. D.*

Prof. James Lewis Howe, of Kentucky, sends this pledge, prepared by Rev. D. T. Fiske, D. D., and signed by the young people converted in his church, in Newburyport, Mass., during a revival of religious interest. It will be found suggestive and helpful. Such forms of confession are frequently useful:

"Convinced that I am a sinner, and that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that he is able and willing to save all who come to him, I do now come penitently confessing my sins, and do give myself up unreservedly to him to be his wholly and forever, and I do take him to be my Savior, and do trust in him, and in him alone, for pardon and salvation; and I do solemnly promise him that, with the aid of his Spirit, I will lead a Christian life, forsaking and avoiding all known sin, and conscientiously doing what I believe to be his will in all things. Especially do I promise that I will daily

pray and read the Bible and whenever practicable will attend religious meetings; and will endeavor to do good as I have opportunity; and will aim to cultivate and always manifest an humble, kind, forgiving spirit."—*The Congregationalist.*

This superb quality of youth lays upon its possessors the gravest responsibility, as well as the richest joy of life. Physiologists know that muscle once made is made to the end of a man's days; the octogenarian who was an athlete at twenty is powerful still; for he would have died early had he abused his physique. The young and masterful nation, once trained to full vigor, will be vigorous always, provided it does not abuse its strength. It cannot abuse its strength if its young men are true to themselves and to the opportunities offered by an incomparably splendid age like ours. Emerson said "Knowledge is the antidote of fear." We must know ourselves. We must trust ourselves, our government, our destiny; anything short of this is not patriotism; it is cowardice.

The only safety for a man or a nation is courage in conscientious action down the whole line of duty, and there can be no sense of national duty without enthusiastic patriotism and perfect confidence in national integrity. We grow like what we contemplate; our political, social, moral and physical condition will be the result of aspiration realized through that chemistry which supremely refines or hopelessly debases life and its significance in the individual or in the people. The moment we begin to doubt the sufficiency or the integrity of our form of government, or the righteousness of its aspirations, we should feel our pulse and count its beats; for youth never doubts; health never suggests failure. Keep the blood pure, the nerves healthy, the muscles vitalized, then you are a perfect unit of power; then you are always young; then you rely upon yourself, trust your country, and believe in the honor and efficacy of its government. Virile men make and maintain a virile civilization.—*Men.*

The words of a dying man carry tremendous weight. In a court of law, the testimony of one who is dying is estimated of great importance. It is acknowledged that a man under

those conditions does not trifle, nor speak unmeaning words, nor care for those things which make for merely worldly honor and applause. He is believed to view things in the light of the eternal world upon whose threshold he stands. It is believed of him then, that he is terribly in earnest.

How many times has it happened that a father's last words or a mother's last request has engraved itself indelibly upon human hearts and changed the whole tenor of life.

A young man said:

"Three words still ring in my ears. They were my father's dying message—'Live for eternity! Nothing else is worth while. Live for eternity!' "

David was an intense lover of Israel. He was about to pass over to his son Solomon the kingdom which had been chief in his thought, and for which he had fought and suffered.

To Solomon was coming this grave responsibility, this great opportunity.

Well for him, had he been like that Polish prince who was accustomed to carry the picture of his father always in his bosom, and on occasion of temptation used to take it out and gaze at it, saying:

"Let me do nothing unbecoming so excellent a father!"

Well for the young people of our great church if they resolve to do nothing that can in any way dishonor the men who had the wisdom to plan, and the courage and faith to labor in the face of overwhelming difficulties in order that this kingdom might be ours.—*Epworth Herald.*

The average young man is not so firmly rooted in holy things that he can afford to do without the common means of grace. It is an affectation for him to say that he can be as good without the church as with it. He needs the church, and if amusement tends to alienate him from its ministrations, then it is his duty to fight amusement at that point. Happy the young man who has such self-control and such high regard for things that are high that no amusement, whether indoor or outdoor, shall be allowed to rob his soul of its rightful food. By the substance of religion we mean, of course, the fear of God, loyalty to Jesus Christ and the living of a pure,

upright, honorable life. A young man may preserve all these, and have his amusements. It is a noble sight, that of a young man giving play to the joyous side of his nature, and yet true as steel to the higher ideal of life. But no doubt there are dangers which threaten the essence of character. In the ancient arena there were gladiators that bore the name retiarii. In one hand they carried a net, in the other a sword, and their endeavor was first to enmesh their antagonist, and then with the sword given him the *coup-de-grace*. There are three retiarii that stand in close contiguity to the amusements of young men, and these are drinking, gambling, licentiousness. They first entangle and then smite. By appealing to good fellowship, and by utilizing the excitement of the game, they endeavor to draw men into their toils, and once involved, how hard to save the soul from death! This, then, is the battle, and a serious one it is—not to kill amusements, but to control them, to make them our servants, to use them for the brightening and strengthening of our lives, and not for the impairment of their energies; in short, to stand halfway between the monk that renounces all amusement and the fool that goes open-mouthed and uncontrolled into every sphere that has pleasure written above its portals.—*The Young Man.*

The young man who is indifferent to his spiritual welfare will find himself going down hill. Slowly at first, but faster and faster until at last nothing will save him. If you wish to have a harvest of grain you must sow. If you wish to harvest tares, what must you do? Nothing. If some of you tonight are not concerned about your future welfare I wish to cry out and warn you to stop ere it is too late.

I believe the young man who knows he is wrong and still says "tomorrow will do" is far from safe. Some one has said, "Hell is paved with good intentions." Perhaps some one here will have the last opportunity of turning from the ways of the wicked. Life is uncertain. I have known of people who sat in my congregation one day and were stricken in death before the next meeting. No man who goes out without Christ is safe.—*Mills.*

Dr. T. L. Cuyler says, "My observation of young people has convinced me that a very large proportion of those who fail in life fail from want of courage. They either had not the pluck to climb a steep hill of difficulty or they had not the moral nerve to face a sneer, or resist a sinful fashion, nor had they the stamina to stand up boldly for the right."

This is emphatically true in the Christian warfare. It is not enough to wear the uniform of religion or observe the ceremonies of the church. We will be victorious only because we are men and women of God. In the Christian warfare everything depends upon the human personality linked to the divine.

Bishop Keener startled the whole church twenty years ago by pointing to the two processions to be seen on any Sunday morning, a procession of adults going to church and a procession of children coming from the church at the hour of preaching service. Nor has the latter procession ceased to move from the preaching service, to the church's great loss—often hopeless loss.

While eighty per cent of our church membership comes from the Sunday school, there are sixty per cent of the Sunday school that are not reached. The churches that have the most dependable growth are those that pay most attention to gathering and retaining their youth under competent instruction, and that have the largest number of Sunday school scholars as compared to church members.—*Bishop's Address, 1910.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Awakening of Soul.

When England was in a fever of excitement over the struggle for the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton was the leader of the measure in the House of Commons. He had been a self-willed and sluggish boy, until some girl friends stirred his ambition; and he went to Cambridge and pursued his studies with energy and industry, chiefly that he might carry to them the prizes which he won. But one of them touched a deeper chord in his nature and stirred in him a desire to use his talents for the good of his fellow-men, and interested him in the movement for emancipation. After she was dead, there came the decisive hour, the day when the question was to be pressed to a vote in Parliament. Timid friends besought him not to force the issue, said that he had done his duty in exposing the evil and appealing for relief, and urged him to be content with the promise of the Cabinet that the matter of emancipation would be seriously considered.

Beset by friends and menaced by political foes, Sir Thomas swept his glance along the gallery till his eyes rested on the sweet and earnest face of his brave daughter, who was praying that God would strengthen his heart and his hand in that critical hour, and then his eyes were lowered to look at the open Bible that lay always on his desk, open at the sentence that had cheered him on in that difficult contest, "Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's." And he called for a division; the measure was passed; and the faith and courage and pure ambition to serve mankind, which one young girl had awakened, had their victory and reward.

Thus must the sluggish, self-indulgent youths of our church be waked to high and holy aspiration.—*W. H. Marquess, D. D.*

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

The pastor's little daughter was eleven years old, and desired to join the church. The pastor hesitated and finally decided to have her wait until another quarterly communion service. She obeyed without a murmur, but when the next communion service approached, she again referred to it; and, seeing him hesitate, said the following:

"Papa, do you not tell the grown people that the communion helps them to be better?"

"Why, yes, daughter."

"And, papa, do you not think I need that help?" It was a clincher—and all the doubts of the father vanished at once; she was received into the church and has been a consistent Christian many years.

Wanted—Courageous Recruits.

During the campaigns of Napoleon it was most necessary that a certain pass should be kept and the Austrians held in check for twenty-four hours. A battery commanded the entrance to the pass; one by one the men behind the guns in the battery fell, but still the fiery fusillade continued, and the pass was held for twenty-four hours. At length a signal appeared about the battery, which said, "We will now surrender if you will permit us to go forth with our guns." The firing ceased, and the garrison marched forth—it consisted of one man, a brave grenadier. The Austrians expressed great surprise that one man had so long held the pass alone. For hours he had himself manned those guns. When Napoleon heard it he sent for the bold grenadier and offered him any promotion he wished. His reply was: "Sire, I want to remain a simple grenadier and your faithful servant." A few weeks later in another engagement the faithful soldier was mortally wounded and shortly died. Napoleon gave the order that the name of the faithful grenadier should never be removed from the muster roll, and, that, when the name of D'Auverque was called, some one from the ranks should step out and respond, "Dead on the field of honor! Faithful unto life, faithful unto death! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Making and Marring Character.

There is an account of two girls, one of whom read all about the wicked and licentious court of Louis XVI; her cousin read all about Joan of Arc, her noble doings and life. The first, after a time, fell and became an abandoned woman; the second, one of the noblest women of America, foremost in good works.

Keeping Life's Page Clean.

The old palimpsests were manuscripts from which the first writings had been erased in order to use them again for fresh writing. But no palimpsest was ever so thoroughly erased that some of the old characters did not show up in the lapse of time, or under certain treatments or conditions. So it is with human souls. What is first written on them by habit and will may be wiped out and replaced by better things. But the boys or girls who allow their earliest years to contain evil and forbidden words and records must expect a hard fight to erase them, and an appearance of the old evil now and then when least expected. How much better to keep a clean page that needs no rewriting.—*Forward.*

No Effort to Save.

"A number of years ago," says a recent writer, "when my home was on the bank of the Hudson river, I sat one Monday morning in my study. Suddenly the door bell rang with that sharp, quick sound which calls for immediate response. I opened the door. There was a woman, a member of my church. Her face was pale as death. She was trembling from head to foot. She told me they had taken the body of a boy out of the river just across the road from my home. I hastened to the place. There was the little form upon the grass. No effort was being made to save him. I took the body in my hands, and with the help of those who stood by tried to encourage respiration. My fingers became numb. It seemed to me I must let go. But I dared not, for perhaps something I might do would help to save the precious life. After a while the doctor came to give his skill to the task, and just behind him was the father of the boy. I shall never forget how he cried, 'O doctor! for God's sake, can't you save him?' But it

was too late. The spark of life was gone. They told me I must bear these tidings of death to the mother of the boy. I never had a task from which I shrank more. As I walked up the street I wondered what I could say to make the burden of grief easier to bear. God spared me the pain of making the first announcement of her sorrow. But, oh, that bitterness of heart! I can see her now as she wrung her hands and sobbed, 'My boy is dead! My boy is dead!' We do not condemn the mother for her grief, nor do we think it strange that the father's heart should be broken. But here is something that is strange,—you and I come in contact day after day with souls that are dead in trespasses and sins and we make no effort to bring them into fellowship with him who can speak the word of life."

Making Our Life Choice.

One of the greatest lives of early England was that of King Alfred, whose life-purpose led him to plan out the hours of every day. "The story of Alfred's invention of candles to measure the time is well known. It is not so well known that his desire to measure time correctly came from a religious motive. His determination was to give to God half-his time, day and night." We need to think out the governing purpose of our life, and then to plan each day accordingly.

Fighting Life's Battles to Heaven's Music.

When Frederick the Great was leading his band against the Austrians in Teuftan, he heard the grand battle song of the Reformation rise from ten thousand throats. It was Luther's hymn. Frederick asked, "What is that noise?" "Oh," said one of his staff, "it is the soldiers singing Luther's hymn." "That is all right," was the reply, "plenty of psalm if they will only fight." No psalm without the fighting, but plenty of psalm if we will fight. Those men who sang the psalms could fight, too, and the Austrians were scattered as chaff before the wind. They were like Cromwell's Ironsides. The men who sang the psalms could wield the sword, as did our Covenanters, who were men that made the hills echo with their psalm of trust in God, and who shed their blood on the heather sod.

Which Path to Choose.

An aged man was standing at a window. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to the tomb, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse.

The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft, sweet songs; the other leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony, "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But his father and the days of his youth had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes, and then disappear. These were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven, and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself.

The clock in the high church tower struck and the sound falling on his ear recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up in his behalf. With one despairing effort, he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days, come back!"

And his youth did return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

You who still linger on the threshold of life doubting which path to choose, remember that, when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain, "O youth, return! Oh, give me back my early days."—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Making His Life Count For Christ.

A fourteen-year-old lad was working in an iron mine in Nova Scotia when an explosion of blasting powder occurred. He was picked up torn and bleeding, his eyesight gone, and his

legs broken. One day his pastor read him a letter which he had received from a missionary telling how much a missionary vessel was needed to ply between Sydney, Australia, and the lonely mission fields in the South Sea islands. "Why don't they build it?" asked the poor sufferer. "There is no money," was the answer. The next time the pastor came to see him, the lad was eager to tell about a plan he had thought of to raise money for the ship. "There are 20,000 Sunday school children in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island," he said, "and if every scholar had a collection card enough money could be raised to build it." The plan was referred to the Board of Missions and approved, and at the end of the year sums ranging from five cents to one or two dollars had been sent in sufficient number to pay for the "Day Spring," the first one of the many "missionary ships" in the southern seas. You will be glad to know that a wonderful operation restored the sight of this boy, and when the boat was launched he was able to join in the singing and cheering of the thousands of children who watched it glide into the sea.

Looking at the King.

When the king and queen of Italy visited Messina after the terrible earthquake and tidal wave had wrought destruction, they were virtually carried up the pier in the arms of their subjects. The presence of the royal pair acted as a general inspiration. Even the wounded, it is said, found fresh strength when they learned his majesty had come among them. An old man who had been abandoned under a beam that apparently had crushed out his life, revived for a moment at the shouts of greeting to the king. He stretched out his hand and raised his head long enough to call out:

"Now I can die happy. Long life to the king!" He then fell back and expired.

There is one who came to this earth twenty centuries ago and not only showed us how to live happy, but how to die happy. His was the cruelest death-bed that any one has ever been compelled to die on—the cross; yet he died happy. He overcame his pain by seeing the face of his Father in heaven.

If a look into the face of an earthly king may cause one

to die happy, how much more a look into the face of the eternal King. One look in his face will give a triumphant death. —*Homiletic Review.*

The Easy Yoke.

I had finished my sermon when a good man came to me and said, "I wish I had known what you were going to preach about. I could have told you something." "Well, my friend," I said, "may I not have it still?" "Do you know why his yoke is light, sir?" "Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose." "No, sir," he explained, shaking his head, "I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke. And the yoke was never made to balance, sir, as you said." (I had referred to the Greek word; but how much better it was to know the real thing.) "Father's yoke was always made heavier on one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock alongside of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock, because the stronger one had the heavy part on his shoulder." That is why the "yoke is easy and the burden is light"; because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon his shoulder.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

The Strength of Youth.

I love old things! Old violins with their mellow notes; old pictures that have been hallowed by centuries; old men with broad brains, manly brows and honored gray.

I like to look into the face of Moses as he stood on Pisgah—locks bleached in the snows of the ages—waiting to be kissed to sleep by the Almighty and to be buried by the angels. I like to think of David as leaning upon his staff, as with trembling lip, he said, "I have been young, and now am old—yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken."

I like to picture Daniel with the weight of years upon his shoulders and the mighty empire under his feet. I like to close my eyes and dream of old Paul—manacled hands and feet—sitting in the old dark dungeon of old Rome—great old Rome—with her seven old hills and her old Tiber. I like to listen to the clanking chains as the hero writes, "The time of my

departure is at hand—after this a crown—a crown!" I like old things—old Moses, old Daniel, old David, old Paul. But much more do I like young Moses, as with fiery eye of flaming youth he dares stamp upon the crown of the Pharaohs and refuse to be called the "son of Pharaoh's daughter." I like young David, as with his sling and little pebble he writes history upon Goliath's skull! I like young Daniel, as with head up and glowing cheek he says, "Thank you, gentlemen, I don't drink." I like young Paul, as with the blood of youth he flings into the face of mighty old Rome, "I glory not in kings but in the cross of Christ, for *it is the power!*"

Youth, youth, the royal, regal greatness of youth! It is redolent with the aromatics of the skies! It flames with the aurora of the heaven! It has the breath of the dew upon it!—*E. E. Helms, Ph. D.*

What Religion Adds to Earthly Life.

Does it pay, is the instinctive question of the man of the world when a proposition is presented. The man of the world may be challenged to deny an affirmative answer to this question put about religion. It is wondrous strange that any should fail to say it, whether he is religious or not. Expert economists tell us that the cause of hard times lies deeper than the tariff or the currency. It is found in waste. This will hardly be denied. But where is there such waste as in our sins and our follies? "An increase of one-tenth in demand is sufficient to change adversity into prosperity, but this country spends every year more than one-tenth of its product in drink alone. Who can measure what it would mean to our industries if the billion dollars we thus squander each year were spent for shoes and food and houses? New York has been wailing of late over the thousands of her people who go to bed hungry, yet last year she spent at Coney Island, her great playground, forty-five million dollars, or three times what the nation paid Napoleon for Louisiana and six times what we paid for Alaska. Thus what we waste in our sins and our follies far exceeds what we lack in necessities and comforts."—*Southern Presbyterian.*

Showing Mercy.

The author of "A Colony of Mercy," describing the wonderful work in Bielefeld in Germany, shows how the Silly Valley has become the Happy Valley, how the "Program of Christianity" has been realized there, and its Bethel has been a comforter to the unfortunates that dwell therein, giving them "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The work is most extraordinary and is due to a wise and loving servant of Christ, who works in faith, humbly depending on him.

Religion "Pays."

Alfred Smith, a field missionary for the Young Men's Christian Association, met on a steamer an Anglo-Indian, who, after some conversation, voluntarily gave him a check for one hundred thousand dollars for the furtherance of his work. "Now understand me," said the Englishman, "I am no churchman, and don't pretend to be. Then why did I give the money to help along your work? Because that work means money to me. Before you came to India with your missions and club houses, life for a business man was not worth living. Now all is changed. I can go away for weeks knowing that my employees will behave themselves and protect my interests, whereas before, my clerks stole from me, my foreman lied to me, my workmen fought and quarreled. And every employer of labor in India will tell you the same story."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Gain of Godliness.

Many people regard religion chiefly for its future rewards, and as a means of getting to heaven. Many Christian workers and spiritual advisers place disproportionate emphasis on future rewards, neglecting to properly present the profit of godliness in the "life that now is." One of the first religious ideas that most Christian parents impress upon the minds of their children is the necessity of "being good," in order that they may "go to heaven when they die." That, as a motive, forcibly appeals to the child mind because the end presented is so readily appreciated. And that is the main reason why parents so generally make use of the device, for device it is.

It is, of course, not wholly without merit, but as to a motive for "being good," and as a stimulus to true godliness, it is very faulty. The pity of it is that so many, throughout life, cling to that idea as the pet motive of their Christian endeavor. Many people never rise to that higher conception and principle of the Christian life which loves and does righteousness for its own sake. They never reach the point of doing right because it is right, nor of abhorring evil because it is evil, nor of following Christ because he is the Christ and because they stand in need of him in the midst of the years. The spring of their motive is found in this one thing, "I want to get to heaven when I die."—*Herald and Presbyter.*

SERVICE TEN—Sunday Evening

The Faith That Saves

TEXTS FOR SERVICE X

Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—*Acts 16:30, 31.*

What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.—*John 6:28, 29.*

For by grace are ye saved through faith.—*Eph. 2:8.*

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. —*Rom. 10:9.*

That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.—*Eph. 3:17.*

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—*Heb. 11:1.*

And many believed on him there.—*John 10:42.*

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.—*John 3:36.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—Acts 16:30, 31.

1. Christ's death has already provided a free salvation for all.
2. Faith's acceptance of Christ brings salvation to the sinner.
3. Believe and be saved.

What shall we do, that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.—John 6:28, 29.

1. Human pride asks, "What shall we do?"
2. Divine mercy replies, "All is done;" "it is finished."
3. Man's part is humbly to believe, trust in the finished work.

For by grace are ye saved through faith.—Eph. 2:8.

1. Grace provides salvation.
2. Faith appropriates salvation.
3. Works witness to salvation.

That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.—Rom. 10:9.

1. Salvation conditional upon confession.
2. Upon loving trust.
3. Faith confirmed and developed by confession.

That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith.—Eph. 3:17.

1. Faith provides an entrance into the life of Christ.
2. Christ in the heart insures growth in grace.
3. Make your heart his dwelling place.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.—Heb. 11:1.

1. Faith a telescope—it brings the distant near.
2. A microscope—to reveal the otherwise unseen.
3. A wireless telegraph drawing messages from the skies.

And many believed on him there.—John 10:42.

1. Faith is confidence in a person.
2. Faith is a definite act at a definite time.
3. Faith is an act of the will.

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.—John 3:36.

1. Faith is dependence on Christ.
2. This faith is the condition of salvation.
3. This salvation is a present salvation.

SUGGESTIONS

This mid-series service should be one of the most impressive, and productive of special results.

Use the young people's meeting, if you have one on Sunday evening, to reinforce and lead up to the evening service. Instruct the leader or president to bend the meeting in this direction.

If a number have been led to accept Christ during the previous days, announce the fact at the evening service and in the young people's meeting.

If you have consecrated singers available, get them to sing gospel solos.

Use the cards freely. Have individual members watchful for opportunities before and after the service to speak "a word in season."

Emphasize the after talk and invitation; if deemed best, hold a brief after-meeting in another room if one is available. Invite members and others interested, to stay. Sing, pray, call for words of invitation from members in this after-meeting. At its close interview any present who are not members and urge them to a definite decision.

If qualified members are available, have a different leader for the opening song and prayer service each evening.

SEED THOUGHTS

The value of faith is not in itself, but is determined by its object. A drowning man may grasp at every straw or stick that comes in his way, or may be throwing his hands wildly about in hopes of lighting on something which may save him; but such activity will do him no good, because there is nothing for his hands to grasp sufficient to bear him up. It is of no good for a sinner to be examining the character of his faith or the strength of it. What is wanted is to pay attention to the object of our faith. If our faith has taken hold of the Son of God and his finished work, then we know we are saved, not because of the quality of the strength of our faith, but because it has laid hold on that which "is able to save to the uttermost."—*Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost.*

Saving faith is the faith of a transaction.—*Bushnell.*

Quite sure that the acceptance of Christ, with a full reliance on him and the confident appropriation of him, is the transition step to a life of happy and prosperous obedience.—*Thomas Chalmers.*

The first act of inward calling and the first motion of the new man is faith, the necessity of which is so great, that it is celebrated in Scripture as the bond of our union with Christ, the condition of the covenant of grace, the fruit of election, the beginning of sanctification, and the infallible means of salvation.—*Pictet.*

When Christ saith, "Come unto me," he does not say, First love and then come. No! Come to him that you may be made to love him. He does not say, Come because you are melted into contrition; but that you may be. Come, not because you have a deep conviction of sin, but that it may be made deep. Come to him for everything, for help when weary, for hope when desponding, for comfort in sorrow."—*Dean Hook.*

There is a famous rock on the shores of Lake Rangkul, near one of the branches of the upper Oxus, known as the Lamp

Rock of Central Asia. It is so-called, because from a supposed cave in its side a perpetual light shines forth. The rock stands by itself about two hundred feet high, and projects from the mountain-side. The natives have a superstitious dread of the rock, and say the light comes from a diamond in the forehead of a demon, who guards his vast treasures stored in the cave.

The *Geographical Magazine* tells us that the mystery about that wonderful light has been solved. Captain Younghusband, traveler in Central Asia, with great difficulty made the ascent to the cave not long since. A false step in some places would have meant certain death. He entered the cave and saw the light, which he found to be merely the unadulterated light of heaven, coming from the other end of the cave. In fact, it is no cave, but a tunnel right through the rock. From below, the fact cannot be determined that the hole is not a cave, and the light striking up against the roof is all that can be seen.—*Selected.*

In the confusion, the terror, the amazement of soul, the deep distress which so suddenly seized the sin-convicted soul of the Philippian jailer and wrested from him the cry, "What must I do to be saved?" the apostles' all sufficient reply was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

This is God's answer to your soul's need. And you must have absolute confidence in God's word—in what he tells you regarding the way of life.

As a child your faith in the words of your parents was unhesitating and full. And is God any less worthy?

When you find out from experience and God's word what you are and what you need and what God has done to meet that need—then in the full assurance of God's truth and faithfulness, let your soul rest therein. "According to your faith be it unto you." "Yea, let God be true, but every man," yourself included, "a liar."

So no matter what anything in you may say, or what others may say or what Satan may suggest—you are to have faith in God, as against all creation.—*J. H. Campbell.*

A shoemaker in London, during the last great cholera epidemic, printed on a card and placed in his window the follow-

ing words, "Because thou hast made the Lord, even the most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, passing that window, caught the promise and lived on it, and displayed it to his people during all those terrible weeks. Faithful to his duty, he won through the plague, and put heart and courage and life into fainting thousands.

The promises of God are as a banner. They are a symbol of what God is. "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth." These words denote that the inspired writer of long ago believed in doing as the poor shoemaker in London did, namely, in flying the flag.

Flags are flown as reminders of the freedom, justice, protection and beneficent laws for which our country stands. And they arouse a manly response in every heart. Individual men everywhere are awakened to stand for what their flag symbolizes.

Flying the flag of one's trust in God is not less efficacious now than in former days. There are lives ready to be aroused to renewed loyalty and faithfulness as the banner is lifted up. —*Augsburg Teacher.*

When Thomas de Quincey was a youth he asked his mother the meaning of the familiar phrase, "to appropriate Christ." She replied that it meant to trust in the blood of Christ. His keen mind at once went off on a theological quest which spent itself in metaphysical speculations, and in these the young inquirer lost his way. It might have been otherwise if the appropriating act had been directed to the person of Christ. Saving faith directs itself to Christ, and terminates in God. It is the hand-clasp which is the pledge and engagement of the covenant of life.—*Selected.*

Enthrone Christ in the faith of the heart, and the ethical and philosophical phases of religion will adjust themselves to the source and center of spiritual life and power, which is the infinite and eternal God. Exalt Christ to the pinnacle of power to which his divine nature assigns him, and you have the essen-

tial embodiment of life and power, the Lord Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save that which was lost.—*Selected.*

I had a young man in my congregation who believed that he was refusing and rejecting salvation because of some unsolved problems. One day he determined to accept Christ as a Savior, and afterward settle his intellectual difficulties. But, so soon as he had made this decision, he found that his doubt had vanished. He thought that his blindness was intellectual, but his heart turned Godward, the veil was done away. And many a soul has had a like experience. A will to believe clears the mental vision. We see clearly when we are ready to see.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

What is faith? "Grasping Christ by the hand," said a little Irish boy, and he came quite near the truth. Luther said it was "a certain dark confidence," or trusting God in the dark. Again, he said it was "the hand of the soul." There are many kinds, as well as many shades, of faith. On the grades of faith, a good illustration is given by a father who was amusing his children with an electric battery. After one or two had received an electric shock, they drew back from the jar with dread. Presently the father held out the jar uncharged and harmless, and said, "If you touch it now you will feel nothing. Who will try?" The children again drew back with their hands behind them. "Don't you believe me?" said he. "Yes, sir," and the hands were held out to prove their faith, but were quickly withdrawn before they reached the dangerous knob. One alone, a timid little girl, had that kind of faith which really led her to trust her father, and touched the jar. The rest believed, but did not have clear faith.—*E. W. Rice, D. D.*

That upon which the Son of God fastened as worthy of admiration was not the centurion's benevolence, nor his perseverance, but his faith. And so speaks the whole New Testament, giving a special dignity to faith. By faith we are justified. By faith man removes mountains of difficulty. As the divinest attribute in the heart of God is love, and the mightiest, because the most human, principle in the breast of man is faith, love is heaven, faith is that which appropriates heaven.

Faith is a theological term, rarely used in other matters. Hence its meaning is obscured. But faith is no strange, new, peculiar power, supernaturally infused by Christianity; but the same principle by which we live from day to day—one of the commonest in our daily life.

We trust our senses; and that though they often deceive us. We trust men; a battle must often be risked on the intelligence of a spy. A merchant commits his ships, with all his fortunes on board, to a hired captain, whose temptations are enormous. Without this principle society could not hold together for a day. It would be a sand-heap.

Such, too, is religious faith. We trust on probabilities; and this though probabilities often are against us. We cannot prove God's existence. The balance of probabilities, scientifically speaking, are nearly equal for a living person or a lifeless cause. But faith throws its own convictions into the scale, and decides the preponderance.

Faith, then, is that which, when probabilities are equal, ventures on God's side and on the side of right, on the guarantee of a something within which makes the thing seem true because loved.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Our English word "faith," coming as it does from a root which indicates trust, is connected with the Anglo-Saxon verb "faegan," to covenant. Saving faith is the faith of a transaction. To believe on Christ is to receive him. (John 1:12.) The simplest form of covenanting is that in which one of the contracting parties gives and the other receives. God conveys Christ to us by deed of gift, and faith, "nakedly and alone," accepts him. I have taken him, cries faith; he is mine.

Neophytus, in the "Marrow of Modern Divinity," asks Evangelista, "But, sir, hath such an one as I am warrant to believe in Christ?" Evangelista answers, "I beseech you, consider, that God the Father, as he is in his Son Jesus Christ, moved with nothing but with his free love to mankind lost, hath made a deed of gift and grant unto them all, that whosoever of them all shall believe in this his Son shall not perish but have eternal life."—*Selected.*

I believe we shall nowhere better see the true relation between God's gift of faith, and the part which human effort has to play in the attainment of it, than in the narrative of the cure wrought by our Lord upon a man that had a withered hand.

A withered hand; of what spiritual defect is this bodily defect a type or figure? The hand is the organ of touch. He, therefore, whose hand is withered, has lost the sense of touch in that which is the chief organ of the sense. Now consider what impressions we gain from the sense of touch. It is touch which, more than any other sense, convinces us of the reality of matter. What you see might be merely a phantom, an optical illusion, a picture painted on the retina of the eye, and nothing more; but if you go up to the thing you see, and touch it, and handle it, you become assured of its existence, you know that it is substantial. Now what is faith? It may be defined as the faculty by which we realize unseen things—such as the being and presence of God, the work which our Lord did for us, the future judgment, the future recompense of the righteous, and the like unseen things.

I say the faculty, not by which we conceive, but by which we realize these things; feel them to have a body and a substance. To imagine the truths of religion is not to believe them. We may from time to time imagine God as he is in heaven, surrounded by myriads of glorious angels—we may imagine Christ looking down upon us from God's right hand, interceding for us, calling us to account at the last day, and awarding to us our final doom; but the mere picturing these things to ourselves is not the same thing as believing them; the believing them is the having such a conviction of their reality, as to live under their influence, and to be in some measure at least governed by them. In short, to imagine the truths of religion is like surveying things by the eye; to believe in the truths of religion is like grasping the same things with the hand, and thus proving them to have substance and consistency. I need say no more to show that a withered hand, being a hand without the sense of touch, is a very just and suitable

emblem of the soul of the natural man, which has lost the power of faith. For faith is nothing more nor less than the faculty of spiritual touch.

The patient, however, on whose story we are founding these remarks, had not lost the sense of touch altogether. It was only his right hand that was withered; he could handle things with his left. And this may usefully remind us of what has often been pointed out, that man by nature is not a stranger to faith or to its power—that he does exercise it, though within a very limited horizon. Yes, surely. Every victory which man has achieved over nature has been achieved in the power of faith. The husbandman plows and sows in full persuasion of a harvest—that persuasion is faith.—*Selected.*

You are to believe that all the sins, the sorrows, the griefs, the iniquities, of you, A. B., were laid upon him, that he bore them on the accursed tree and was made a curse that you might inherit a blessing, that he tasted death in order that you might taste the gladness and joy of life—even life forevermore. God asks *you,* A. B., to so believe. Dost thou so believe? "According to your faith be it unto you." "Yea, let God be true and every man," yourself included, "a liar." in the face of every element of doubt that would becloud your vision of the lamb slain for you, cast yourself down before him, saying, "Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief" and your spiritual morning will dawn. "Weeping may endure for a night but joy cometh in the morning." Such a vision of Christ for one's self and not for another or others is variously named. It is "looking to Jesus."

"There is life for a look at the crucified One
There is life at this moment for thee.
Then look, sinner, look unto him and be saved
Unto him who was nailed to the tree."

On the strength of your knowledge of what he is and what he has done for you, your whole soul goes out toward him trustfully, lovingly, gratefully, as your God and Savior.—*God's Way Out.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

"I Did Not Know It Was So Simple."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." A man who found Christ in one of the city prisons said some weeks after his conversion, "I never knew before that it was so simple, this coming to Christ, or I should have been a Christian long ago. Why, do you know, I just took that promise that saved the jailer, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,' and I was saved right away."

It is not strange that this man is able to tell the story of salvation in so simple a manner that many are believing and coming to Christ through his testimony and work. There is a lesson right here for Christian workers in general. We make the way too hard. There are too many "ifs" in the way, too much machinery and too many barriers built up, unthinkingly, a great many times, but nevertheless they are put in the way of the one who is seeking Christ.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" means just what it says. Believing, then salvation.

Let us be careful that our teaching and our work along this line is clear, plain and so much to the point that the seeker will not be misled or confused.

Faith Vanquished Doubt.

A German professor who had spent years in compiling the arguments of skepticism was suddenly converted. In reply to the question, "What led you to change your mind so quickly?" he stated that in all his thoughts on religious subjects he had never before consulted the want of his own heart for the assurance of divine grace and communion, and that from the moment when he looked at the matter from that standpoint he could have no doubt that Jesus Christ was the son of God.

The Story of My Conversion.

This little autobiographical fragment from the noted Scotchman, Rev. John MacNeill will go straight home to many a reader's own experience. He says:

I never was bothered with self-righteousness. God always made me honest enough to know the blackness of my heart, and that if my sin had not hatched out the eggs were all there. Fortunately I was a teetotaler. Teetotalism is not salvation, but it often holds till Christ comes. It kept me from setting myself on fire in certain directions till grace came.

I was big enough and old enough to do what we call in Scotland "join the church," but I knew I had not the great qualification for joining the church. I knew my father and mother wished me to join, but I was not going to the Lord's table simply to please them. In my perplexity I wrote to my minister. I put it like this. There is a text—Acts 16:26-31, "And suddenly there was a great earthquake," etc. And the earthquake produced a soulquake. I put that text in my letter. I said, "Minister, I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, all about Jesus, and all the Bible says of sin and salvation and heaven and hell. I believe all about it, but I don't feel one bit the better. There is something wrong." And I sent the letter away.

Two or three days afterwards I was just going to throw up the ticket office window to sell the tickets for the 10:30 sugar-brokers' train at Glasgow, when I saw the postman coming round. He gave me a letter, and I saw the postmark, and I knew my minister's handwriting. I will never forget reading that letter. Dear old man! I helped bury him over a year ago. The letter read:

You will never know, unless you should become a minister yourself, how glad I am to get a frank, open, honest letter from you about your spiritual condition, even although you are evidently all in the dark. I am glad you have taken Acts 16:31 as a challenge text. It says, "Believe," in your heart, of course, as you believe in your mother, your wife; for it is faith, not a proposition of Euclid, but believe, have full confidence in, the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. But, John, you say you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, but don't feel a bit the better for it. Now, I want to know which I am to believe about you. Am I to believe yourself saying, "I don't feel a bit the better," or am I to believe God uttering his verdict on

you in the word that can never lie, God saying that the man who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ is, and shall be eternally saved?

I was checking all God's word by my feelings, and reducing all God's word, no matter what it said, to the level of my feelings, and I did not see that that was no faith at all. And the minister clinched it when he said:

John, you would quote the text of Acts 16:31 as if it read, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you will feel easier," instead of "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." God says it. Never mind your feelings.

It was like the lifting of a curtain for me, and I saw the whole spiritual region standing in an outline bold and clear. No great feeling even then. It was a case of seeing. What the eyes are to the body, faith is to the soul. I was saved. I didn't shout. Presbyterians don't shout. I took a walk in the station, alone, to the far end of the platform. I remember that morning saying to myself, "Has the station been whitewashed?" The very dingy brick wall, all covered with smoke and soot from the engines, looked whiter. It was not the walls, it was my mind that was brightened. Because now, in the scriptural sense, I knew the Lord as mine. I came back and sold the tickets, and didn't say anything, and the next morning I woke up, and my heart was just like a fire you had left burning over night, and I was as cold as could be. The devil said, "It's all a hoax." But I got grace to fight that battle. The minister said I was not to consult my feelings, and I rallied myself. "Has God's word altered through the night?" "No." "Has Acts 16:31 altered?" "No." "Has the value of the blood of Jesus to blot out my sins altered?" "No." Then nothing has altered that I am resting on, nothing but my feelings. And you don't need to rest on your feelings. You are saved by trusting the Lord Jesus Christ.

Faith Takes All From Christ.

A drowning boy was struggling in the water. On shore stood his mother in an agony of fright and grief. By her side stood a strong man seemingly indifferent to the boy's fate. Again and again did the suffering mother appeal to him to save

her boy. But he made no move. By and by, the desperate struggles of the boy began to abate. He was losing strength. Presently he arose to the surface, weak and helpless. At once the strong man leaped into the stream and brought the boy in safety to the shore. "Why did you not save my boy sooner?" cried the now grateful mother. "Madam, I could not save your boy so long as he struggled. He would have dragged us both to certain death. But when he grew weak, and ceased to struggle, then it was easy to save him."

To struggle to save ourselves is simply to hinder Christ from saving us. To come to the place of faith, we must pass from the place of effort to the place of accepted helplessness. Our very efforts to save ourselves turn us aside from that attitude of helpless dependence upon Christ which is the one attitude we need to take in order that he may save us. It is only when we "cease from our own works" and depend thus helplessly upon him that we realize how perfectly able he is to save without any aid from us.—*James H. McConkey.*

The Upward Look.

St. Cuthbert was once in a snowstorm that drove his boat on the coast of Fife. "The snow closes the road along the shore," mourned his comrades, "the storm bars our way over the sea." "There is still the way of heaven that lies open," said the saint.

A Tuned Receiver.

Marconi's new discovery has astonished two continents. At his little station on the coast of Newfoundland he has received wireless telegraphic messages from Great Britain, across three thousand miles of ocean that lie between. His discovery may yet supersede all cables, telephones and ordinary telegraphy by wire. It is the greatest wonder of the new century—and, like other wonders, simple enough. His instrument sets in motion certain waves in that ether which pervades and surrounds all things. These waves, like the ripples in a pond, spread in every direction, and when they reach any receiver far or near tuned to take them, they give their message to it. A receiver not tuned to the proper pitch, however, is useless; the subtle

ether waves pass it by to give their message elsewhere. Thus, a hundred messages may reach a tuned receiver with absolute certainty, while one wrongly tuned misses them all.

Like all great physical facts in this world of God's making, this new discovery finds an analogy in the realm of spiritual and moral fact. How many souls assert that, to them, the voice of God is obscured, and his direct message an unknown experience! The Bible is to them an unreal record. For how could Moses and Abraham, David and Paul receive a direct inspiration? Answers to prayer they do not believe in. They have never had any, nor does such a thing seem possible to their minds. Indeed, they proclaim the impossibility of any direct personal communications with the Divine Spirit so loudly and emphatically that many weak Christians are led to wonder whether there really can be any efficacy in prayers or any absolute knowledge of God by a human soul.

Does it not all depend upon the receiver? The message is there, whispering through all the universe. The soul in tune with the divine hears it, obeys it, records it. The untuned soul misses it inevitably—but does that make it any the less real and true? The fault is not in the message, but in the receiver. Once in tune, messages will come, straight and clear, and keep on coming. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," prayed the lad Samuel in that dark time when no prophet had risen in Israel for many years; and the word of the Lord came to Samuel, direct and powerful, at once. It had only been waiting for a soul tuned to hear it. Are our souls in tune today for divine messages? If not, can we expect to receive them?—*The Wellspring.*

A Slave's View of Faith.

I once found myself in company with a party of friends in the gallery of a small village church, listening to a discourse from a colored minister. One illustration he used was so full of quaint simplicity, and at the same time so expressive of his meaning, that it struck me forcibly. He was showing how a sinner should accept the gospel offers of salvation.

"Suppose," said he, "any of you wanted a coat, and should go to a white gentleman to purchase one. Well, he has one that

exactly fits you, and in all respects is just what you need. You ask the price, but when told, find you have not enough money, and you shake your head, 'No, massa; I am too poor; must go without' and turn away. But he says, 'I know you can not pay me, and I have concluded to give it to you. Will you have it?' What would you do in that case? Would you stop to hem and haw, and say, 'Oh, he's just laughing at me; he don't mean it?' No such thing. There is not one of you who would not take the coat, and say, 'Yes, massa, and thank you, too.'

"Now, my dear friends, God's salvation is offered you as freely as that; why won't you take it freely? You are lost, undone sinners, and feel that you need a covering from his wrath. If you could keep his holy law blameless, you might purchase it by good works; but you are full of sin, and that continually. Prayers and tears are worthless. You are poor, indeed, and if this is all your dependence, I don't wonder that you are turning off in despair. But stop—look here! God speaks now and offers you the perfect robe of Christ's righteousness, that will cover all your sins, and fit your wants, and he says that you may have it 'without money and without price.' O brethren, my dear brethren, do take God's word for it, and thankfully accept his free gift."

What impression the words had on the old man's colored hearers I can not tell; but as our party left the church, one of the ladies remarked to another, "What a strange idea that was about the coat!" "My dear friend," was the reply, "it suited my state of mind, rough and unpolished as it was, better than all Dr. —'s elaborate and eloquent arguments this morning. I am so glad that I came here. How simple! How plain! Free grace alone! Yes, I will take God at his word—

'Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.'"

Anchored.

A Chicago firm of engineers planned for a large department store for Pittsburg. The problems presented were peculiar. The river at Pittsburg rises so high as to flood the basements of all the stores and make them useless for stock or the sale of

merchandise. The plan for this building contemplated the construction under the great store of an immense basin of water-proof construction, from high-water line to a depth of thirty feet. This it was felt would solve all the difficulties. But when the buoyancy of such a basin was computed it was found that at high water it would float the building, merchandise, machinery, employees, and trades-people. This would convert the building into a dangerous kind of boat. There was but one solution of the difficulty. The boat must be anchored. To this end it was planned to run great cables down to the solid rock and so embed them in the rock that the building would be held under the greatest possible stress. Man is like the building, in a dangerous position, both for himself and others unless anchored. Jesus is the sure rock, anchored to which, everything is secure.

A Vision.

One girl who had "come through" in a Wesleyan revival after being insensible, related that in a swoon she thought herself on an island, and saw Satan, in a hideous form, just ready to devour her, hell all around ready to receive her, and herself just ready to drop in. But just as she was dropping the Lord appeared between her and the gulf and would not let her fall. Of course, this was the vision of an abnormal mental state, but nevertheless it is a picture of the soul saved by Christ—the awful loneliness, the danger, the rescue, the glorious deliverance which Christ brings.

Faith's Assurance.

On a gray summer dawn, between Dundee and St. Andrew's, when John Knox lay so extremely sick that few hoped for his life, Master James Balfour willed him to look to the land, and asked him if he knew it. He answer, "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God first opened my mouth in public to his glory, and I am fully persuaded how weak that ever I now appear, I shall not depart this life till my tongue shall glorify his holy name in the same place." He lived for more than twenty-five years after this.

Faith's Consecration.

Don Jesus Pico had been once taken prisoner by Fremont in California, and released on parole. When he was again captured at the head of the Californians he was brought before a court martial and sentenced to be shot. The soldiers were drawn upon a plaza. At the last moment a lady in black and a group of children came to the room of General Fremont, the windows of which looked upon the place of execution. It was the wife of Pico, who came to entreat the life of her husband. After listening to her, Fremont sent for Pico. He came in, with the gray face of a man expecting death, but calm and brave while feeling it so near. He was a handsome man, within a few years of forty. Fremont pointed through the window to the troops paraded in the square. He knew why they were there. "You were about to die," said Fremont, "but your wife has saved you. Go and thank her." He fell on his knees, made on his fingers the sign of the cross. "I was to die," he said to Fremont: "I had lost the life God gave me: you have given me another life. I devote my new life to you." He did it faithfully. He accompanied Fremont on his march south, and remained with him until he left California.—*The Youth's Companion.*

"Did God Send You, Sir."

A gentleman saw two children before him in the cars, a boy and a girl. They were traveling alone, and both looked tired. Toward noon the little girl got up from her seat, and presently he saw her kneeling on the floor, with her head bowed in the cushion. Was she sick? Did she find this an easy way to sleep? No, she was praying.

"What are you doing, my little girl?" he asked, when she got up.

"I was saying, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,'" she said.

"And what are you doing it for now?" he asked again.

"I'm so hungry," she said.

"We've been traveling two days," said the boy, "and our luncheon is all gone."

The gentleman wished he had something in his pocket, but it was empty. At the next stopping place he went out himself and bought something for the children to eat.

When he handed it to the child, "I knew it would come," she said, looking up with a blush of joy upon her face. "Did God send you, sir?"

Yes, God sent the gentleman. The child did not see how the cars were to furnish the "daily bread," going so fast, and no pantry. But the Son of God taught her to pray "Give us this day our daily bread," and the little girl believed it. She asked him and God well knows ever so many ways to answer our prayers. You see, he let a kind gentleman bring her some.

There is a small word in the Bible about which some people ask, "What does it mean?" The word is faith. What is faith? It is asking God, believing and trusting him. That is what the little girl did; and it is the kind of asking which God loves, and loves to answer.

Faith in Christ.

There was a woman who had a reputation for simple faith that had reached to another woman who needed just such a faith, and who went to see her. "Are you," she asked, "the woman with the great faith?" "No," was the wise reply, "I am not the woman with the great faith, but I am the woman with the little faith in a great God."—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

Faith Illustrated.

At one time in the Scottish Highlands there was terrible destitution and poverty among the people. There was a distribution of a meal to take place. Some old women arrived from a distant glen. Not having made application for help, they hesitated to ask those distributing the meal to let them also be partakers of the bounty provided. At last they deputed one of their number to go forward and seek help for them. As she went from them they hid their faces in their plaids. When she drew near she could not speak, but holding out her bare arms, which were worn to a skeleton, she burst into tears. That was enough. She was helped at once. When we come believing and in sore need, the need, like the skeleton arms of the woman, appeals to our Lord and he hastens to

supply us. Recall the stories of Jesus and those who came to him, and you will find that he was ever pleased with faith and always responded to it.—*Augsburg Teacher.*

A clergyman visiting the Great Pyramid in Egypt ascended the great gallery. The descent was along a narrow and slippery shelf, the only light being a bit of candle held by an Arab guide. As they came to a sharp corner, where the path below was lower, narrower, more slippery and over a deep chasm, the candle went out. The guide directed the minister to get on his shoulders, that he might be carried thus over the chasm. The minister said, "Let me rest one hand on you and the other on the rock." "No, you must rest both on me," was the answer. "I will try myself, and you shall help me." "No, you lean all weight on Arab," he continued. "But wait till I ascertain what you are standing on." "No, you are quite safe resting on Arab." Seeing there was no alternative, he yielded, and was carried safely over. Implicit trust in God is never a risk.

A young lady once came to her pastor in perplexity. "I have always believed in the New Testament," she said. "How must I believe differently in order to become a Christian?" After some counsel, a light broke over her face and she exclaimed, "Why, all I have to do is to believe as I have always believed, but begin to act as if I believed it!" To begin at once to act as if Christ were our Lord and Savior and to keep on trying to do his will is the beginning of salvation. Professor Peabody says that the road directions to the heavenly city are very simple, "Take the first turn to the right and keep straight on." But to live beside the highway will do us no good if we never set out on the journey. The demand for faith is not arbitrary. "Nothing venture, nothing have." But he who invests his life without reserve will reach a rich reward.—*Noyes.*

Trusting the Doctor.

A doctor was once visiting a Christian patient. He had himself long been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God. The Spirit had convinced him of his sin and need, and he longed to find peace. On this occasion, addressing

himself to the sick one, he said, "I want you to tell me just what it is—this believing and getting happiness, faith in Jesus, and all that sort of thing that brings peace." His patient replied, "Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing in this sickness of mine, and I have put my case into your hands. I am trusting to you. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus." A new light broke upon the physician's soul. "Is that all?" he exclaimed, "simply trusting in the Lord Jesus? I see it as I never did before. He has done the work."

What He Did Know.

In some meetings of the Salvation Army in Birmingham, England, one of the worst men in that city was converted. It was not long before some of his former evil associates began to make fun of him, and such a conversation as the following ensued:

"You say you are a Christian; who was the father of Jesus Christ?" "I don't know."

"Who was his mother?" "I don't know."

"When did he live?" "I don't know."

"How old was he when he died?" "I don't know."

"How did he die?" "I don't know."

"Well, you are a pretty Christian; you don't know who was the father of Jesus, or who was his mother, or when he lived, or when he died, or how he died,—what do you know?" Then the rough, but genuine Christian man lifted his head and looking those who were taunting him in the face, replied, "I know that he saved me."—*R. W. Dale, D. D.*

Trust in the Good Shepherd.

A company of hunters were eating their lunch up in the Scotch highlands when one of them spied, on the face of a great precipice opposite, a sheep on a narrow ledge of rock. He pointed it out to the rest, and one of the guides explained that the sheep had been tempted by the sight of green grass to jump down to some ledge a foot or two from the top of the cliff. Soon, having eaten all the grass there, and unable to get back, there was nothing else for it to do but scramble

down to some lower ledge; there in turn it would finish what might be there and have to jump to some ledge yet lower.

"Now it has got to the last," said he, looking through the field glass and seeing that below it went the steep cliff without a break for two or three hundred feet.

"What will happen to it now?" asked the others eagerly. "Oh, now it will be lost! The eagles will see it and swoop down upon it, and, maddened with fright and hunger, it will leap over the cliff and be dashed to pieces on the rocks below."

Is it not just like that, that a soul goes astray? A man is tempted to partake of the pleasures that are on the ledge just a little lower than the high tableland of moral life on which he has lived. Do some of you not know what it means? It is only a little way down, so you think, to that show of pleasure or seeming gain, attractive as the show of green grass was to the sheep. You expect to go right back, but it is easier to go down to the next ledge than it is to get back, and so down you go, like King Saul and like the lost sheep. One year, two years pass away, and your heart becomes harder and more indifferent than you thought possible for you.

Do not despair, even though you are on the last ledge, the Good Shepherd is hunting for you. He has left the ninety and nine in the wilderness and has come out over the bleak mountains of sin seeking for you. If you will heed his voice, he will lift you again to the highlands of peace and joy. He, and he alone, can save you.—*W. B. Gray.*

SERVICE ELEVEN—Monday Evening

The Great Decision

TEXTS FOR SERVICE XI

Choose you this day whom ye will serve.—*Josh. 24:15.*

And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.—*1 Kings 18:21.*

So these nations feared the Lord and served their graven images.—*2 Kings 17:41.*

But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. —*Josh. 24:15.*

Now therefore fear the Lord.—*Josh. 24:14.*

And this is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment.—*1 John 3:23.*

Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—*Ps. 37:3. 37:3.*

Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.—*Mark 9:24.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

Choose you this day whom you will serve.—Josh. 24:15.

1. Christ urges salvation upon us.
2. To have him as our Savior we must choose him as our Lord to serve.
3. Danger in delay; "this day."

And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word.—1 Kings 18:21.

1. The sin of spiritual indecision.
2. The urgent demand for whole-hearted choice.
3. Souls dead to earnest appeal.

So these nations feared the Lord and served their graven images.—2 Kings 17:41.

1. God will have all or nothing. (Ex. 20:3-6.)
2. Men often attempt to combine worldliness and religon.
3. The attempt is always futile.

But as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.—Josh. 24:15.

1. A noble resolve.
2. A bold avowal.
3. A father's influence and example.

Now, therefore, fear the Lord.—Josh. 24:14.

1. Witness bearing.
2. Soul winning.
3. Zeal for God.

And this is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ.—1 John 3:23.

1. Believing an inestimably great privilege.
2. But also a definite command.
3. Refusal not merely personal loss, but disobedience to God.

Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—Ps. 37:3.

1. An explicit requirement; "trust;" "do good."
2. An incidental advantage pointed out.
3. God cares for those who honor him; "be fed."

Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.—Mark 9:24.

1. Glad response to Christ's invitation.
2. Conscious insufficiency.
3. Christ's help depended upon and prayed for.

SUGGESTIONS

After yesterday's full program it would be well to make this service brief, and earnest, and a time for decision. Remember the physical needs of your workers. Limit the service to an hour.

The pastor must remember his own strength limitations also and hold force in reserve for the demands of the days and nights to follow. The sermon of the evening might be made more informal; a platform talk, interspersed with several of the telling illustrations given in this section. Let the sermon and service be brief, but make every minute count.

Seek more and more to concentrate upon overcoming reluctant, temporizing, procrastinating wills.

Evangelistic literature, leaflets and booklets may be used throughout this week with telling effect. If the services have developed interest, many will be in a reading mood, and receptive.

Offer to meet inquirers after the service.

SEED THOUGHTS

"Whosoever will, let him come." One of the things God cannot do is to force you against your choice into surrender. Your surrender must be deliberate. It must be your own. It must be. God can open the blind eye or unstop the deaf ear, or paint a lily bell, or form a dewdrop or create the trill of the bird song, or open the gates of the morning without a creak of their hinges, or set an atom swinging in the sunshine, with all its rhythm and poetry, as much as is in the movement of a constellation; but he can save no man against his will. The will must surrender. And if some of you do not mind God you will have to hear him say, "I wanted to save you, but you would not let me; I wanted to." He said that to Jerusalem, remember. Just before he hung on the nails he said, "I would, but ye would not. I wanted to, but you said, 'No.' I spread forth my hand to you, but you would not take hold of it. I would have lifted you to joys ineffable, but you said, 'No.' I came to deck your brow with heaven's richest diadem, but you played the fool and you just went down in the dirt and said, 'I am satisfied with the perishable, the earthly.' I offered you heaven, but you said, 'Earth is good enough.' I offered you glory, but you were satisfied with self. I wanted to but you would not. I tried, but you said, 'No.' I offered you my heart but you refused it." Are you going to do this thing forever? If I could settle this matter for you I would in less time than it takes to say so. If these arms were strong enough I would put them around this house and I would lift you all to Jesus Christ. You should have no more sorrow, nor tears, nor pain, nor disappointment. I would lift you right up to the presence of the king, and say, "Lord Jesus, here is one armful. Will you give me a little more strength and let me go down for another, for I think I can find another?" But that would not do it. Every man must come for himself; every woman must come for herself.—*Gipsy Smith.*

There is no midway position in the discussion and settlement of the high questions which Christianity introduces; there is no middle class between the friends and the foes of Jesus. Neutrality is criminality; indifference is treason. "He that is not with me, is against me."—*Rylance.*

The fate of Absalom points a moral so clearly that he who runs may read. Are we in open rebellion against the king of kings or listening to the honeyed words of his enemies? If so, our overthrow is certain. If we are not with God, his Word declares, we are against him. We cannot occupy neutral ground. We are called upon to choose whom we will serve. And if we enlist under the Lord's banner, even though like David we may have been unworthy servants, nothing can prevail against us. The battle for righteousness is on and will continue until the last enemy has been subdued. Shall we, heirs apparent to the kingdom, as was Absalom, incite rebellion and abandon our hope of inheritance by engaging in a losing contest, or shall we serve the king with gladness?—*Selected.*

You are a sinner by nature.

The fact that sin has entered into the heart of man shows that God has created him with the power of deliberate choice, and that he has abused that privilege.

But God in his wonderful love has provided a salvation that also depends upon choice.

Moreover, it is a choice that includes personality. We are not asked merely to choose the right, but to accept and trust in a person who has proved himself in every way to be worthy our faith and love.

Choose ye, then, whom ye will serve, sin or Christ. Oh, the folly of stopping a moment in the decision!

> I realize my sin, and hear thy voice
> Inviting all to make the Christ their choice;
> I answer, "Lord, I come," and then rejoice.—*Selected.*

Thousands of people all over the land are making the wise and happy choice of Jesus Christ. Perhaps quite as many are thinking about the subject of religion, and are yet halting. To

this class it may not be impertinent to address, very frankly and lovingly, the question: What hinders you from accepting Christ? It is very certain that God does not; there is no "divine decree," either secret or revealed, that stands in your way. On the contrary, there is a glorious decree that whosoever believes on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved. Nothing in the Bible—if you read it in its full scope and with honest eyes—can hinder you. And if you are determined to break off from your sins and to obey Jesus Christ it is not in the power of any fellow-mortal on earth, or of any devil in hell, to prevent you from becoming a Christian. The only effectual hindrance to any man's becoming a Christian lies in his own heart. When Jesus knocks at the heart's door, and asks admission, it is something inside the heart—not outside—that locks the door and keeps the Savior out. That something may be a flimsy pretext, or a powerful lust; but every real hindrance that keeps a sinner from accepting Christ lies in that sinner's own heart.—*Cuyler.*

Decision of character has ever been esteemed a valuable trait. It is the strongest evidence of littleness and triviality of soul, to hang undecided, although all the facts and truths on which a decision should be based are fully before the mind. This temper is the sure occasion of disaster. Indecision lets slip the golden opportunity, and forfeits the tide in the affairs of men "which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." Efforts weakly made in inconsistent directions, neutralize each other, and waste labor. While the double minded man is hesitating, the man of decision has viewed his ground, has formed his plans and has half accomplished it. Without decision of character no man was ever successful in any secular undertaking, except by accident, and for a short time.

If indecision is so disastrous in temporal affairs, what must be its mischiefs in the more momentous concerns of the soul? Here its folly is enhanced by the critical nature of the interest, the plainness of the duty to every clear mind, the vastness of the stake and the uncertainty of the time.—*R. L. Dabney, D. D.*

Every hour's delay weakens the power of conscience. Every hour's delay grieves that Holy Spirit who is pleading with you. The farmer who lets the golden days of autumn slip by without sowing his wheat, soon finds the soil turned to iron under the frosts of December. Your heart grows harder every day. Every day you waste in procrastination, robs your life of its richest, sweetest satisfaction, and decreases your chance of salvation. It is a well-established fact that the chances of salvation diminish with a rapid ratio after the plastic period of youth has passed.—*The Independent.*

There are some men who try to excuse themselves from their duty by saying, "Well, I am not a member of the church." Such a plea as that adds to your responsibility instead of removing it from you. If you are not a member of the church there is just as much obligation resting upon you to save men as there is resting upon any church member in this world. In fact, I think that the burden you bear is a heavier one. We who are members of the church have tried to do something, and you have not tried to do anything, in the Christian service. It is just as much your duty to endeavor to lead men to God as it is the duty of any minister or any church-member. Some of us who are in the church have been unworthy and have done our work but feebly, but many of us have tried to do something; and you have not only not tried to do anything, but have been unwilling to let your influence tell upon the other side. Your excuse is like that of the son who spent the morning in idleness while his brother worked, and then gave as a reason for not working in the afternoon, that he had not done his duty in the morning. It would simply be an added reason why he should work harder in the afternoon.—*Mills.*

Hesitating and divided service of God and the world is useless and impracticable. Such a life is but time and labor thrown away. Consider who God is, how sovereign, majestic, righteous, and how jealous. Will he accept a divided heart? A heart divided with such a rival? Remember what the Christian life is—a race, a wrestle, a labor, a warfare. Can the halting man win the race? Can the maimed soul fight this battle successfully? When the righteous scarcely are saved,

with all their zeal, where shall the hesitating sinner appear? Because of this, such a prize as heaven will never be won by these feeble strivings. But the world is also an exacting master, and refuses to dispense his favors to any but those who give him their whole heart. If this is to be your God, why mar his service with this abortive religiousness? It is but an uncompensated loss of those "pleasures of sin which are but for a season." It only hinders your enjoyment of the world. It troubles you with importunate thoughts of the future. And yet it effects nothing towards the salvation of the soul. If, therefore, you will not follow God in earnest, it will be much more rational to say with the atheist, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," than to continue your halting. It will be better for you to make the utmost of your sinful joys, and then for the rest enter into covenant with death and agreement with hell.—*The Homiletic Review.*

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
> On such a full sea are we now afloat;
> And we must take the current when it serves,
> Or lose our ventures.—*Julius Caesar.*

Man's belief can limit the manifestations of divine goodness, and even prevent a work of grace in an individual heart, or in a community at large. Christ could do not many mighty works, even in his own country, because of the unbelief of the people. This matter of unbelief among the people explains the painful problem of many a fruitless ministry, and lays the axe of blame at the very root of the tree, which should not cumber the soil of the soul. The utter barrenness of thousands of churches, many of them strong in every other way, is owing to the fact that they have no faith in God, and consequently no spiritual life or power. Of course, an unspiritual church cannot impart life to a dead world. Where faith exists God really grants displays of his saving power, even in a miraculous manner. Ethics and philosophy are not sufficient. They

may be substituted for Christianity, but they are not its equivalent and never can be.—*Selected.*

But man is also free. He has a will of his own, and may set his will against God's will. He became a sinner by preferring sin. Preference for sin consequently became the trend and bias of his nature. Ultimate salvation therefore is in no sense mechanical, or a taking of the man from one place to another, but an eradication of this "bent to sinning," and a restoration of the soul to harmonious fellowship with God in righteousness and true holiness. The sinner is to be saved from his sins, not only from guilt, but from the sinful affections and desires which lead him astray and soil and spoil his character. This cannot be done,—notwithstanding all the provisions of gospel grace,—without man's consent. The man must will to be saved. He must make deliberate choice of God and of his way of salvation.

In this aspect of the case the human will is supreme, its decision final. There is no appeal from it. The grace of God, intervening in our fall, preserved within us and amid the wreckage of our lives, this God-like power of a free choice. The human will is autocratic.—*Spreng.*

Possibly you seek to throw the responsibility of your impenitence on other people, whereas the real reason why you are not a Christian is that you are not willing to become one. There is nothing peculiar in your case. The real hindrance with every unconverted person lies in his or her own heart. "Ye will not come to me," says the blessed Jesus, "that ye might have life." One endeavors to excuse himself, as you do, by harping on the inconsistencies of church members. Another is too completely absorbed in money-getting to give any serious thought to his soul. Another is enslaved by secret sensualities. I have known scores who have been often plead with by the Holy Spirit, and who have bolted the door of their heart against Christ with hands trembling under the influence of the bottle. Another is afraid of the laugh of irreligious associates. Another one is content to hang his eternal welfare on the hope of a universal salvation and denies

all future retribution. All these hindrances lie in the hearts of the unconverted. God did not put them there, nor does he do aught to keep them there. They will all vanish like morning mist at the rising of the sun the moment that you and others like you determine to open your hearts to Jesus Christ. He says to you, "Trust me!"—*Cuyler.*

It will be a happy day for your home when that decision takes place. It will be a blessed hour for your wife and your children and your mother and those who love you. And I can believe that there are some children in some homes in Brooklyn who are praying this afternoon for fathers who are expected to be in this service. I can believe there are mothers somewhere in this city or in this state or country who know that their sons are going to be at this service and are praying that this may be the hour when their prayer may be answered. O God, let the answer come. O men, don't let another day pass without that decision. If you let this mission close without such a decision you may not see another mission or look in the face of another missioner. You may never hear another gospel appeal. God says now, "What are you going to do with my Son, Jesus, who died for you? Who loved you enough to die for you? What are you going to do with him?"—*Gipsy Smith.*

Our Lord did not by a mere act of his own will restore the impotent man's hand—he bade the man to do something. And what he bade him to do sounded impossible in the present circumstances of the patient. He told him to stretch forth his hand,—a hand which was probably cramped together and curved by the complaint,—a hand in which there was no muscular power, and over which the brain had no control. And yet there was a meaning in the command, and a meaning which the patient understood. The meaning was that he should try to act as if the withered hand had been sound,—try to unclinch those fast-set fingers, to unroll that long-closed palm. Very probably the thought flashed like lightning across the poor creature's mind, "He has healed hundreds who simply did as he bade them. He bids me do this; and there-

fore I must be equal to doing this, or at least he will make me equal." "And he stretched it forth,"—he made the effort which he had been bidden to make,—his will roused itself,—his brain issued once more the order which hitherto, as regarded that member, had produced no effect; and he finds with delight that the order is now obeyed, the hand unrolls itself, stretches itself toward the Savior, casts off its old incapacity, is restored whole as the other.—*Selected.*

"Stop trying and let Jesus do the work," is excellent advice. Only it does not go far enough. How can Jesus do it? By believing with all your heart that he is able, that he is willing, that if you let him he doeth it.

You know he is able—able to save to the uttermost; able to keep from falling; yea, "from stumbling." (Jude 24); able to "succor the tempted" (Heb. 2:18); able to "make all grace abound," (2 Cor. 9:8). Indeed he is gloriously able, for all power is given unto him in heaven and on earth.

He is also willing. His promises express his will concerning us. Read very attentively and very frequently, Ezek. 36:25-27. This is his will concerning you.—*Selected.*

What are you going to do with Jesus? That is what I want you to think of. This is the question I have come to ask you: What are you going to do with Jesus? Something you must do. Something you will do. Something you are doing, and the answer you give to the question will settle your character. You will be a good man or a bad man, according to the answer you give to that question. Your goodness as a man depends upon how you answer that momentous question, the question which throbs and pulsates with the interests of two worlds, time and eternity. I repeat it, for I would have you grip it. Listen! You will be a good man only as you stand in right relationship to Jesus Christ. You cannot be a good man unless you enthrone him in your heart and life. You will be a bad man, a wicked man, a crooked man, if you treat Jesus badly. No man can close his heart to Jesus Christ and remain a good man, for Jesus Christ is the source of all goodness, of all purity, of all nobility and of all true manhood. If you shut

him out of your life you are shutting them out, and the spring, and the strength, and the inspiration of all that helps you to be true to God.—*Gipsy Smith.*

Moreover, you are sacredly bound to pursue, at the earliest hour, the most thorough inquiry into the claims of the gospel and never to rest until you either ascertain its certain falsity or the impossibility of a decisive conclusion. For, if it is indeed true, then you undoubtedly owe it your allegiance, and he who loves his duty must desire to remove that ignorance, which, he suspects, obstructs its performance. This may be shown by a simple parallel. You have had a settlement of intricate transactions with your neighbor. After he has paid you your claims new evidence reaches you, making it probable that the settlement has been unjust to him, and that certain parts of the sum paid you are his property. Will any man say that, because it is only suspected and not certain, you may retain the money and refuse all inquiry? He who is capable of this has the heart of a thief. If the suspicion should turn out truth, you would be found depriving your neighbor of his goods. The doubt, as soon as it is awakened, originates an obligation, which every honest mind will admit, to a new and faithful inquiry.

So, if there is a suspicion that the gospel may have claims upon you, you are under obligations to a dispassionate and thorough inquiry, in order that if this debt of faith and love is indeed due, you may pay for it at once.—*Selected.*

Large faith gets large blessings; small faith receives but small favors. We should go to God with great expectations, making large requests, believing his promises. We should never be discouraged by delays, by seeming repulses, by obstacles and hindrances. We should fight our way to victory. With infinite fullness in our Father's hand, we should not live in spiritual beggary, as so many of his children do. He has large things for us, and we should take them from his hand. This is a wonderful saying, "Be it done unto thee even as thou wilt." The words simply throw heaven open to our faith. We can get—we do get—what we will. So upon ourselves comes the responsibility of the less or the more blessings

which we receive from the bountiful God. If we expect little we shall get little. If our expectation is great we shall receive much.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

Are pastors working diligently, daily, persistently to bring people, old and young, now to decide, to begin, and to persist in the religious life, or are they waiting for "next winter?" The policy of postponement silently adopted means a deal of heresy in the thinker and must result in a deal of harm to the church and the community.

The time for a soul to be saved is today. The time for a soul to be approached with a view to his salvation is today. The time to be talked about as the fit time for the persuading of a soul to set about the seeking of his salvation is today. The time for the church to emphasize and insist upon the seeking of salvation by a soul is today. We have nothing to do with tomorrow. We do not know that there will be any tomorrow. And when the church adopts the theory and the policy of the worldling and talks about "salvation tomorrow" it forgets that "today," that now is the time for salvation.—*The Congregationalist.*

Man born in sin has his natural desires, impulses, cravings, and moves out along the directions in which they push or draw him. He follows his bent, pursues his natural ambitions, yields to his inclinations, gratifies his passions, indulges his selfish will, taking his cue from his own carnal desires. So doing he follows the bent of a nature which is corrupt, tending to evil, having in it seeds of depravity, capable, if unrestrained and unrenewed, of baseness and wickedness. And he is certain, if he follows the gravitation of his nature, to live a life pitched from the first on a low key and descending lower and lower. But, by the mercy of God, he is not left to do this, unadmonished, unrestrained, unhelped. Heaven proposes and pictures to us, even demands of us, a better life than we naturally lead; rebukes our low ways; tells us of a nobler way; invites and urges us to rise toward it. This is what the whole Bible is for.—*The Ripening Experience of Life.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

With Earnest Purpose.

An old man once lost a bank note in his barn. He looked for it several times, but could not find it. At last he said to himself, "That note certainly is in the barn somewhere, and I will search for it until I find it." Accordingly he went to work and carefully moved straw and hay, hour after hour, till he at last found the note. A few weeks later the old man sat by his fire musing over his spiritual state, for he felt he was not right with God. Turning to his wife, he asked, "What must I do to become a Christian?" "You must seek for it," she replied, "as you sought for the bank note." The words made a deep impression on him; he followed their advice, and ere long was rich in spiritual joy and blessing.

"Since Now."

Three new pupils had been received into the Argentine mission school. I suggested that before beginning the Bible study we spend a few minutes in personal testimony, intimating that each should tell when she had given herself to Jesus, saying that I had myself done so at the age of fourteen.

At that word I noticed a quick flash of intelligence pass over the face of one of the new girls, followed instantly by a very serious expression that continued until it came her turn to "take the word." I asked:

"Are you a Christian, Deolinda?"

There was a doubtful nod in response. I varied the question.

"Have you given yourself to God?"

This was answered by a decidedly more positive nod.

"Do you realize that Jesus is your Savior, and that you are God's child?"

All at once the black eyes flashed with joy, the whole face was transfigured, and the nod was accompanied by a very soft, "Si, senora." (Yes, ma'am.)

"Since when?" I asked, my own heart filled with gladness.

"Since now," was the unequivocal testimony, and from that hour she set herself definitely and joyfully to prepare for a lifework in his service.

Disuse of Function Means Decay of Faculty.

John Burroughs relates that a number of years ago a friend in England sent him a score of skylarks in a cage. He gave them their liberty in a field near where he lived. They drifted away, and he never heard or saw them again. But one Sunday a Scotchman from a neighboring city called on him and declared, with visible excitement, that on his way along the road he had heard a skylark. He was not dreaming, he knew it was a skylark, though he had not heard one since he had left the banks of the Doon, a quarter of a century before. The song had given him infinitely more pleasure than it would have given to the naturalist himself. Many years ago some skylarks were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there, and may now occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day a lover of birds journeyed out from the city in order to observe them. A lark was soaring and singing in the sky above him. An old Irishman came by and suddenly stopped as if transfixed to the spot. A look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face. Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat and turned his face skyward, and with moving lips and streaming eyes stood a long time regarding the bird. "Ah," thought the student of nature, "if I could only hear that song as he hears it with his ears!" To the man of science it was only a bird song to be critically compared to a score of others, but to the other it brought back his youth and all those long-gone days on his native hills!—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Shrinking From the Ordeal.

A woman said, "I would like to be a Christian, but I don't want to do that thing." I said, "You know as well as I do if you came to Jesus and took him as your Savior and he said, 'I want you to do that very thing,' you would say, 'Lord, I will try to do it,' would you not?" And she said, "I believe I would." Don't you see you are allowing the devil to keep you from him, and stumbling over something that is not essential. Settle the surrender; decide that you will be his first, and settle the other questions afterward. Say, "Lord, I will be thine." A city girl said to me the other day, "I have six

girl friends and I am the leader of the party, and if I become a Christian, if I am converted, shall I have to give them all up?" I said, "No; you get converted properly and they will give you up and save you the trouble. They will quickly quit your company. They will either want your religion or quit you." She decided for Jesus, and before the mission was over all the six friends had done the same.—*Gipsy Smith.*

Refusing a Pardon.

When missionary at Dorchester, I frequently visited the penitentiary there. One day an officer called my attention to a prisoner and related this story of him: When a young man he had been convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to life-imprisonment. After several years, her majesty, Queen Victoria, granted a pardon. The world, however, had lost its attraction, and after a few days' liberty he returned to prison, requesting to be re-admitted. His request was granted and he remained at Halifax until the Maritime Penitentiary was built at Dorchester, and the long-term prisoners removed thereto. When the prisoners were marched from the depot to the penitentiary, all but this man were handcuffed and strictly guarded. He followed the line at a little distance, and requested a place in the new institution, where he had been for several years when I saw him. By the grace of his sovereign a free man, entitled upon request to a full suit of civilian's clothing, clad in which the great prison gate would open for him as readily as for the warden himself! Yet, so long as he preferred prison life, he must submit to prison discipline. He must wear that gloomy prison garb. When the bell rang at six o'clock he must fall into line with the others, be satisfied with prison fare, and at the appointed hour repair to his cell, where the iron door closed upon him, where again he listened to the heavy bolt grating harshly in the lock and where night after night the receding steps of the turnkey revived the consciousness that he was still a prisoner. What strange frenzy had taken possession of the man? And yet how like thousands living today!—*The Homiletic Review.*

A boy, seeing his mother come to the door to call him from his play, clapped both hands over his ears, and when she

called him, replied, "I can't hear you, mamma." How often we cover our ears when we know the voice of duty is calling.

"There Is a Tide."

When the tide turns in the Hudson river, it turns first in the center of the river, and often it is running down the center when it is running up at the side. One wishes to row down stream, and when he pushes out from the bank of the Hudson river the tide sweeps him up stream. What must he do? Put all the energy of his being to row against that up-tide until he has crossed it and gotten into the down-tide, and then he will be swept by the tide itself toward the sea. So a man in temptation wishes to escape. What is he to do? Stay by shore and hope for the tide to take him? No. Put all the strength that God has given him into his will, and pull hard for the current that is sweeping heavenward; for when he puts his will with God's will then he comes into the divine tide.—*The Classmate.*

Step On the Platform.

Sam Jones was talking to a man of weak faith one day. The doubter asked if Mr. Jones could not give him a demonstration of religion.

"None," was the reply. "You must get inside the fold, and the demonstration will come of itself. Humble yourself, have faith, and you shall know the truth."

"In other words, I must believe, accept it before it is proved, and believe it without proof."

"Now, hold on right there! Out west they have a place for watering cattle. The cattle have to mount a platform to reach the troughs. As they step on the platform their weight presses a lever, and this throws the water into the troughs. They have got to get on the platform through faith, and this act provides the water and leads them to it. You are like a smart steer that slips around to the barn yard and peeps in the trough, without getting on the platform. He finds the trough, of course, but it needs his weight on the platform to force the water up. He turns away disgusted, and tells everybody there is no water in the trough. Another steer, not so smart, but with more faith, steps on the platform. The water springs into the trough, and he marches up and drinks. That's the

way with religion. You've got to get on the platform. If you slide around the back way, you'll find the trough dry. But step on the platform, and the water and the faith come together without any trouble—certain, sure and abundant."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I Decided There and Then."

When a girl of seventeen I was led to join the church by the following circumstance. I had for a friend a bright girl of skeptical tendencies, who sneered at all Christian profession as "cant." One day she was unusually bitter over several of our classmates, and evidently expected me to join with her. Like a flash the thought came, "You are not honest; you know your place is with Christ's friends, whom this girl ridicules." I decided, then, to be loyal to him, true to myself, and honest before the world, by publicly confessing him.—*E. E. B., in The Golden Rule.*

Immediate Decision.

An African boy told a missionary that he wished to confess Christ. "Have you been thinking about this for some time?" asked the missionary. "Oh, no!" said the boy, "it is only today; but I listened right off."—*World Wide Mission.*

The Great Decision.

A man thus described his conversion to the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse: "I never professed to be a Christian or anything like that; but one morning, as I was going down to my business, I was thinking of those words, 'Simon, son of Jonah, lovest thou me?' I did wish with all my heart that I could answer them as Peter did. I felt very sad that I could not. Then it came to me, 'Well, if I cannot say so much as Peter, could I not turn them around a little and find something easier?' So I began to think there was one thing I could not say. I could not say, 'Lord, thou knowest that I do not love thee,' and I found some comfort in that. At last I grew bold enough to look up and say, 'Lord, thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that I want to love thee.' Then I began to think about his great love for me; I thought of his life, of his words, of his cross, and almost before I knew what

I was doing, I looked up and said, 'Thou knowest that I do love thee.' " And at that moment the consciousness of forgiveness and a new life came into his heart.

Dagger tells of a party of gentlemen, sitting upon the deck of a steamer coming up the Delaware river after dark, who looked with smiling admiration upon the distant clouds illumined by a conflagration raging in the city of Philadelphia. When the landing was reached one of them received this message, "Your factory has been entirely destroyed by fire." He had been smiling at the blaze which made him almost penniless. Many today, with smiling indifference, read of a crucified Christ, little thinking that rejecting that Christ will render them homeless through eternity.—*Sunday School Times.*

Try Christ.

A minister was preaching on Glasgow Green a few years ago when some one asked permission to speak, and made his way to the platform.

"Friends," he exclaimed, "I do not believe what this man has been talking about. I do not believe in a hell, in a judgment, nor in a God, for I never saw any of them."

He continued talking in this way for a while, when another voice was heard from the crowd, "May I speak?" The infidel sat down; the next man began.

"Friends, you say there is a river running not far from this place, the river Clyde. There is no such thing; it is not true. You tell me that there are grass and trees growing around me where I now stand; there is no such thing; that also is untrue. You tell me that there are a great many people standing here. Again, I say that is not true; there is no person standing here save myself. I suppose you wonder what I am talking about; but, friends, I was born blind. I never have seen one of you, and while I talk it only shows that I am blind or I would not say such things. And you," he said, turning to the infidel, "the more you talk the more it exposes your own ignorance, because you are spiritually blind, and cannot see. Dear friends, 'By faith

ye are saved.' Try the life that Christ lived. There you will find life and love and everlasting joy."—*The Life of Faith.*

Press In.

A self-opening gate is sometimes seen on country roads. If a traveler stops before he gets to it, it will not open. If he drives up, the wheels of the carriage press the springs below the roadway, and the gate swings back. Thus we should meet all barriers. The Christian must press close up in faith, and the difficulty will be overcome.

The Way Will Be Cleared As We Go.

"We walk by faith, and not by sight."

The driver of the tramcar through the streets of our city starts with his car upon a line which runs continuously to his journey's end. If he goes on straight ahead he will surely come to the destined place. Should he be able to see all the route at once, he would observe many coal wagons, furniture vans, timber carriages, brewers' drays and the like, blocking up his road along the rails and he might mournfully ask, "How can I move all these things?" But he takes no such lengthened view, and asks no such useless questions. As he moves along, all sorts of obstructive traffic give way before him; even the van demons yield him the road. When one of them is a little slow in getting out of the way, our driver blows his whistle; and after two or three shrill appeals, the obstinate vehicle retires. As the rails run all the way, so does the car.

Just so we are on the rails of eternal life. Between us and heaven are a thousand obstructions, and, if we think of them all, we may well be fearful; but they will one and all disappear as we come to them. If they should seem likely to bar our progress, we must sound the whistle of prayer, and in due season they will turn aside and leave us a clear road along the line of covenant grace. Therefore, go ahead, and fear no impediment, for the line is laid, and we have a legal right to travel along it, and none may lawfully hinder us.

This is what I learned from the driver of the tramcar.—*Sword and Trowel.*

SERVICE TWELVE—Tuesday Evening

Accepting and Confessing Christ

TEXTS FOR SERVICE XII

I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.—*Acts 8:37.*

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.—*Matt. 10:32, 33.*

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.—*Mark 16:16.*

This do ye * * * in remembrance of me.—*1 Cor. 11:25.*

By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved.—*John 10:9.*

He that is not with me is against me.—*Matt. 12:30.*

If ye love me, keep my commandments.—*John 14:15.*
Drink ye all of it.—*Matt. 26:27.*

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—*John 15:14.*

What wilt thou have me to do?—*Acts 9:6.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.—Acts 8:37.

1. A deep conviction.
2. An unreserved avowal.
3. A new center of spiritual influence established.

Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.—Matt. 10:32, 33.

1. Christ accepted, demands public acknowledgement.
2. Compliance wins the promise of Christ's acknowledgement of the confessor, in heaven.
3. Denial of Christ involves denial by Christ.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.—Mark 16:16.

1. Salvation offered all.
2. Conditioned upon the acceptance of Christ.
3. Upon arraying ourselves on his side.

This do ye * * * in remembrance of me.—1 Cor. 11:25.

1. A memorial rite provided.
2. Prescribed.
3. Enjoined.

By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved.—John 10:9.

1. Eternal safety within the fold.
2. Christ the only door.
3. Entrance voluntary.

He that is not with me is against me.—Matt. 12:30.

1. No neutrality possible; two camps.
2. To be with Christ is to be aligned with his friends.
3. Not to be out and out for Christ is to be his foe.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.—John 14:15.

1. Obedience the test of love.
2. Some of Christ's commands: (1) Confess. (2) Be baptized. (3) Do this in remembrance of me. (4) Do good.
3. Can love refuse to comply?

Drink ye all of it.—Matt. 26:27.

1. The last supper a sacrament.
2. Its observance enjoined upon all followers.
3. Neglect dishonors Christ.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.—John 15:14.

1. The privileges of friendship with Christ.
2. The obligations.
3. The evidence.

What wilt thou have me to do?—Acts 9:6.

1. A soul's surrender.
2. Asking for orders.
3. The opening of a marvelous career.

SUGGESTIONS

At this stage of the evangelistic services there will probably be a number who are "almost persuaded," but are held back by some real or seeming difficulty, which can be overcome by tactful dealing. Mr. Moody was peculiarly successful with such cases. A few of his special methods with inquirers will be found helpful. We give them herewith as reported by Dr. W. F. Crafts:

For those who deny the divinity of Christ he would quote the following texts: 1 Cor. 15:47; 1 John 5:20, 17:3; Mark 14: 60-65. In John 5:21, Christ claimed honor equal to the Father. In Matt. 18:20, and 28:20, he claimed to be omnipresent; in Matt. 28:18, to be omnipotent. In Mark 2:7, we find him forgiving sins. In John 9:23, he allowed himself to be worshiped. Angels (Rev. 22:8, 9) and good men (Acts 14:13-15) protested against such worship. Other passages from the eighth and fifteenth chapters of Matthew were quoted. "God-man" explains all these passages. Sometimes he spoke as God; sometimes as man.

Another class of inquirers referred to were those who feel too weak to undertake a Christian life. One says, "I feel as weak as water." Thank God! then you are just where he can do something for you. Rom. 5:6, is an assurance that these who are "without strength" are the very ones for whom "Christ died." The ambassador is strong because of the government that backs him.

Another class of inquirers are those who are waiting for feeling. Tell them it was not how the negroes felt in 1863, but the proclamation that proved them free. Heb. 2:1, assures us that faith comes not by feeling but by hearing and reading God's proclamation. In traveling man often gets turned around. The sun seems to set in the east. If he goes by feeling he will go astray. He seeks knowledge rather, and follows it in spite of a feeling that points the other way. A woodchopper in the winter woods does not

sit down on a log and say, "I'm going to wait here until I get warmed up." He goes to work. A voice in the audience cited two passages as seeming to some to warrant the idea that feeling is a necessary part of faith. "With the heart man believeth." "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest." Mr. Moody's answer to his question, only one of many he received, was unsatisfactory, but it was suggested by another question from the audience that the word "heart" in these passages and most others refers to the "inward man," the mind, not to the emotions distinctively. To the question, "Would you teach an inquirer to depend on his feelings or the Bible?" Mr. Moody gave swift answer, "The Bible every time. The devil can play on my feelings like a harp. I've seen men crying for feeling, anxious to be anxious."

To those who are "afraid they will sin after they become Christians," 1 John 2:1, was to be given. "If a man sin, we have an advocate with the Father," which was written to Christians. No believer is to make provision for sinning; but God has made such provision.

When one is met who has come into darkness shortly after conversion, it may always be assumed that it is due to one or both of two causes. The inquirer has been ashamed to go home and confess his new purpose to his friends, or he has remembered some enemy who he has been unwilling to forgive. Read to such Rom. 10:9-11, to rebuke their fear, and Matt. 18:21-35, to rebuke their hatred.

SEED THOUGHTS

There is the overwhelming and overawing spectacle of this world with its pomps and glories. Its look is lofty, and it speaks great things, and its vast array is ever before us. We cannot get away from it. Go where we will it follows us. It is a vision before our minds if not a sight before our eyes; it is the scene of the Babylonian power and greatness still going on, though in another form, and accommodated to every age in succession. * * * * * Men reject everywhere the office of witnessing to divine truth; they throw it off as an obstacle, a shackle, and a burden, something that stands in their way, and prevents them from being friends with the world, and from getting on in the world. They know the truth, but will not witness to it. They know the world is transitory, and yet they act as if it were eternal. * * * * * Yet we may venture to say, and with certainty, that never, on any occasion, by any one of the humblest servants of God, was this office of witness to the truth executed without a reward. Never in this mixed world did a Christian soul offer to God the sacrifice of a practical confession of him by standing apart from the ways of the world —not accepting its voice, not yielding to its spells, or being overawed by its show; never did any one face any measure of adversity or gloom, or isolation or deprivation, as the consequence and penalty of bearing witness to the truth and expressing that truth in action, but he had, like the three Hebrews in their adversity, a companion.—*Mozley.*

Can it be that there are those who are ashamed of Jesus and on that account will not be found in his company, or counted among his followers, or connected with his cause? What is there in Jesus to be ashamed of?

Of his life? Who besides could say as did he, without fear of well-grounded dissent, "Who of you convinceth me of sin?" Christ's enemes sought diligently for faults and flaws in his character and life, and found none. Pilate,

before whom he was tried, said, "I find no fault in this man," and thus branded as false the charges brought against him by his accusers. Ashamed of him who was confessedly the cleanest and best that ever trod the face of the earth? Such may well feel ashamed of themselves.—*Dr. Anne Venema.*

If joining the church is a duty, then it cannot wisely be postponed. Putting off known duties is one of the most effective of all ways of putting out the eyes of the soul. As for your fear of not holding out, banish it at once. Now that you are a Christian you must walk by faith and the sooner you begin the better. Christ has promised to keep you and it is a bad beginning to start off by doubting him.

As for your deficiency in goodness, I acknowledge it is great, but it is not great enough to bar you from the church. You should never think of the church as a museum of models or an artistic collection of labeled saints. The church is a school, and if you are willing to be taught by the great teacher, you have a rightful place in it.—*Dr. Charles E. Jefferson.*

My church is not a club, organized for the welfare of the members only. It is a body of baptized believers, banded together for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Its spirit is unselfish, and its purpose spiritual. My church being founded by the Son of God and purchased with his own blood, I regard the humblest place in it as the highest honor and privilege. My membership, I firmly hold, involves the following points:

It means praying. Jesus prayed habitually. "God soon fades out of the life of the man who ceases to pray." The early church was a powerful church because it was a prayerful church. "Humanness plus prayer equals mighty achievements." I will pray daily.

It means paying. God gave his only begotten Son. Christ gave his life. My church needs my gifts. I need to give. It is one of the Christian graces in which I should grow. (2 Cor. 8:7.) It being more blessed to give than to receive. I want to know the greater blessedness. (Acts 20:35.) My church covenant binds me to help spread the gospel. There-

fore, my giving shall be cheerful, regular and proportionate to my ability. (2 Cor. 9:7; 1 Cor. 16:2.) I will pay.

It means plodding. William Carey, the father of modern missions, said, "I can plod; to this I owe everything." He plodded his way to immortality. I do not ask an easy or a conspicuous place. I am willing to toil wherever my Lord may need me. I may not have unusual talent, but I do possess the kind of genius that plods, and that counts. I will plod in my study of the Scriptures, learning a little each day. I will plod to the house of God and in the house of God. I will labor with unrelenting industry and with the enthusiasm of patience. I will plod.

It means persevering. I will hold fast and keep sweet. I will not take offense, climb the miff-tree and quit. I will not imitate Bunyan's character, Mr. Shortwind, who began earnestly, but quickly ran out of breath. I have enlisted for life. I recall my Lord's solemn words, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." (Matt. 10:22.) Through his grace I will persevere.—*Thomas J. Villiers.*

The following reasons for joining the church are taken from a long list given in an excellent leaflet published by the United Society of Christian Endeavor:

In accepting a Savior whose blood has atoned for my sin, my first desire was to serve him faithfully. By uniting with his people. I should (1) do his will, as expressed in John 17:21, "That they also may be one in us; (2) obtain the help and prayers of others in forming my own Christian character; (3) make a distinct and open profession of my allegiance to him; (4) give my mite of service where it should accomplish the most for him. In fact, in uniting with Christ's church, I simply and humbly accepted his own wise plan.—*F. H. H.*

"1. Because I believe it is God's will that every converted person should belong to the visible church, as well as to the invisible. 2. Because sharing in its support, and having my name on its register, I take more interest in its welfare, feel more at home while worshiping there, and consequently am better prepared to learn my Master's will and to perform it. 3. Lest, after having enlisted in the army, and not hav-

ing donned the uniform, I wander away, and be mistaken for one of the enemy. 4. There I see better opportunities for systematic work."—*S. F. N.*

You should confess Christ by uniting with the church for your own highest good. You do not and cannot feel right till you come into the fold where the Shepherd is. Joining the church places you in a position of responsibility before men. That will be for your own supreme good. You are then expected to be religious. Joining the church secures the help and watch-care of fellow Christians, which is a very great blessing. Preaching, too, then becomes of far more value to you. The ordinances of the church then will be yours, to nourish, strengthen and keep you.

You ought to do so because it is the wish of Christ; Jesus instituted the church. He said, "Upon this rock I will build my church." Christ established the church for you. He desires you to be in it and not outside of it. Do you say, "I can be saved outside?" Suppose you can, are you justified in pleasing yourself? Have you no motive higher than a selfish one? Is it not better to please Christ than yourself? Salvation is not a selfish thing; it is not merely nor chiefly for your own personal well-being. Christ has redeemed you with his own precious blood, in order that you might serve him, and not yourself. You have no right to hide the light, nor to follow Christ in a private way, nor to stand aloof from the brotherhood of saints. It is your duty to come out from the world, to separate yourself from sinners, to assume the vows and obligations of a public profession of Christianity, and to put yourself in vital relations with Christ's church.—*R. C. Zartman, D. D.*

If, then, anyone wishes to become a Christian, there is no difficulty in becoming one. There is a difficulty before this point, and there is a difficulty after this point, but in the thing itself there is no difficulty. There is a difficulty before —the difficulty of making up one's mind to be a Christian; and this is serious indeed. It is often said that it is an easy thing to become a Christian; it is easy in the sense in which it is easy to let go when you are hanging by your hands

to the ledge of a cliff, or in which it is easy for a man in power to sign the death-warrant of a friend. The actual thing to be done is easy, but it involves an internal disturbance, a severance from cherished hopes, a life-changing decision which no intelligent and honest man find easy.

But this difficulty is already past, when one has reached the point of desiring to be a Christian. There is a difficulty after becoming a Christian—the difficulty of continuing to be one; the difficulty of maintaining faith in Christ in the midst of failure, and against temptations to worldliness and pleasure. But in the thing itself there is no difficulty. You have but to open your heart to Christ, to tell him as you would tell a friend, what you are, what you need, what you desire. You have but to ask his Spirit, and his Spirit you will assuredly receive.

The way is open before you. Christ invites you to follow him. He leads you to purity and dignity of character, to the best possession a man can have, a life well spent. Not to follow him is to refuse the best when it is put within our reach.—*Marcus Dods.*

Why did I confess Christ by union with his church? Why am I a church member?

1. Because my father was a church member. That reason is not as invertebrate as this progressive and novelty-loving age is apt to deem it. A path is not necessarily to be shunned because some one else has trodden it safely. If "old songs and old books and old friends" are the best, "old paths" may be considered so too. We should "think for ourselves," and yet we must be careful not to allow the fact that some one else has already thought the same thoughts to prejudice us against them. They may be right thoughts, even if they have been tried and proven by other souls. So the fact that my father was a church member, and that I found he was helped and strengthened by entering into that relation, may be looked upon as presumptive evidence in its favor, and, taken with other reasons, may be considered a valid reason for my having taken this important step.

2. Because gratitude for salvation impels me to desire to make the most of myself and my opportunities for Christ. The church, by its organized and systematized plans and agencies, multiplies my opportunities, and vastly increases my power for good. It is the difference between fighting in the ranks of a trained and thoroughly disciplined soldiery, and carrying on a guerilla warfare—never being quite sure whether I am doing more harm to friend or foe.

3. Because the new-born soul naturally gravitates toward the church. One of the marks of the new birth is that we "love the brethren." We are drawn to them by the common bond that binds us all to Christ. It is an impulse in our quickened life, and we need no cold logic to account for it. In all walks of life men seek those who are in sympathy with their aims and feelings. We do so here. The atmosphere of Christian fellowship is congenial to us. We believe in the "communion of the saints."

4. Because I believe that the forces of right should be (as are the forces of wrong) massed and concentrated; that the spirit of aloofness is thoroughly pleasing to the devil, and all the more so when found in a man of scupulous life.

5. Because I doubt the genuineness of love that withholds obedience. Christ has commanded my participation in the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper. Practically I am excluded from these, except as I become a member of the church. "To obey is better than sacrifice." I believe that the spirit of child-like obedience will lead to ready compliance with the Savior's reasonable commands.

6. Because I am so frail that even if this command were not clear and definite, I should not hesitate to ally myself with the church of Christ in order that I may have all the helps to fidelity I can secure.—*J. H. Bomberger, D. D.*

I united with the church when I was eighteen years of age, upon the conviction of the truth of the scriptures, relying wholly upon the promises of God. I had not the least sense of what is called "feeling," but simply a disposition to

surrender my will to the will of God, and to be governed thereby. This is about all I know regarding my conversion. —*Hon. John Wanamaker.*

What advantage is there in being a member of the church? Here are some answers:

"Church membership has helped me to carry out duties which otherwise might have been disregarded."

"The feeling of fellowship with many serving the same Savior has kept my heart warm and my love strong for the Master."

"Less conceited about myself, more respect for others' convictions."

"It has been a help to think that I am, in a very small way, responsible for the church and my fellows. It has greatly helped me by giving me chances to work, and has kept me in good society."

"The step for me was a test of love to Christ, and if not taken, God only knows what the result would have been."

"It has made more real to me the fact that I belong to Christ."

"Church membership has increased my sense of responsibility, and broadened my sympathies."

"It has helped me to have a greater interest in and love for those about me."

"Helped me to have a higher idea of life, and to get nearer to it."

"It has made me stronger in resisting bad thoughts."

"I value it for the sense of oneness in Christ, of unity of purpose and life with all members of Christ's church. The church points to the cross."—*Indian Witness.*

Crab apples grow wild, but snow apples require the gardener. I did not want to be a crab apple if I could help it, so I got inside the orchard. This was the first reason; I felt I owed it to myself.

But there was, I trust, another. He who joins the church only for his own sake is not fit to join the church at all. Whoever spends his time in thinking only of saving his own

little soul, has a soul so little that it is not worth saving. So that here was my second reason: Not only because of the help I could get, but because of the help which perhaps I could give. There were others needing me as I was needing them. A change of heart will always be manifest by a change of companions. The first thing Saul of Tarsus did, when on his way to Damascus he saw the Lord, was to hunt up the Lord's disciples, and become openly one of them.

Then there was a third reason. It was commanded by our Lord; and if I were seeking to be his disciple I wanted to obey "marching orders," and to do that I had to get into the ranks. No one has a right to pray "Thy kingdom come," unless he is ready to unite with those who are seeking to make it come.—*George Thomas Dowling, D. D.*

I am a member of the church of Christ because I made up my mind deliberately that Christianity was right in principle, and consequently Christ was true. So, feeling that it is always better to be right than to be wrong, I determined to stand on the side with the right. Then Christ came into my soul.—*Russell H. Conwell.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

Confessing and Denying Christ.

If privileged and professing hearers of the gospel come short of the kingdom, the fault lies not in the seed—the fault lies not often nor to a great extent in the sower, although his work may have been feebly and unskillfully done. If the seed is good and the ground well-prepared, a very poor and awkward kind of sowing will suffice. Seed flung in any fashion into the soft ground will grow, whereas, if it fall on the wayside it will bear no fruit, no matter how artfully it may have been spread. My father was a practical and skillful agriculturalist. I was wont, when very young, to follow his footsteps into the field, further and oftener than was convenient for him or comfortable for myself. Knowing well how much a child is gratified by being permitted to imitate a man's work, he sometimes hung the seed-bag, with the few handfuls in it, upon my shoulder and sent me into the field to sow. I contrived in some way to throw the grain away, and it fell among the clods; but the seed that fell from an infant's hands, when it fell in the right place, grew as well and ripened as fully as that which had been scattered by a strong and skillful man. In like manner in the spiritual department, the skill of the sower,—although important in its own place—is, in view of the final result, a subordinate thing. The cardinal points are the seed and the soil. In point of fact, throughout the history of the church, while the Lord abundantly honored his ordinance of a standing ministry, he never ceased to show, by granting signal success to feeble instruments, that results in his work are not necessarily proportionate to the number of talents employed.—*Words and Weapons.*

Brave Confession.

When dining with one of his friends, George Moore heard one of the guests say, in general terms, "Surely there is no one here so antiquated as to believe in the inspiration of Scripture?" "Yes, I do," said George Moore from the other

side of the table, "and I should be very much ashamed of myself if I did not." Silence followed, and the subject was changed. The ladies went to the drawing-room, and the gentlemen followed. "Can you tell me," asked the non-believer in inspiration, of a lady, "who is the gentleman who so promptly answered my inquiry in the dining-room?" "Oh, yes, he is my husband." "I am sorry," said he, "you have told me that so soon, for I wished to say that I have never been so struck with the religious sincerity of any one. I shall never forget it."

The Influence of Confession.

A most gracious outpouring of the Spirit was that which in 1815 came upon the students in Princeton College. President Green said in his report of it, "The divine influence seemed to descend like the silent dew of heaven, and in about four weeks there were few individuals in the college edifice who were not deeply impressed with a sense of the importance of spiritual and eternal things. There was scarcely a room, perhaps not one, which was not a place of earnest, secret devotion." He attributed it largely to the fidelity of several of the younger students who took a public stand, among them Charles Hodge, then seventeen years of age. President John Maclean was accustomed to connect his own conversion with young Hodge's confession of Christ. Prof. Duffield thus repeats the story from Dr. Maclean's report of it: "John Maclean, then a junior in college, did not manifest any interest in the subject of religion until one day a friend, Edward Allen, said to him, 'Maclean, have you heard the news?' 'What news?' he asked. Allen replied, 'Hodge and van Dyke have enlisted.' He was for the moment startled by the statement, as there was at that time in Princeton an officer engaged in obtaining recruits for the army. After a brief pause Allen added, 'They have enlisted under the banner of King Jesus.' Maclean replied, 'Well, that is the best enlistment they could have made,' and was about to leave the room. His friend requested him to remain, and then spoke to him of the importance of personal religion, and urged him to give the subject immediate attention. The result was the

conviction that he ought to do so, and he at once began the study of the Scriptures, with prayer that he might be enabled to make them the rule of his conduct. He was soon led to trust in Christ as his Savior." Among those who became disciples at the same time were many well known afterward for eminent service, like Bishop McIlvaine and Bishop Johns.

A Famous Confessor.

Count Zinzendorf was a remarkable man * * * a man who in early life renounced the prospects of worldly distinction, of honors, and of fame so as to remove every impediment in the way of devoting the powers of his gifted soul to the promotion of Christ's kingdom.

While at the University of Halle, when but seventeen years of age, he was seeking the salvation of his companions, holding prayer meetings, and organized the Society of the Mustard-Seed, whose object was to seek the salvation of neglected heathen, and to testify of Jesus in their correspondence.

At twenty-two he was receiving and befriending the exiles from Moravia and Bohemia, giving them a home on his estates.

At twenty-seven he had by personal conversation in every home and with every individual in Herrnhut, and by daily conferences and religious services, prepared the way and made possible the marvellous outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the church of Berthelsdorf, August 13, 1727, which is to this day commemorated in every Moravian congregation as the birthday of that church.

At thirty-two he called for volunteers to carry the gospel to the island of St. Thomas, thus inaugurating the missionary work of the Moravian church. Two years later he became a minister of the church, and laid aside his sword, the insignia of his rank.

In the same year he was exiled from Saxony on account of his activity on behalf of this new church, and turned his back upon his country with the memorable words, "We must now preach the Savior to the world."

At sixty years of age he had literally worn himself out in the service of his Lord, and passed to his reward.

He regarded himself as divinely called, in every place to which the hand of the Lord led him, to fill the office of a servant of Jesus Christ, who is under obligation to minister to every one.

Invited by the king of Denmark to make Copenhagen the special field of his labor, he replied, "I have been speaking with widows, and the poor, and the low who trust in the Lord; and I was at the same time so penetrated with the lowliness of Christ that I have humbly offered up to the Lord anything in the way suggested, * * * and resolved to know nothing except being lowly, poor, and despised."—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

A Heroine For Christ.

Anne Askew, one of the martyrs for the Protestant faith, was, after many imprisonments, again and again exhorted, threatened, tortured, in order to induce her to recant. When in the Tower, she was placed on the rack and submitted to its cruelties, where, in her own words, "Because I lay still and did not cry, my Lord Chancellor and Master Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands till I was nigh dead." Sir Anthony Knyvet, the lieutenant of the Tower, lifted her off in his arms. She swooned, and was laid on the floor; and when she recovered, the chancellor remained two hours longer laboring to persuade her to recant. But, as she said, she thanked God she had strength left to persevere; she preferred to die, and to death they left her. She was afterwards burned at Smithfield.

Diminishing Chances.

Dr. Spencer, of Brooklyn, made an examination of the ages of two hundred and thirty persons who were converted under his faithful ministry during a certain period. Of these there were one hundred and thirty-five who were under twenty years of age. Sixty-five were between twenty and thirty. Twenty-two were between thirty and forty, and only eight of the whole number had passed middle life.

Confessing Christ in Hard Places.

Admiral Foote, of the American navy, was a very godly man. While pacing the deck at night, on the lonely seas,

and talking with a pious shipmate, he became convinced of his need of a Savior and became his disciple, remaining true to his profession to the last. He used to be called the "Stonewall Jackson of the navy." He often preached to his crew on Sundays, and was ever forward in doing good.

Confessing Christ at Home.

In one of his sermons, in Cleveland, Gipsy Smith said, "In one of my meetings some time ago, in answer to the appeal that I tried to make, a man saw the reasonableness of giving himself to Christ and he did it. He came home much earlier than usual as he been in the habit of spending his nights at the club. His wife was upstairs, just going around for the last time and seeing that the children—she had three boys and a girl—were tucked in for the night, when she heard her husband's footsteps downstairs. And she said, 'Fred, is that you?' 'Yes.' He said this in a tone she had not heard for a long time—she had heard that tone of voice years before, but not for a long time. She ran down stairs as he was hanging up his hat and coat in the hall. She followed him into one of the rooms that was lighted, and saw that he was weeping. She said, 'Fred, have you heard bad news?' 'No.' 'Is there anything the matter with the business?' 'No.' 'Have you seen your father?' 'No. I have been down to that meeting and that man told me I ought to be a Christian. It came home to me and I thought of you and the children, and I said to myself, I ought to be a Christian. I have given my heart to God, and I want you to help me.' She said, 'Fred, since the day you led me to the altar I have been secretly praying that this day might come, and if you will let me bring the children down stairs we will begin to serve God together.' And the children were brought down stairs and they began as every man ought to begin, in his own home, family religion. One of those boys is a preacher in this country today. O brother, give your children a chance, give your wife a chance, give future generations a chance, and you can only do it as you put Christ in his right place. God help us all to do it now."

"Secretly."

Victorinus, a great man at Rome, who had many rich heathen friends and relatives, was converted to the Christian religion. He repaired to a friend of his, also a convert, and told him secretly that he, too, was a Christian. "I will not believe thee to be a Christian," said the other, "until I see thee openly profess it in the church." "What," said Victorinus, "do the church walls make a Christian?" But directly the answer came to his own heart, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels."—*Augustine's Confessions.*

The Supreme Difficulty.

The salvation of men is the supreme difficulty of God. Jesus Christ said, "Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life." The great difficulty is to do right in any way. The whole head is sick, the whole heart faint. Through and through, up and down, we are wounds and bruises and putrefying sores; the right hand is crippled, and the left hand withered; the head is guilty, and the heart irregular, and the foot skilled in going backward. What wonder when the grand climax, the sovereign appeal is reached, to surrender to God and love him, that we come upon the supreme difficulty.—*Joseph Parker.*

Others Influenced By You.

There is a story told of a father who took his little boy one morning into the city, where he transacted his business. When noon came he took his boy into a restaurant where he often had lunch. The waiter, on receiving the order, and knowing that it was the father's custom to have a bottle of wine, asked the boy what he would have to drink. The boy replied, "I'll take what father takes." The father, realizing the serious situation, quietly beckoned the waiter and countermanded the order. During the afternoon when he went to his office the words of his boy—"I'll take what father takes" —were constantly ringing in his ears. He went home in the evening rather troubled; and, after having dinner, retired to his study. But he could do no work, for he could not forget the

words of his boy—"I'll take what father takes"—and, feeling that he could bear it no longer, he determined to settle the matter. He knelt down and prayed to God for guidance, and from that night he resolved that he would never touch the drink again, nor anything else which might be a source of danger to others.

Our Cross.

A few months ago a young woman talked to me about coming into my church, saying, "I wouldn't join such-and-such a church; it's too strict; but your church lets people dance, doesn't it?" I doubt if I made it clear to her that the great question is not what the Christian can still do for the world, but what he can do for his cross-bearing Master. Her heart was set on a following which should cost her nothing. There is room, also, to question the heartiness of the faith of a believer who talks very much about the possibility of being a Christian outside the church. Of course it is possible, but is it fair? Was the Master secretly crucified? Did he slip through life with no public bearing of the sin load? If the saved soul had a passion for its Savior, it would cry out for a chance to declare its allegiance.—*McAfee.*

Standing By the Judge.

The jailer telephoned me one cold, stormy night to come and see a boy who was in a spasm of crying. The boy knew me, for he had been a chronic little truant. I sat down on the iron floor (we have better places for little boys now), put my arm around him, and told him how much I thought of him, and how I despised the bad things he did. I told him I wanted to be his friend, but he was getting both himself and me in trouble if he "swiped things," for if I should let him out, and he "swiped things" again, the officer would say, "The judge made a mistake in not sending that kid to the State Industrial School, where he couldn't swipe things." And if he kept on doing such things, how could I keep my job? He stood right up in the cell, and declared tearfully, "I'll stay wid yer, judge," and promised he would never again do anything to get me into trouble. So out of the jail we walked. I took him to his mother, a poor, struggling woman, toiling all day to feed her

family. The boy went to school, and for over two years brought good reports. One day the mother walked two miles to tell me what a changed boy Harry was. With tears in her eyes she said, "I never knew just why he changed so, till one day, when I was sick, and he had been so sweet and kind, I asked him about it. He said, 'Well, mother, you see, it's this way. The judge is my friend, he is, and I promised, and I'm a going to stay wid him.' " Loyalty, trust, confidence, all the enobling instincts of the soul, were there, and I played upon them with this happy result.—*Judge Ben Lindsay.*

God's Way.

Here is God's way of converting the world. He gave to Egypt the richest earthly gifts; to India a sleepless sun; to lovely Greece, mountain and valley with surrounding seas that pierced it as if to sting it into activity; to Italy, its skies of brightness and its fruitful vineyards with its treasures of art as well; but in all these lands, neither climate nor physical riches, pyramid, Parthenon nor Etruscan art could save them from the power of an idolatrous superstition at once abominable, foul and rotten. Nature does not conquer the world to God. It never has. It never will. In America with its vast, abounding wealth, its grand expanse of prairie, its reach of river, and its exuberant productiveness, there is danger that our riches will draw us away from God and fasten us to earth; that they will make us not only rich but mean, not only wealthy but wicked. The grand corrective is the cross of Christ, seen in the sanctuary where the life and light of God are exhibited and where the reverberation of the echoes from the great white throne are heard! The ransomed and transfigured race will, from the heavenly world, look back, not to the teachings of tempest and earthquake, but to the quiet sanctuary, to its word and sacrament, and to nature and Providence as interpreted by the sanctuary.

Bearing Testimony.

St. Simeon Stylites of Asia Minor could stand up in testimony of his faith, and his way of doing it has something to commend it on the score of thoroughness, since he stood on

a pillar sixty-four feet high for thirty years for the edification of the crowds that came to see the saint and marvel at his singular holiness; but it is positively disheartening to behold the shift to which some are put who feel it their duty to "speak a word for Jesus." Nothing should be easier to a loyal disciple. What Christian would not leap to his feet, if the unmistakable call came, and tell how much, he, a sinner, owes to his Savior?

SERVICE THIRTEEN—Wednesday Evening

God's Power to Save

TEXTS FOR SERVICE XIII

But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.—*John 1:12.*

Ye must be born again.—*John 3:7.*

A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.—*Ezek. 36:26.*

Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.—*2 Cor. 5:17.*

So is every one that is born of the Spirit.—*John 3:8.*

And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins.—*Eph. 2:1.*

And be renewed in the spirit of your mind.—*Eph. 4:23.*

Put off the old man.—*Col. 3:9.*

For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world, * * * even our faith.—*1 John 5:4.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.—John 1:12.

1. He gave the privilege (margin); "the gift of God."
2. The right (margin); adoption.
3. The power; regeneration.

Ye must be born again.—John 3:7.

1. Natural birth does fit for the spiritual life.
2. Only a new nature can live the new life.
3. God's Spirit is ready to bestow it.

A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you.—Ezek. 36:26.

1. God demands it.
2. God confers it.
3. The unregenerate without excuse.

Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creation.—2 Cor. 5:17.

1. Man's part is to accept Christ.
2. God's part is to regenerate him.
3. The life of faith is the life of a twice-born man.

So is every one that is born of the Spirit.—John 3:8.

1. A sublime mystery.
2. A glorious fact.
3. Known by its results.

And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sin.—Eph. 2:1.

1. The sinner spiritually dead.
2. The Spirit's quickening power.
3. Christians living witnesses to that power.

And be renewed in the spirit of your mind.—Eph. 4:23.

1. The prime requisite for Christian living.
2. Attempts to live the new life with the old nature.
3. The new nature means new motives, aims, aspirations.

Put off the old man.—Col. 3:9.

1. Conversion discards the old life.
2. Puts on the new life.
3. This process is progressive.

For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world * * * even our faith.—1 John 5:4.

1. The new life one of conquest.
2. Over the world, the flesh, the devil.
3. The reward is the victor's crown.

SUGGESTIONS

Moody's methods with inquirers continued:

To those who do not see that unbelief is the greatest sin, read 1 John 5:9, to show that it is "giving God the lie." The man who calls you a liar could hardly commit a greater offense against you. What, then, of those who make God a liar? When a man said to me in the inquiry room, "I can't believe!" I answered "Whom?" He replied, with embarrassment, "You don't understand me. I have intellectual difficulties. I can't believe." Again I said "Whom?" At last, seeing it was not a thing but God that he had disbelieved, he was led to faith. Challenge those who "can't believe" to show a broken promise of God. A man charged me with preaching the pernicious doctrine that a man is saved by simply believing that a man's life is affected by what he believes. A question as to what he would do if he was led to believe that the building in which they were was on fire, was enough to show that a man's conduct was affected by what he believed.

To those who stumbled over the doctrine of instantaneous conversion, Mr. Moody would read the passages that speak of conversion as a "gift." Surely a "gift" can be instantaneously received. Show them also the passages that call conversion a "life." There is surely a moment when "life" begins. Read to them also, 1 John 5:1. Never tell a man he's converted. When he has been instructed and has become submissive get him on his knees beside you, and pray for him and get him to pray aloud for himself; if nothing more, to repeat the Syrophenician's victorious prayer, "Lord help me," or the prayer of the publican.

In response to the question, "How can the 'belief' of faith be shown to be more than intellectual belief?" Mr. Moody defined faith as "assent and consent," the latter bringing in the will in submission. "We need," exclaimed Mr. Moody, "more preaching to the human will." There should be three kinds of services, one kind for worship, another for teaching (of which there should be more in the pulpits on

Sunday morning), another for appeal to the unsaved, for which last Sunday night is the best in the week. Nothing should be allowed to crowd out the Sunday evening gospel sermon, which should always be followed by an after-meeting to draw the net. How often, after a powerful sermon, when souls are all ready to decide, there comes, in place of drawing the net, the cold announcement, "If there is anyone here greatly concerned about his soul I shall be glad to see him in my study next Friday night." A better use of the "if" is to say, "If there is any one who cannot remain to the after-meeting, he can pass out while we sing; but we want two classes especially to remain—namely, Christians who desire that souls may be saved, and all who have the faintest wish to be saved." If the sermon has not tired the people out, few will go out. Some preachers try the inquiry meeting to gratify some of their members; but in some such fashion as this, "After the benediction the pastor and session will be in the adjoining room, and if any one is greatly concerned about his soul, we shall be glad to talk and pray with him." You might as well summon him before a justice of the peace. One will go before a session when he is ready to join the church, but not as a trembling inquirer. When no one responds, the pastor says profoundly, "I told you so. These after-meetings will not work in our church."

Mr. Moody commended as various methods for various localities and degrees of interest, the inquiry room, the altar, "rising for prayers" while the invitation is softly sung—any way by which the will may act in decision and open confession. When the interest is strong and there is a smaller room adjoining the audience-room, he would have inquirers invited (with workers), into that, while others remain in the main room to pray. In other cases all might be kept in the main room, the serious persons being reached by Christians going to them for conversation and prayer, with or without the invitation to make their decision by rising. Workers may be prepared for inquiry work by devoting prayer-meeting services and Sabbath morning services, for a few weeks, to this work.—*Northfield Evangelistic Conference.*

SEED THOUGHTS

Is regeneration merely a development of the spiritual life from a germ of good which is found in the heart of every man? If this were so, conversion would be needless and the new birth a myth. Certain religious teachers appear to be intent on reducing religion to a system of cold psychology, and explaining all spiritual life and experience by a scientific process.

According to the Bible the salvation of the soul from sin is a supernatural work, and a natural development, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

A man may be a splendid specimen of a worldly man without any spiritual life at all. He may have a robust physical frame, a giant intellect thoroughly cultivated, he may possess a good moral character, and not be spiritual. There are many excellent people in every community who have made much of themselves in every respect except spiritually, and as to their spiritual nature they are dead. There is a better life, a higher life, a life which is life indeed. It is the life of God in the soul of man. "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life."—*Evangelical Messenger.*

We are infallibly changed into the same image. The condition is that we reflect in a mirror the glory of Christ. That condition I shall speak of in a moment; but one word requires an explanation in passing. "Reflecting in a mirror the glory of the Lord." What is the glory of the Lord? The word "glory" suggests effulgence—radiance. It recalls the halo that the old masters delighted to paint around the heads of their saints and Ecce Homos. But this is all material. What does that halo, that radiance symbolize? It symbolizes the most radiant and beautiful thing in man, as in the Man Christ Jesus; and that is character. Character. The glory of Christ is in character.—*Professor Drummond.*

James Chalmers, the martyred missionary of New Guinea, in addressing a large meeting in London, said, "I have had twenty-one years' experience among the South Sea Islanders, and for at least nine years of my life I have lived with the savages of New Guinea. I have seen the semi-civilized and the uncivilized; I have lived with the Christian native, and I have lived, dined and slept with the cannibal. But I have never yet met a single man or woman, nor a single people that your civilization without Christianity has civilized. Wherever there has been the slightest spark of civilized life in the South Seas, it has been because the gospel has been preached there; and wherever you find in the island of New Guinea a friendly people that will welcome you, there the missionaries of the cross have been preaching Christ."—*Selected.*

Probably there is nowhere on the globe so marked a climatic boundary as that of the Cascade mountains, in both Washington and Oregon. West of this boundary the winters are mild, and the summers cool and showery; east of it the winters are sharp and dry, and the summers very hot. On one side are gigantic firs and cedars, while on the other all are of poor size and condition. Even the flowers are of new species, and all the atmospheric conditions are changed. The line that lies between the unsaved and the saved once crossed, what changes should be manifested! "If any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creation; old things have passed away; lo, all things have become new."—*Selected.*

I have seen a branch tied to a bleeding tree for the purpose of being grafted into its wounded body, and thus both might be one. Yet no incorporation had followed; there was no living union; spring came singing and with her fingers opened all the buds; and summer came with her dewy nights and sunny days, and brought out all the flowers; and brown autumn came to shake the trees and reap the fields and with dances and mirth to hold the "harvest-home;" but that unhappy branch bore no fruit, nor flower nor even leaf. Just held on by dead clay and rotting cords, it stuck to the living tree, a withered and unsightly thing. So also is it with many who have a "name to live and are dead."—*Thomas Guthrie.*

When I had wholly hazarded my life upon what I was doing, my whole spirit seemed to me to suddenly break through the gates of hell, and to be taken up into the arms and the heart of God. I can compare it to nothing else but the resurrection at the last day. For then with all reverence I say it, with the eyes of my spirit I saw God.—*Behmen.*

The conversion of man is a work of the creative Spirit of God.—*Bishop Martensen.*

The whole life of a man is a continued conversion to God, in which he is perpetually humbled under sense of sin, and draws nearer and nearer to God, with more fervent faith and love, and daily walks closer and closer with the Lord, endeavoring at perfection. * * * And God doth, as it were, act over and over again his work in the heart, forming his people more exactly than before. And therefore no wonder they meet with something like a second, yea, and a third and fourth conversion, especially where there are backslidings.—*Fraser of Brea.*

As the work of cleansing and renewing the heart is the work of God, his almighty power can perform it in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. And as it is this moment our duty to love God with all our heart and we cannot do this till he cleans our hearts, consequently he is ready to do it this moment, because he wills that we should in this moment love him. Therefore, we may justly say, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." He who in the beginning caused light in a moment to shine out of darkness, can in a moment shine into our hearts, and give us to see the light of his glory in the face of Jesus Christ. This moment, therefore, we may be emptied of sin, and filled with holiness.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

"Till we attain unto the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God." Between belief and faith comes grace. You cannot pass from faith unto the knowledge of the Son of God without something which we appropriate—the grace of Christ. What is grace? Grace is more than a negation, more than a stopping of the enmity of God, more than favor, more than sentiment. Grace is a thing of energy.

Look in the Bible—wherever you find grace mentioned. Grace is the divine energy of holiness issuing in the ministry of love, in quest of the unlovely, that it might by the communication of itself transform the unlovely into its own loveliness.—*Jowett.*

When I first saw the inhabitants of Fernando Po., observed their filthiness, and heard their speech, like the grunting of brute animals, I confess I could not imagine their becoming Christians; but a little later I was privileged to visit a Christian town wholly inhabited by this tribe, and in their own church in the midst of their village of cleanly homes I heard them sing the familiar hymns of Christendom and offer reverent, intelligent prayer. Then I knew that there is no humanity too low for the gospel to uplift.—*Missionary Convention Report.*

Professor Lindley, an authority on the subject, tells us, "The stock has an influence on the fruit, as, for example, pears are changed entirely when placed on quince roots. Pears grafted on the wild species, apples on crabs, or peaches on peaches, produce scions which in regard to fertility are in exactly the same state as if not grafted at all. While, on the other hand, a great increase of fertility results from grafting pears on quinces, peaches on plums, apples on the thorn, and the like."

Says the Christ himself, "Ye must be born again." Is the infusion of the new life thus not a necessity in grace as well as in the natural world? What man can not do for himself or for another "the Son of Man, who is in heaven" easily and quickly accomplishes for both.—*The Homiletic Review.*

The Rev. J. Hunt, when about sixteen years of age, was seized with a fever that threatened to prove fatal. Death was brought to his thoughts, with the deep conviction of his unfitness for the solemn change. In referring, years after, to this time, he says, "I thought it would be of no use to promise the Lord I would serve him if he would spare me, as I had often made such promises and broken them. The only way appeared to me to begin to serve God there and then, according to the light I had. So I fell on my knees, and

began to pray. After prayer I read my Bible in earnest and sought the Savior. The conviction thus awakened, and promptly yielded to, ripened into true conversion."—*Leaflet.*

Walking along the street one day, a gardener passed a heap of rubbish, partly burned, thrown into the road. He noticed a root that seemed dead and withered but he took it home, examined it, and tended it after planting. It prospered and grew till, after years of care, a majestic vine covered with clusters of grapes was the result. No one is so dead in trespasses and sin but that he may, under the gardener's care, become a fruitful vine. No human life is hopelessly lost while the love of God seeks the unsaved.—*The Ram's Horn.*

God is all for quality; man is for quantity. But the immediate need of the world at this moment is not more of us, but if I may use the expression, a better brand of us. To secure ten men of an improved type would be better than if we had ten thousand of the average Christians distributed all over the world. There is such a thing in the evangelistic sense as winning the whole world and losing our own soul. And our first consideration is our own life, our spiritual relations to God, our own likeness to Christ. And I am anxious for a few moments to look at the right and the wrong way of becoming better men; the right and the wrong way of sanctification. One of the futile methods of sanctifying ourselves is trying, effort, struggle, agonizing. I suppose you have all tried that, and I appeal to your own life when I ask if it has not failed. Crossing the Atlantic the other day the Etruria, in which I was sailing, suddenly stopped in mid-ocean—something had suddenly broken down. There were a thousand people on board that ship. Do you think we could have made it go on if we had all gathered together and pushed against the sides or against the masts? When a man hopes to sanctify himself by trying, he is like a man trying to make the boat go that carries him by pushing it; he is like a man drowning in the water and trying to save himself by pulling the hair of his own head. It is impossible. Christ held up that mode of sanctification to ridicule when he said, "Which

of you by taking thought can add one cubic to his stature?" Put down that method forever as being futile.—*Prof. Henry Drummond.*

The relationship between you and him must be one of life. How is it established? His Spirit is pressing upon and besieging our spirits every moment as really as the atmosphere presses upon our bodies. As a man conceivably may refuse to breathe the physical atmosphere, so he may refuse to respond to the Spirit of Christ. But he can respond to it, and in that response consists his life and growing strength. When the spirit of a man first yields itself to the Spirit of Christ, and allows him to penetrate and dominate it, there is established a vital relationship.—*Selected.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Law of the Sudden Leap.

In Minnesota today we have seven new varieties of bread corn. This discovery of the law of the sudden leap, and the fixed results explains the Shasta daisy, the new oat in England, the new orange and fig in California, the new flowers in Holland—indeed, the future of the vineyard, the orchard, and cornfield holds more hope than the future of man's flight through the air, or his mastery of the poles. Gone Malthus' fear of starving populations! Gone the thought that this is an old, worn-out world. Man has become again an eager youth, out in the cornfields, keeping his tryst with God. The one thing that has beaten our railway men and merchants is the fact that they have not been able to keep up with the growth of their country. Trust your highest hopes, and tomorrow they will be found to have fallen short of the reality. Afraid? Hope thou in God. Against a stone wall? A gate of pearl shall open. Fallen the rich flowers by life's untimely frost? Lo, from the ground there blossoms red life that shall endless be. As for the individual, the very child shall be born a hundred years old through the accumulated virtues of its parents. As for the country, the nation shall be born in a day out of selfishness, into a passion of good will, sympathy to the poor, and in a single year make more progress than in a century. It could not be otherwise. God is in the midst of the people. Out of the very stones of the street he can raise up prophets of a new era, poets with a brighter vision, reformers with a keener sword, patriots with a new passion for liberty. For if God achieves one kind of progress through long time and slow processes he achieves another form of progress by the principle of the sudden leap in nature and life.—*Dr. Hillis, in the Homiletic Review.*

The Transforming Power of the Gospel.

The power of the gospel to awaken dormant faculties, and to inspire with new life those who are degraded intellectually

and morally, has been witnessed in all Christian lands. But cases of this kind come more frequently under observation in uncivilized and pagan communities, where the light of divine truth breaks suddenly upon souls sunken in ignorance and sin. Rev. Mr. Kilbon, of Amanzimtote, sends an account of one of the graduates from their theological school who, when he came to them five years ago, was barely able to spell out the words of his Bible. His mind was wholly untrained, and it was difficult for him to take in much or to give out what he had taken in. Little was expected of him, and he was frankly told that he could never expect to be given a certificate of graduation from the theological school. But he stayed on, supporting himself almost entirely. He was turned away largely because he came from a purely heathen district to which he might possibly return and be of some service. But filled with a new love and a great purpose, his powers awoke. He has proved himself a diligent and hard worker, both with brain and muscle, and has given all his teachers great satisfaction; so that Mr. Kilbon can say, "We seldom have had greater pleasure in handing a certificate to one who has pursued a course in the school than we had in giving one to this young man." So in all lands, among all classes of people, the gospel of Christ awakens mind and heart, and inspires to a stronger and purer life.—*The Missionary Herald.*

"Christ in Me."

When St. Augustine was a young man he was won from a profligate life. One day soon after, a boon companion met him, when Augustine ran from him. "Augustine, it is I!" rang out after him. But the answer came back, "But I am not Augustine. Augustine is dead!" (Rom. 6:11.)

Brute Becomes Saint.

Africaner was known as the "Bonaparte of South Africa." This notorious Hottentot had become the terror of the whole country. He waged cruel and relentless wars with the Boers.

In 1817 Moffat, the noted missionary, started for his kraal—his friends warned him that Africaner would make a drum-skin of his hide and a drinking cup of his skull.

He was a murderer and a fugitive. A price was set upon his head, but no one would attempt to capture him.

Robert Moffat won this monster and until his death he was loyalty itself, and the journey to Cape Town is one of the romances of history.

A man whose uncle he had killed saw him, and witnessing the change in his life, exclaimed, "O God, what cannot thy grace do! What a miracle of thy power!"

The sensation produced by Africaner's appearance at Cape Town defies description. The lion had become a lamb. The governor sent for him, and the reward offered for the seizure of the outlaw was actually spent in gifts for himself and presents for his people.

Africaner went with Moffat on his mission to the Bschuanas. He helped him move his goods to Lattakoo, and then went back for his own movables, that he might settle beside his beloved teacher. But his end was near and he died shortly after at his old kraal.

A Master Musician.

There is an old legend of an instrument which hung upon a castle wall. Its strings were broken. It was covered with dust. No one could put it in order or play upon it. But one day a stranger came to the castle. He saw the instrument. Taking it down, he brushed the dust from it, tenderly reset the broken strings, and then played upon it; and wonderful music filled the castle. Every human soul in its renewed state is such a harp with broken strings. It is capable of giving forth richest melodies, but first it must be restored. And no human skill can do this. It is not culture merely that we need, not education alone, not self-discipline only. One must come who can mend the broken instrument, reset the strings and put them in tune, and then play upon it. The only one who can do this is the maker of the harp, the Lord Jesus Christ. We must submit our lives to him. He can take our sinful hearts and change them. He can bring the jangled strings of our life into tune, so that when his fingers play upon them they will give forth sweet music.

Transformed.

A good many years ago a cheap traveling show came to the city of Scranton, Pa. Among the performers was a drunken negro named Joe, whose business it was to dance on broken glass and burning coals, singing, howling and turning handsprings. No lower type of man apparently could be found.

But one stormy night, when the attendance at the show was small, somebody took him, drunk as he was, to a quiet room, and there talked to him and to one or two other outcasts, of their wasted lives, and of Christ, who could help them.

Joe was sobered and awed. He listened in silence, and the next morning gave up his place in the show. Coming back to the little mission house he begged humbly for a chance to lead a different life.

It was given to him. His friend set him to work. He proved to be a quick-witted fellow, earnest, affectionate and always merry. He could read and write and so anxious was he to do work for Christ in the world that he was sent to Mr. Moody's training school in Chicago.

His grandfather had come from the Congo, and Joe had learned the tongue of his people in his childhood. He asked to be sent to the country of his ancestors to work for God. He has been in the heart of Africa for many years, sent by the Southern Presbyterian church, to help civilize and Christianize the natives.

Another worker in the same field, a man distinguished for his learning and eloquence, says of him, "He is remarkable for his business ability, and in tropical agriculture is a past master. No one is more successful in teaching habits of civilized life to the natives. He has wonderful self-control. I never have seen him lose his temper. His faith is the simplest and sincerest I have ever known."

What if, on that stormy night in Scranton, that nameless somebody who saw the poor drunken black clown had turned away with the thought that he was not worth saving?

Behind the Bars.

One Sunday afternoon the Holy Spirit was pleased to use me in the conversion of a young girl, who had been confined in a cell in the police station the previous night.

As I spoke to her through the iron bars, she looked me very frankly in the face, and answered all my questions. She told me she was fourteen years old; her mother was a Christian (Swedish Baptist), and her father was once a Christian, but for over a year had been drinking. For a year her father had obliged her to work in an ungodly family, where she had no opportunity of attending church or Sunday school. She used to pray when she lived at home, but for a long time she had even neglected that. She was accused of taking over a hundred dollars from a drawer, which was locked, but she said she could not have opened the drawer if she had wanted to, as she had no key. She had found a silver dollar on a shelf and neglected to return it to the owner for several hours. In this she felt she had done wrong.

I asked her if she felt that her heart was full of sin, and she confessed that it was and burst into tears. After talking for a little about her need of a new heart, and of Christ's love for her, I asked her if she would like to have Jesus forgive all her sins, and give her a new heart. She answered that she would, and I read her a verse or two of the promise from the Word of God. "Shall we kneel down and ask God to forgive you and save you?" I asked. "Yes." We knelt (she inside the iron bars and I outside), and after lifting my heart earnestly to our Lord in prayer for this child, I asked her to pray. I think I never heard a more earnest prayer. It was a crying out of the soul in words like these: "O Lord, come now and make my heart clean. O Lord, forgive my sinful heart and help me not to sin any more. O come now and save me, and help me to live a Christian life." "Now," I said, "do you believe Jesus heard your prayer?" "Yes." "Do you believe he has given you the new heart you asked him for?" "Yes." "What will you do when you go home; are you going to tell your father and mother that you have taken the Lord Jesus?" "Yes, I will." "Will you pray every day?" "Yes."

I gave her a testament which she promised to read every day. I left the cell, to prepare in a side room to go out, and as I passed by her cell, she was on her knees beside the little iron bed, with her face buried in her hands. What a sweet sight it was and how I thanked God for it!

Five days after, I went to her home to see her mother, and found the dear child at home. She told me that she was acquitted on Monday morning as soon as she had her trial. But the best words she spoke were these: "I prayed all that night in the cell, and I just felt that Jesus was there; and I know he came and took my heart."

With tears of gratitude flowing down her cheeks, the mother told me about her daughter coming home, and showing the testament, and that she had been praying ever since. We have been working and praying for the return of the drunken father to his God, and today I received the blessed news that our prayers are answered. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Zech. 4; 6.—*Record of Christian Work.*

The Change in Him.

An Oxford man who was conducting a most profitable work for students in connection with the government college hostels at Allahabad, told me of a Hindu student with whom he had been privately reading the Bible for over a year. He had not mentioned to the student the subject of his personal acceptance of Christianity. He had noticed, however, certain changes in the student's life. At the beginning of the second year of study, he asked his Hindu scholar what impression he had gained from his reading. He answered, "The influence I have gained is not one of thought merely; it has changed my life and my life-work."—*Century Magazine.*

The Unfinished Sermon.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, now of the City Temple, London once speaking in his own church in Brighton, when at the close of the sermon a man came into the vestry and said, "Excuse me, sir; did you finish your sermon just now?" Mr. Campbell said he thought so. "Oh," he said, "you did not. You told me exactly what my life was once. You told me all the

beauty and the winsomeness and the power of Christ, but you did not tell me how to bring the two together." The preacher said, "I will never make that mistake again." The man went on to tell his story: "I am a workingman; I was once a drunken sot, and was picked up out of the gutter. I felt the sudden liberation at the cross and was soundly converted to Christ. I thought all my struggle with my old-time craving would be gone at once. But it was not. I had to get my living. I had to go past the place where the gin was sold, and I could not pass it. After falling and failing, and failing and falling, till even my rescuers who had brought me to Jesus had despaired of me, I knelt down in the street myself and raised my hands to heaven and said, 'Lord Jesus, thou hast called me. Keep me. I claim thy Spirit.' That was years ago. I am a free man now, in the power of the Holy Ghost. That is how it was done."

"A New Man."

Three generations ago a young Jew named Mendel was living in Germany. He became a Christian, and the truth of Christ came to him with such transforming effect that he took a new name at his baptism and called himself Neander, which means, "a new man," and by this name he is known as the great church historian.

Cataclysmic Conversions.

"What are you going to do with that mountain?" I asked. "Blow it up," he replied, as though a well-developed mountain was of no more importance than a pebble in his path.

That graphically tells the story of just how the new transcontinental is being built. And the blowing up of mountains in these days of powder and dynamite is not a myth. In the mountain and wilderness regions "coyote holes" are being fired every day, and one can sometimes hear the explosion thirty miles away. I was present at one of these events. Four thousands yards of rock stood in the path of the transcontinental. A curve would have taken one around the base of it. But "orders are orders," and the "coyote" was dug. A soft seam was found in the mountain of rock, and the tedious task of drilling into its heart was begun. When completed,

the "coyote" was a tunnel about four feet square running back into the rock for fifty feet, where it terminated in a chamber. It took half a hundred men to carry in the explosives. One hundred and twenty-five barrels of powder were dumped into sacks, and the sacks packed in the chamber, and with these three cases of dynamite of fifty pounds each. Electric wires and fuses were then connected with the mine, and after that the face of the tunnel was rammed solid with rock and earth. When the time came for the terrific explosion, there was not a soul within half a mile of the mountain.

And then a lightning flash passed along the wire. One minute—two—three—five passed, while in the bowels of the mountain the fuse was sizzling to its end. There was a rumbling and a jarring, as if the earth were convulsed under our feet; volumes of dense black smoke shot upward, shutting the mountain in, in an impenetrable pall of gloom; and in an instant these rolling, twisting volumes of black smoke became lurid, and then it was as if all the guns of all the navies of the world had exploded close to our ears. And, when it was all over, the granite monster that had stood there for unnumbered centuries had, as the engineer rather poetically expressed it, "made way for the new trans-continental."—*James Oliver Curwell, in Putnam's and the Reader.*

The Secret of Christ's Power.

George Adam Smith reports the following message from a prince of the Sikhs in India: "Tell the sahib (Smith) that I know Christianity to be a wonderful religion, for your Jesus did more than teach and do wonderful works. I understand his saying, 'Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also,' for he has illustrated it himself when he was on the cross. And God smote him on the cheek, and he lifted his other cheek to God and said, 'I will take more; I will take all that thou givest me,' and that was very wonderful; that was the most wonderful thing that ever happened in the history of the world, and that is why God has spread the name of your Lord so far abroad."

A Miracle of Grace.

There came one day to a small town in a western state a man who was more than anything else a tramp. Early one morning he came to the back door of the house of Mr. K.,-looking very much distressed and plainly showing that he had found a place to sleep the night before in some stable or barn. In that condition, and feeling unusually cast down, he asked the head of the house, who was a good Christian man, if he could not give him some work to do by which he could earn his breakfast. Something in the poor fellow's manner or voice or look aroused the sympathy of Mr. K., and he replied, "Yes, but would you not rather have your breakfast first?" The tramp confessed that would be very agreeable, as he was quite hungry.

Having eaten heartily the two men talked together for a few minutes, and it was arranged that the tramp should work for Mr. K., in his lumberyard, for wages that were agreed upon. The new hand proved a good one and it was not long till a feeling of friendship sprang up between the employer and his new man, a friendship that was increasingly strong on the part of the "tramp," whose tramping days were now over, as the sequel will show.

As the days went on, Mr. Kurtz, for that was the name of the new man, accepted an invitation to accompany his employer and benefactor to church. On one evening they went to prayer-meeting together, and the night being very rainy, there were but five persons present, all men, and they sat for some time talking, holding, indeed, an informal conference on the subject of religion. It was learned that every person present except this ex-tramp, was a professed Christian. The pastor of the church, who was one of the five, put the question of personal religion squarely before Mr. Kurtz, and it was discovered in a very short time that he was already very deeply exercised in regard to his spiritual condition, and he readily and gratefully consented to be prayed for. Then all those men kneeled and prayed for the salvation of the poor man, who rose happy from his knees and extended his hand to those present as a token of his acceptance of Christ as his Savior.

Now, as the sequel to this profession, we have this to record: For some time the new convert remained in the employment of Mr. K., became a constant attendant at church, and gave proof to all by his walk and conversation that he was a genuine Christian.

Some time later he secured a contract on the railroad with men under him, and his example over those rough, wicked men had a marked influence for good. He started prayer-meetings among the men and gave Bibles to those that had none, and a number of them were known to follow the example of their boss.—*Dr. W. S. Danley in The Westminster.*

The Resurrection of Character.

How a band of outlaws was transformed is a thrilling story from the Philippines:

At his own request Miguel was sent to a frontier village at the very edge of the mountains, among a half-wild mountain peasantry that had already become Protestant. They built him a fine chapel, and week days were spent in conducting a school for the children, with frequent preaching services for all. The whole neighborhood soon flocked to hear the gospel. This district is a lurking place for bandits, unprincipled men who are too lazy to work and do not hesitate to commit murder for a little pillage. One day a band of some half dozen of these cutthroats, fully armed, came into the chapel while Miguel was preaching. The Spirit gave him courage to face them in a way worthy of an apostle, and he preached so strongly about the judgment and punishment to come that the leader of the band, a cool, hard-headed man of fifty years of age, with many a bloody deed to his record, and a reward of four hundred pesos offered by the government for his capture, dead or alive, fell on his knees in tears and cried out for help and salvation, if any were to be had. This man, with his entire band of outlaws, has since reformed and he is now permitted by the government to live unmolested so long as he shall lead an honorable life; all this as the fruitage of the Spirit-given message he heard that day from our boyish-looking preacher.—*Westminster Teacher.*

Christ Transforming India.

The awakening of India's conscientious nature is revealed in a new attitude toward social and domestic reform, especially toward marriage. Until comparatively recently it has been impossible to obtain a serious hearing before a student body upon questions concerning the home, so skeptical have been these men as to the binding character of moral laws relating to social conduct. Even now, to be sure, virtually all the students one addresses in the colleges are married, but the marriage relation is being set further on each year, and while students are betrothed at an early age, the educated Indians are becoming more and more averse to the early marriages of their sons and daughters.

This change of the accent of religion from ceremonial to morals and conduct is affecting not simply the physical life of students, but its bearing is seen directly in a most timely fashion in business, politics and the general trustworthiness of men of affairs.

For thirty centuries India has been turning her gaze into her own soul. Religion has been spent upon itself. Contemplation rather than action has been the objective. In short, religion in India has been a disease, another name for egoism. Men's souls have become burdens to them, as usually happens with those persons who give disproportionate attention to self-examination and introspective spiritual self-development.—*The Century.*

Change Into His Image.

A notorious bandit in India, deserted by his friends in his old age, an outlaw, his conscience aroused, sought for peace in vain at idol shrines.

One beautiful Sunday he went to a large city to attend an idolatrous celebration, and, as he walked about, he heard a sound that attracted his attention. It was the clear, silvery tone of an American bell, very different from Hindu bells. He made inquiries about it, and was told that it was the bell which rang every Sunday to call the Christians to worship. Christians! Who were they? He had never heard of them before, so he went in the direction of the sound, and came,

at length, to a large building. People were flocking in, and, after a moment's hesitation, Keruba entered and listened to the opening exercises with some curiosity; but when the minister gave out his text, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," he was aroused and listened with deepest interest. The preacher caught sight of Keruba's eager, anxious look, and preached, with uncommon power, Christ and him crucified.

The service ended, and the people left the place; but Keruba lingered, until the missionary came out. Then, stepping up to him, he said:

"Sahib, is this all true that you have been preaching?"

"It is," said the missionary, "for it is just what God himself has told us."

"Well, Sahib; you say that the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse us from all sin, can it take away the stain of murder?"

"Yes, indeed it can, if the murderer truly believes on the Lord Jesus. God declares that 'whosoever believeth on him shall receive remission of sins.' "

"Well, but, Sahib, supposing a man has committed two murders, can he be forgiven them?"

"He can."

"Five murders?"

"Yes, even five."

"Supposing he had murdered ten innocent persons!" said the man earnestly.

"God can forgive and blot out ten murders."

"But, Sahib, supposing it's twenty instead of ten?"

"God will forgive twenty murders for the sake of his Son, Jesus Christ!"

"Then he's the God for me!" exclaimed the man, tears filling his eyes and streaming down his hard cheeks. "O God, have pity on me, for I have have murdered twenty poor innocent creatures! Sahib," he added, "will he forgive me?"

The missionary grasped his hand and wept with him, while Keruba gradually unfolded to him the whole story of his life, and of his distress of mind during the past year. He told

him how he had tortured himself, and tried in every way to ease his conscience, but in vain.

"But now," he exclaimed, "I have found the Lamb of God! You say he died for me. I feel here, in my heart, it is true. Oh, Jesus Christ, I want you! Oh, take away my sins!" And when the twilight stole into the chapel the missionary and the robber knelt and prayed and Keruba rose from his knees, feeling his heavy burden all gone, because the Lord had taken it away.

In a few days he returned to his friends, and told them what had happened—how wicked and wretched and miserable he had been, but that Jesus Christ, the Savior of the guilty, had given pardon and comfort. They all wondered at his words, but more than all at his radiant, happy face, so changed from what it had been; and many were led to inquire, and to believe as he did. As before he had won followers to himself so now, with all his zeal and might, he strove to win followers to Christ.—*Missionary Report.*

Tested Through the Ages.

In the laboratory of a well-equipped agricultural college you will see at one table a student patiently picking over by hand a little pile of tiny grass seed, examining it grain by grain, to separate the weeds, and select the best seed; while, at another table, the hardness of different wheat grains is being tested by an ingenious machine, and carefully registered. The aim of all this labor is to provide farmers with the very best seed to sow in their fields. During centuries upon centuries the good seed of God's word has been producing the most blessed results in human hearts and homes and institutions. It has been thoroughly tested; we may depend upon it, so we only hear and heed it, to bring forth in us fruit that will abide and satisfy.—*The Teacher's Monthly.*

A Twice-Born Man.

In London a sodden wretch was converted and lived a righteous life. The outcasts about him saw that, perhaps, the very lowest man in the whole neighborhood, the man, at any rate, most sunken in drunkenness, was now walking in their midst, clean, happy and respectable. He had got religion.

Religion had done the miracle. Religion was a good thing, if only a man could once make up his mind to take the step. Look at Old Born Drunk (so they called him). What a difference religion had made to him! Before the miracle of Old Born Drunk the arguments of the tavern atheists melted into thin air. Facts are stubborn things, and never more stubborn than when they walk the street and breathe human air. Never a public house argument about religion that did not end with, "Well, anyhow, what about Old Born Drunk?"—*Twice-Born Men.*

The change wrought in a Kentucky mountain boy through the tactful dealing of a wise teacher is told as follows:

In the Kentucky mountains, Perry Abbitt, the son of a widow, had the reputation in the neighborhood of being a "powerful bad boy." He had never been subjected to restraint and he delighted in disturbing meetings by firing a revolver and throwing stones. A Sabbath school missionary organized a Sabbath school in that neighborhood and with considerable tact engaged Perry to help him keep order among the boys. This bad boy of the neighborhood accepted the responsibility and undertook the job of keeping the rest in order. The boy kept his promise and the school flourished. Three years afterward Perry was one of twenty-one who made a profession of religion. Soon after this young man felt called for the ministry and he is now said to be living in New Mexico and preaching for three churches which he organized. The good seed sown in good ground and properly cultivated will always bring forth a bountiful harvest.

A Miracle of Grace.

I want to tell you of one of our Christians in Amoy, China, a man rough, uncouth, unlettered—a man very much wanting in the graces and culture of some of the more educated Chinese. Many years ago this man was a most confirmed gambler, who had the reputation in his own village and in the regions round about, of being the greatest gambler in that part. We in England do not understand the meaning of the word "gambling" as the Chinese do. This passion is born in the Chinaman, it is in his very blood, and in his fiber; and when you talk about gambling you have to go to China to see

what it is there. This man that I speak of was pre-eminent as a gambler. His wife entreated him to give it up, and his father did too. The father, who is a great power in China, would ask his son to give up gambling, and he would promise to do so, but when he got away from the influences of home again the great passion came back. One time at an annual festival in the village the father wanted to shame this man, and he took him and tied him to a stake in front of all the village and in the presence of all the young men of the neighboring villages. But it was of no use. One day the man was passing along the streets of Amoy when he came to a crowd where there was a missionary preaching. He came to the edge of the crowd, and some wondrous power seemed to seize hold of him. He told me, "I did not understand very well what the missionary said, but there was something about him which seized hold of me and I was controlled as I never was before in my life." He went home. He said, "I must hear more of this." Next Sunday he went to church and the passion for gambling disappeared. The demon was driven out of him, and he became not only a Christian but a preacher of the gospel. It is one of the most hopeful signs of our Christianity in China today, that our converts are preachers and at that, though the number of Christians in Amoy is very large, the great majority of them have been gathered in by the Christian natives themselves. After that he went home with money and goods that he had earned. As he came to his native village the young men gathered around him and said, "You have been very successful in gambling operations lately." But he replied, "I gamble no more." They thought it was a huge joke. Then he came to his own home. His father and mother said nothing because he had brought back goods and money. A month afterward he returned again with money and goods, and as he was nearing his village he was seized by a number of men belonging to a large clan, and he was captured by them and held for ransom. In those days the law was not closely observed in that part of the country, and villages that were strong seized and apprehended whomever they could lay hands on. When he was seized he said, "Yes, take

my goods and take my money; my desire is to go to your village and preach the gospel, and if I can do so at the expense of my money and goods I shall be very willing." He was carried to the village and, whilst standing in an open space waiting to learn what ransom should be decided upon by the elders, the crowd gathered around him and they stood and listened, and listened, for no man had ever dared stand and preach in that village before and tell about Christ. He heard some woman say, "We cannot take this man's money, we cannot take his goods; what he says is beautiful." And by and by the men gathered round and led him to those who had taken his goods, and they gathered them together house by house, and gave the goods back to him and let him go home.

What has been the result? Today in that man's village there is one of the most active and powerful churches we have in the whole of our work. The church is self-supporting and has six mission stations in the villages round about, worked by the members, and that village is one of the finest in all that region. I believe there is no church in all China more active and more vigorous than it, and I verily believe there is no church in Christian lands more active and earnest in the salvation of men than this church.—*J. MacGowan.*

Factory Religion.

"No, sir," said Scofield, the factory engineer, emphatically; "there is no such thing as factory religion! It's a contradiction. Why, my engine won't run if I don't swear at times."

"How do you know?" asked the listener.

The fireman laughed.

Scofield turned upon him like a flash:

"Tom," said he, with an oath, "wheel in ten or twelve more barrowfuls of that Nova Scotia coal. There isn't half enough to last till six o'clock."

The fireman departed without a word, and the engineer bustled around the room, oiling the slides, testing the water, opening and shutting valves.

"Well, I suppose I must leave you," said the visitor, rising from his chair and holding out his hand. "Will you not give the subject a thought?"

The engineer shook his head. "It's no place for religion, I tell you," he said. "To my mind, factories ought never to have been built. God intended man to live out in the free air and enjoy nature. There is plenty of room for religion out of doors; but here, where the very pulleys swear at their work—where steam shrieks and curses—here is no place for religion."

"Tom," cried Scofield, after the minister had left, "don't bother about any more coal, my boy, I was out of sorts when I spoke. There is enough in now to last a week."

"I couldn't help laughing, though," said Tom, wiping the grimy sweat from his brow. "You know that you never did try to do anything without swearing."

The engineer made no reply, but opened a paper and seemed to read. The printed words, however, did not engage his attention, but most vividly what the fireman said came before him again and again.

Was it as bad as that? Could he do nothing without swearing? He resolved to test himself. He would begin early next morning, and for every oath uttered he would drop a small brass nail into a tumbler that was in the window. He rather thought that the tumbler would be empty at night—now that he had got his will up.

The next day came—Scofield rose at five as usual, and going downstairs in his stocking feet, stepped on a tack. The volley of oaths that followed counted out seven nails for the tumbler. The buckwheat cakes, a collar button, the cat, a slow clock, and the remembrance of his purpose, scored five more. Then with grim determination he shut his teeth and said not a word more until he reached the engine room, where he counted out the twelve nails and threw them into the tumbler with an oath—yes, an oath of relief. He was half across the room before the last one dawned upon him, but true to his purpose he walked back and put another nail into the glass.

All day long he struggled, and at night the tumbler held thirty nails. Scofield was startled. He had never dreamed

that he was so profane, and the habit had such a "grip" upon him. At last he went to "Christian Tim," an old man in the steel works, and told him the whole affair. Tim pondered a while, and then said:

"You may be able to leave off in time by your own will power, but I know a better way."

"What is it?" inquired the other.

"Ask the help of the Lord Jesus Christ," said Tim, earnestly. "Has he not heard every oath? Isn't it against him that you have sinned? I had the same experience myself years ago, but with his help I never feel the least inclination to swear. And as for being happy—the hours are so swift-winged that I can hardly tell where the days go."

The minister called again upon Scofield.

"There is a factory religion, sir," said the engineer. "My fireman, Tom, and myself are trying to live up to it. There is a Bible in that desk, and we find time to read some in it every day. And to tell the truth, I believe the work is less hard, the wheels run more smoothly, the valves are tighter, and the whole place is lighter, cleaner and better, for this same factory religion."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

A Brother's Triumph.

"A few days ago I went up to Guyrat to attend the executive committee meeting of a convention," writes Dr. D. J. Fleming, of Lahore, India. There as one of ten men sitting on this committee was a Mohammedan convert of whom I wish to tell you.

"This man was a Kazi—that is, he was to Mohammedanism what a scribe was to Judaism. Soon after becoming a Christian he went back to his frontier home and was entertained by his brother. After dinner the Kazi felt sick. More and more did he suffer until it became plain that he had been poisoned. While running away he fell senseless on the roadside, but was finally saved.

"Again, a bullet whizzed by his head. Still another time he heard the click of a pistol trigger, and turned just in time to let the bullet pass harmlessly by. This brother, however, fell in financial difficulty, and the Kazi endeavored to help him.

He succeeded in getting a Mussulman to go his brother's surety. The brother wrote, 'You are not a true Pathan (frontiersman), for no Pathan would ever forgive what I have done to you. I disown you.' The Kazi wrote back, 'Whether or not I am a true Pathan, you must judge. But what I am this book has made me,' and he sent along a copy of the Bible.

"That was several years ago. The beautiful thing is that at Guyrat this brother was along as an inquirer, having been won by the patience and love of the Kazi."—*The Interior.*

A Soul's Triumph.

When Horace Bushnell was at Yale college as a tutor, he was skeptical, and his influence on the students was hurtful. He felt this burden of responsibility somewhat himself, and, as he afterwards expressed it to a friend of mine, he said he thought he was "like a great snag in the river that caught the shipping as it came down, and held it fast." He could not bear this responsibility, so one night he sat down in his study to take stock of what he really did believe. He concluded that he knew two things: First, that God was God; and second, that right was right; although he did not believe in the divinity of Christ nor in the inspiration of the Bible. The thought occurred to him, "What is the use of my trying to get further knowledge, so long as I do not cheerfully yield myself to do that which has already been revealed to me?" Moved by this thought, he knelt down and prayed a prayer something like this: "Oh God!" he said, "I believe there is an ineradicable, eternal distinction between right and wrong, and I hereby give myself up to do the right and to refrain from doing the wrong; and I believe that thou dost exist, and if thou canst hear my cry and wilt reveal thyself unto me I pledge myself that I will do thy will; and I make this pledge fully and freely and forever." And God took him by the hand and lifted him up and led him where he gained a magnificent conception of Jesus Christ, and found salvation for himself and others.—*Mills.*

A New Man in Christ.

Valentine Burke, a St. Louis burglar, was converted in the Moody meetings. His reformation was complete.

One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the court house, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart.

"Some old case they've got up against me," he said; "but, if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying."

The sheriff greeted him kindly.

"Where have you been, Burke?"

"In New York."

"What have you been doing there?"

"Trying to find a decent job," said Burke.

"Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?" inquired the sheriff.

"Yes," answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye. "I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religon."

It was then the tide began to turn.

"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud. But I want to say to you that I know you've lived an honest Christian life, and I have sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like flint. Steadily, and with dogged faithfulness, the old burglar went about his duties until the men high in business began to tip their hats to him, and to talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city, and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who converted him. Moody told how he found him in a close room upstairs in the court house serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with the sack of gems in his lap, and a gun on the table. There were $60,000 worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it."

SERVICE FOURTEEN—Thursday Evening

The Joy of Salvation

TEXTS FOR SERVICE XIV

Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy * * * for God now accepteth thy works.—*Eccles. 9:7.*

The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.—*Ps. 118:14.*

Great peace have they which love thy laws and nothing shall offend them.—*Ps. 119:165.*

And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—*Phil. 4:7.*

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—*Matt. 11:28.*

Always rejoicing.—*2 Cor. 6:10.*

I will go in the strength of the Lord God.—*Ps. 71:16.*

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—*John 8:32.*

Return unto thy rest, O my soul.—*Ps. 116:7.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy * * * for God now accepteth thy works.—Eccles. 9:7.

1. It is possible to have the approval, to win the commendation of God; "to please God;" "she hath done what she could;" "O woman, great is thy faith."
2. The consciousness of God's approval is a mighty soul-stay; "there is a peace above all earthly dignities, a calm and quiet conscience."
3. It brings peace and joy, physical, mental and spiritual strength, and is a boon eagerly to be sought.

The Lord is my strength and song, and is become my salvation.—Ps. 118:14.

1. Salvation is personal union with Christ—"Lord."
2. He becomes the source of all power—"strength."
3. The spring of life's deepest emotions—"song."

Great peace have they that love thy law and nothing shall offend them.—Ps. 119:165.

1. An essential condition; "love thy law."
2. A special privilege, "nothing shall offend (stumble) them; (1) Not "things hard to be understood" in the Bible; (2) In providential dealings; (3) Not temptations.
3. A blessed result; "great peace." Great, because (1) God's; (2) "Passeth all understanding;" (3) Inexhaustible "as a river."

And the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.—Phil. 4:7.

1. At peace with God "through Christ Jesus;" reconciled.
2. The peace of God.
3. An incomprehensible peace; "passeth all understanding."
4. A keeping peace. (Ps. 127.)
5. Mental peace, from anxiety and worry; and moral, from the storms of evil passion.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11:28.

1. Earth's toiling, weary throngs.
2. The divine Rest-bringer. Rest for the tempest-tossed soul; the baffled brain; the weary feet.
3. His gracious invitation and promise to all, "Come."

Always rejoicing.—2 Cor. 6:10.

The grounds of Christian joy:

1. The past is pardoned; "I have blotted out * * * thy transgressions."
2. The present girded and guided; " underneath are the everlasting arms;" "the Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."
3. The future bright with hope; "in my father's house are many mansions."

I will go in the strength of the Lord God.—Ps. 71:16.

1. Realized impotence.
2. Proffered omnipotence.
3. A wise resolve assuring a successful issue.

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—John 8:32.

1. Spirit-taught souls; "he shall show it unto you."
2. Liberated souls; from the bondage of ignorance, superstition and spiritual uncertainty, the Bible is an emancipation proclamation.
3. This privilege offered to all.

Return unto thy rest, O my soul.—Ps. 116:7.

1. Sin means wandering from God.
2. Soul weariness; God is the soul's only resting place.
3. His arms open to receive you.
4. Return.

SUGGESTIONS

The following very suggestive description of an after-meeting in actual operation and of the valuable service which Christians trained to personal service may render, was given some years ago in one of our religious weeklies, and will be of special assistance to every pastor engaged in evangelistic services.

The pastor preached a very simple but earnest sermon of about thirty or perhaps forty minutes. He announced at the close of the sermon that there would be the usual after-meeting, and invited all who were interested to remain. About three hundred out of a thousand people present remained. The pastor in a few brief remarks explained the object of the meeting—viz., that any persons present who were interested in the salvation of their souls might have an opportunity of declaring their desires or confessing their faith in Christ, if they had decided for him. He then told how they might come to Christ, repeating and illustrating two or three scriptural promises, and without ceremony calling first on this brother, and then on that one, to tell how they had been converted, or how they came to Christ. With singular unanimity all who were called upon (and they seemed to be called upon at random) gave testimonies confirmatory of the pastor's teaching, and expressed their thankfulness and gratitude that they were led to accept Christ as a Savior. "How long," said the pastor in one or two cases, "since you came to Christ?" "Two years," or "three years," etc., and in one case "one week," were the answers. "Have you found Christ as good as his promise? Has the blessing of salvation been as good as you expected?" "Better," said one. "Infinitely greater and better than I ever dreamed of," said another; and so the testimony went on. It was very interesting. All this did not occupy more than fifteen minutes.

Then the pastor asked any one present who believed in Christ, and wanted to confess him, to arise and do so. There was no response to the appeal. The pastor waited a moment, and repeated the invitation. Still no response. A moment or two of silence, when the pastor said, "It seems as if there were none to choose

the Lord tonight, and yet I feel sure that the Lord is present here, waiting to bless, and that there are souls here, wanting his blessing." Then a pause, in which we noticed persons in different parts of the house speaking in whispers to others. In one case, a gentleman got up out of his seat and crossed the aisle, and sat down by the side of another gentleman and said something to him, at which he smiled and shook his head. We suppose it was a quiet personal appeal. Meantime the pastor waited another moment, and said: "If there are none to take the Savior's gift tonight, we will dismiss the meeting." At this moment, a gentleman and lady rose together in the most distant part of the house. The pastor very quietly asked them, "Dear friends, do you accept the Lord Jesus Christ tonight for your Savior and Lord?" To which they made audible response, "I do." "Thank God!" said the pastor. "Now there must be others. Brethren and sisters, speak to your neighbors and friends. They may need just one encouraging word." To this request there was a response. Several persons went from their seats to different parts of the house to speak to persons whom they knew, or whom they had been observing. Meantime the pastor walked down the aisle, and spoke to a gentleman. Apparently just a word. The gentleman hesitated a moment, and then arose and spoke to the congregation, saying that he was deeply anxious about his soul. He said he had recently lost a child, and that had awakened him to a sense of his sin against God and the need of salvation; that he had promised the Lord over the grave of his boy that he would give his heart to him, and how he had deferred it; how, again and again, he had desired to respond to the invitation of the gospel, but did not seem to have the moral courage publicly to confess Christ; how he had wanted to do so all through the present meeting, but was deterred through lack of courage; but that now he was thankful that the pastor had come down and spoken to him. He had just needed this word to help him "over the line," and now he publicly confessed Jesus Christ as his Savior. Then another gentleman arose and confessed himself a wanderer, and his purpose there and then to give himself back to God, confessing his backslidings, and asked an interest in the prayers of the people. Then a young lady arose and confessed Christ. After this the pastor made a prayer for these new confessors, and dismissed the

meeting, meantime having brought them all forward where he could speak to them personally. But the meeting was not over. All about the church there were little groups remaining, engaged in earnest conversation; and we learn that later on, and yet before ten o'clock, three men additional to those who had confessed in the after-meeting, gave themselves to Christ.

There have been no special meetings held in that church this winter, but these after-meetings are a part of the regular Sunday evening church service. It is not wonderful that nearly thirty persons, men and women, were proposed for membership on confession of faith that day, the fruit of one month's ripening and gathering, for in that church their communions are monthly.

Our object in detailing what we saw in that one service is to impress upon our readers not only the value of these simple and practical methods in connection with ordinary pastoral labor, but to point out the exceeding importance of having a number of persons in the congregation who are ready to supplement the pastor's work by personally speaking to souls and helping them over the line.

SEED THOUGHTS

Peace is the reward of life and fellowship with Christ. Peace is not a thing that comes down solid, as it were, and is fitted somehow into a man's nature. We have very gross conceptions of peace, joy, and other Christian experiences; but they are all simply effects of causes. We fulfill the condition; we cannot help the experiences following.—*Selected.*

The answer you give to the question will settle your happiness, for no man can be happy unless he's good; and no man can be happy who is living a selfish life. If you are to be a really happy man, you must be a good man and a useful man, and if you are to be really both, you must be connected in love with Jesus Christ. You must find the source of happiness and the strength of it and the comfort of it alone in him.—*Selected.*

I often wish, when I see the young hesitating on the threshold of the kingdom, that they might realize how much they lose by staying away. Not a friend below can offer so much of enduring joy as is freely offered by this Friend with the pierced hands, and the head once crowned with thorns. The sweetness of his call will be in your souls, dear child of time, to all eternity. You can never know immortal joy if you do not heed it. "Come unto me," he says, "and I will give you rest." Yes, Lord Jesus, we will come, and receive in this life, and in the life unending, peace, rest, and joy, for at thy right hand there are pleasures for everyone.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

It is a serious misfortune that the Christian teacher is inclined to dwell rather upon the cost of self-denial than its rewards. It is the province of religion to convert the wilderness into a fruitful field and to make the desert blossom as the rose.

It is quite true that religion requires one to "take up the cross;" but it is none the less true that the cross is a source of joy such as the world can not give nor take from one. And the first element in this joy is freedom from the sting of sin. The well man passing through a hospital, where the suffering lie, says to himself, "What a blessed thing is health." "To feel one's life in every

limb" is a joy. And to get out from under the burden of sin he bore was to Bunyan's Pilgrim a joy as heavenly as to view from Beulah's heights the celestial city.

It is a joy of religion to be conscious of strength. Underneath all the passion for athletics is the joy which a strong man knows who strips to run a race. What a joy the soul knows when it has learned to sing, "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." The joy of conscious power, the joy of victorious strength, is a part of the joy of life to which Jesus calls us, although the way to it lies by the cross.

And then to crown all is the joy of hope. Always "more to follow." Always brighter skies to come. Always happier fields and larger delights await us. Put these things before the young Christian and not simply the demand for self-denial. Self-denial is the strait gate, but paradise lies behind that gate.—*The Presbyterian.*

The Christian has the peace that Jesus Christ left for those that love him; he has a settled joy within him which is his when the storm rages, and when the rock-ribs of nature break up and when planets fall and stars go out like sparks from the blacksmith's anvil and when sun and moon fall into oblivion; and when this old earth disappears like so many scattered ashes in the last whirlwind, the man who loves God will be able to look at it and say, "Break up, old earth," and it will be but the rocking of an infant's cradle as it rocks him to rest in the arms of him in whom he trusts. When a man is good, he has a joy which cannot be put into words. When a man accepts Jesus Christ as his Savior, he wakes up to joys that he never dreamed existed. Oh, my dear brother, real happiness depends on how you stand with Christ.—*Selected.*

Christian joy is one of the fruits of the Spirit. It is not made to order. It is not an automatic arrangement of grace. It is a divine gift, divinely born and divinely imparted, divinely nourished and divinely perpetuated. It is not dependent on external conditions, but rather upon internal possessions—possession of grace, divine favor, divine peace, divine assurance, uninterrupted fellowship with God, abiding companionship with Jesus Christ, and the infilling of the Holy Spirit. Right internal relations with Christ, rather than outward conditions, are the guarantees of the perma-

nence and degrees of this joy. Joy is more than mere happiness! Happiness fluctuates, is influenced by circumstances, by external conditions, but genuine Christian joy, while it produces exuberance, is nevertheless an abiding grace, increasing under trials rather than diminishing, for it abounds wherever Christ abounds. Paul and Silas knew what it meant and did for them in the Philippian jail, Daniel in the lions' den, Luther in the Wartburg, Bunyan in Bedford jail, Christ in Gethsemane and upon Calvary, for "he endured the cross and despised the shame," because of the joy that was set before him. The joy of being found in the path of duty, the joy of anticipated triumph, the joy of assurance of the effectiveness of his atoning death and victorious resurrection, the joy of satisfied justice, the joy of routing sin, and the joy of populating heaven with souls washed in his blood, from among all nations, kindreds and tongues.

The things which Jesus had spoken of to his disciples should be the productive source of their joy. (See John 15.) The word of pardon proceeding from his lips and lodging in our hearts produces joy. What a joy to be redeemed from sin, what a joy to be adopted into the family of God. What a joy to be in harmony with God, to be an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. What a joy to have one's interests linked with the interests of God. What a joy to abide in Christ and have his words abide in us. All "these things" produce a joy unspeakable and full of glory.—*Selected.*

We need the peace of God in our heart just as really for the doing well of the little things in our secular life as for the doing of the greatest duties of Christ's kingdom. Our face ought to shine, and our spirit ought to be tranquil, and our eyes ought to be clear, and our nerves ought to be steady, as we press through the tasks of our commonest day. Then we shall do them all well, slurring nothing, marring nothing. We want heart peace before we begin any day's duties, and we should wait at Christ's feet ere we go forth.—*J. R. Miller.*

The purest forms of our own religion have always consisted in sacrificing less things to win greater; time, to win eternity; the world, to win the skies. The order, "sell that thou hast," is not given without the promise—"thou shalt have treasure in heaven;"

and well for the modern Christian if he accepts the alternative as his Master left it—and does not practically read the command and promise thus: *Sell that thou hast in the best market, and thou shalt have treasure in eternity also.—Ruskin.*

Religion, to be worth possessing, must have a life-giving, life-molding, hope-inspiring power. If it consists only in the observance of forms and ceremonies, counting beads and attending early masses; in other words, if it only imposes weary burdens upon its votaries, or fails to cure the soul of doubts, fears, and evil propensities, then it is utterly worthless. Some one has well written, "We want religion that softens the step, and turns the voice to melody, and fills the eye with sunshine, and checks the impatient exclamation and harsh rebuke; a religion that is polite, deferential to superiors, considerate to friends; a religion that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being cross when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly washed floor with his boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and amuses the children as well as instructs them; cares for the servants, besides paying them promptly; projects the honeymoon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy home like the eastern fig-tree, bearing on its bosom at once the tender blossom and the glory of the ripening fruit. We want a religion that shall interpose between the ruts and gullies and rocks of the highway and the sensitive souls that are traveling over them."—*Religious Telescope.*

Her ways are ways of pleasantness.—1. Religion's way is a safe way. Walking in religion's ways we have God as our keeper. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." God walks with us and by us and keeps us from harm. When a child is traveling with his father, he is not afraid. When we enter religion's way, we begin to walk with God. We are absolutely safe.

2. The good things we have on the way make it pleasant. We have all the good things of earth and heaven. The whole world belongs to our Father in heaven. It is not true that the world belongs to the devil. It belongs to God, and he controls

it for the good of his people. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

3. The work we do on the way makes it pleasant. It is in accord with the profoundest philosophy, as well as with the widest experience, that there is no such happiness as that which springs from the effort to benefit others. A young boy said to his mother, "I tried to make little sister happy while you were away. She would not be happy; but I was happy trying."—*Christian Work.*

The Stoic says, "Look within, it is there you will find rest;" but it is not true. Another says, "Look without you, you will find happiness in diversion;" but that is not true. Happiness is neither without us nor within us, it is in God alone, and through him it is both within us and without.—*Pascal.*

Man's only true happiness is to live in hope of something to be won by him, in reverence of something to be worshiped by him, and in love of something to be cherished by him, and cherished forever.—*Ruskin.*

The sweetest joys and delights I have experienced have not been those that have arisen from the hope of my own good estate, but in a direct view of the glorious things of the gospel.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

Mysterious joy often comes into the hearts of God's people, and the glory of the Lord often shines in their faces. Christian joy will make a homely face beautiful; a rugged and seamed face, if illumined with the glory of God, is a sight to charm the soul of an artist and to inspire with joy the heart of an angel. God loves joy and not gloom.—*R. S. MacArthur, D. D.*

Every master knows how much more work can be got out of a servant who works with a cheery heart than out of one that is driven reluctantly to his task. You remember our Lord's parable where he traces idleness to fear, "I knew thee that thou art an hard man, gathering where thou hast not strawed; and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent." No work was got out of that servant, because there was no joy in him. The opposite state of mind—diligence in righteous work, inspired by gladness, which in its turn is inspired by the remembrance of God's ways—is the mark of a true servant of God.—*Alexander Maclaren.*

The deepest reason why life looks blue, however, is that we forget the love of God to us. To one who believes in the Bible statement that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life," there is absolutely no good reason possible why life should be blue. As Paul says on this point, "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" All things, all things, all things! Take in the idea. He who has given his greatest treasure will surely not withhold any lesser one. All things: Care for your bodily needs, your business, your duties, your anxieties, your sorrows, your cares of all kinds. All things: The things that make life look blue, your mistakes, your sins, your selfishness, your very soul's weakness. Yes, "all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Be sure life is not blue to God. So get his view of it. Trust his love for you. Go love some one else. Lose self in him. Live the kind of life he made you for. Then life will not look blue, but blessed.—*H. H. Barstow, in The Westminster.*

Nothing can be more certain than that Jesus's teachings concerning the Christian life present it, and were intended to present it, as a thing of deep and abounding joy. He meant us to know that religion in itself is a joyous experience. Religion is the normal attitude and exercise of the spiritual nature. In other words, it is spiritual health. As it is a joy to be able to see and to hear the beautiful things in the natural world, so it is immeasurably a greater joy to be able to hear and to see the glad and beautiful things in the kingdom of God—in the spiritual world. Religion is immeasurably more than the means of securing future happiness. It is that; but it is also happiness and well-being now and here, and all the way along, until one comes into the full enjoyment of the bliss of heaven.

Jesus did tell us, it is true, of heaven to come. He said, "In my Father's house are many mansions; * * * I go to prepare a place for you." But he also made it very plain that we do not have to wait till after we die for heaven to begin with us. Said

he, "The kingdom of God is within you." It is a present heaven the Christian enjoys, an inner heaven in the heart. We need not wait until we die to taste the joys of bliss.

The Bible certainly warrants us in the belief that there is a heavenly place somewhere in the universe, and that all the faithful shall be gathered home to that better land. We know not where it is; we have little idea what it is. Only we know it is very blessed. The Bible is full of hints and suggestions and figurative expressions in an attempt to give us some conception of its infinite blessedness. But these are only hints and suggestions.—*Hallock.*

If we would but let imagination, courage, and trust, and all the splendid, innate powers of the soul come forth and shape the brute facts of life, what a picture we should make! These powers are the cunning of hand and brush that change the raw colors on the palette into the ordered beauty of the picture. And how we shall lament at the last if we have failed to put light enough into the canvas; if the joyous hours have been too sparse! For life has sad need of these—the joy-crowned hours. And, after all, they are accessible. Let the blow fall, and when it comes say, "This is for the making of strength and courage and there is joy in that;" let the darkness thicken about us and say, "This is that in the blackest night sight should grow keener and trust increase, and there is joy in that;" let the bleak rocks of thwarting and obstacles heap themselves mountain high and say, "This is that the body may break itself and let the soul mount free;" and in each of these counsels is joy. For joy, after all, is something quite different from pleasure or excitement or merriment or gratified desire.

This, too, is a joyous thought: We know somewhat of the limits of our bodily strength. If we are bidden build a marble palace, all of our own powers, we can make a beginning, but we know we shall not finish it in a mortal span of years. But of the measure of our spiritual powers we know nothing; only that as we call they respond. None yet has come to the end of spiritual response. As we ask, so we receive; as we will, so we have; as we demand, so it is created. So far as we know, spiritual aspiration stretches out into the infinite. We cannot exhaust it any more than we can exhaust the universe. At every center paths radiate into eternity, and we deck them with thorns

and thistles and rocks or with stars and flowers and mossy couches as we list. Our part is joy and faith in the leading. See, the earth does not despair when the leaves fall and the winter wraps her round in an icy shroud. The stars along their courses are not appalled by the blackness of the interstellar spaces or the long pursuit ahead. The sky harbors the moving sun with all its planets, and the moon waxes and wanes and draws the waters of the earth, and they set no idle questions of whence and whither. They do not shrink from the predestined course, but submit that by death as by life they be fed. Joy follows hard on the traces of wisdom, and love and trust, the keys of wisdom, are in the hands of each of us.—*Harper's Weekly.*

I well recall the words of a former member of the Brick Church in Rochester, New York, Hannah J. Paul. She was a beautiful Christian character, though for years an almost helpless invalid. But she delighted in spiritual things. One day she said to me, "I am living in heaven now all the time. Perhaps too much. Do you think so?" No, she was not; but she had this inner kingdom—the kingdom of heaven in the heart, and she was enjoying it.—*Selected.*

A shining face is suggestive of a peaceful spirit, and a musical voice of a properly attuned soul. It thus comes to pass that when men have lived with God they carry the very glory of God in their faces. It would not be surprising if ever after that moment until his mysterious death, Moses was a different man in face and in spirit from what he had ever been before. This interview may have contributed to the vigor of his old age. There are marvelously mysterious laws of life; we have not yet mastered them in their full meaning. There is a broad margin of mystery lying between the known and the unknown, between life and death, and between sickness and health. We occasionally make incursions into that margin of territory, and we often carry back therefrom some new knowledge; but in the years to come, parents, physicians, and clergymen will have vastly enlarged spheres of knowledge—knowledge of which now we only dream in our loftiest moments. There are times when we are just as distinctly conscious that God pours physical vigor into us as we are that we are alive. In our every-day life we live too far away from God,

and the result is that we fail to receive from God copious supplies in physical vigor, in mental force, and in spiritual power and joy.—*MacArthur.*

The way to happiness does not lie in attempting to bring our circumstances up to our minds, but our minds down to our circumstances. Many birds wear a finer coat than the lark, nor is there any that dwells in a lowlier home; yet which of the feathered songsters soars so high or sings so merrily, or teaches man so well how to leave the day's cares and labors for the bosom of his family, as when, neither envying the peacock his splendid plumage, nor the proud eagle her lofty realm, it drops singing into its grassy nest, to caress its young, and with its wings to shield them from the cold dews of the night? To indulge an unsanctified and insatiable ambition to attempt to bring our circumstances up to our minds, is to fill a sieve with water, or the grave with dead, or the sea with rivers. The passions that in such a case seek gratification are like the wretched drunkard's thirst; they burn the fiercer for indulgence, and crave for more the more they get. It is often difficult, I grant, to bring our minds down to our circumstances, but he attempts, not a difficult, but an impossible thing who attempts to bring his circumstances up to the height of his ambition. Nature, says the old adage, is contended with little, grace with less, lust with nothing. And ours be the happiness of him who, content with less than little, pleased with whatever pleases the Father, careful for nothing, thankful for anything, prayerful in everything, can say, with Paul, I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.—*Thomas Guthrie, D. D.*

Wise remark was that of old Thomas a'Kempis, "If the frame of thy soul were in right order, and thou wert inwardly pure, all outward things would conduce to thy improvement in holiness, and work together for thy everlasting good. Because thou art disgusted by a thousand objects and disturbed by a thousand events, it is evident thou art not yet crucified to the world, nor the world yet crucified to thee." When one is lost in the will of God, his divine Father, an intense satisfaction of rest comes over his spirit. He is in conflict with no one; he loves God, and he loves every one God loves.—*Selected.*

Write on your daybook, on your ledger, on your money safe, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Do not worry about notes that are far from due. Do not pile up on your counting desk the financial anxieties of the next twenty years. Melancholy is the owl that is perched in many a Christian soul. The good times, if we will but believe it, are now; the better times are not backward—but beyond. We believe, as in the past, so in the future, the world will grow better and better. By-and-by the world and all that is therein shall pass away, but in the new heavens and the earth righteousness, only righteousness, shall dwell; and cheerfulness and growth will ever mark the progress of the soul.—*Talmage.*

Oh, if you would read the Bible more; if you would search it for some of the promises; if you would say, "I am going to free myself of some of these cares that cut my joy in pieces, by casting them on God." Think of that verse, "All things work together for good to them that love God." Suppose cares come on you. Take the sword of the Spirit; stab the cares with that text, "All things work together." Do you think that the cares can live? You will have life and joy and peace.

Paul had an awful care, a thorn in the flesh. It cut him to pieces; it interfered with his duties. He prayed over it once, and again and again and again. Then came the word, "My grace is sufficient for thee." The thorn was there, but he kept thinking of Christ and his grace.

Then there was William the Prince of Orange, through whose labors and sufferings our liberties were born. When overwhelmed with cares, he threw all on God, saying, "God will order all that is needed for my salvation."

This care of God does not contemplate our being without discipline. Rather it includes our discipline. I once spent a red-letter afternoon in the studio of Powers, at Florence. I saw the blocks of Carara marble; I saw the same blocks half sculptured. As the sculptor's chisel cut great scars in the marble, it seemed as if it were conscious, and as if I could hear it speak, and say, "O sculptor, keep on till you set free the being, the angel perhaps that is confined in me. Give me this, though I die of the pain."

So you have pain, trouble. Well, it is God's process of discipline through which he is bringing you to your shining.—*Wayland Hoyt.*

In the light of what has been said, a little reflection will show how sound religion affects the body beneficially and how irreligion or a perverted religion must have disastrous nervous consequences. The consciousness of God, which is the essence of religion, is, as has been said, essential to our normal life and health. Suppose, now, this consciousness is weakened or neglected and begins gradually to thin and vanish away, there is left a vacant place in the soul, into which inevitably will pour fears, misgivings, forebodings and all those mental miseries that turn life into a tissue of impracticalities. This is the inevitable result when a man or a woman loses faith in that "Power which shapes our ends, roughhew them how we will." With truth says Professor Dubois, agnostic though he be, "It is not safe for a man to pass through this world without a religion or at least a philosophy." It has been our experience in the Emanuel clinic that, other things being equal, wherever faith in God can be created, or if it has died out, can be reawakened, the chance of recovery from nervous disorder is always greater than where this condition does not exist. Do you ask why? Because this faith calms the mind, quells the anarchy created by worry and fear, and thus indirectly constrains the nervous organism to harmony and peace, and through the nervous organism benefits the whole body. At bottom, the majority of functional nervous disorders are diseases of character, and such diseases can be cured only by forces that are moral and spiritual, and the greatest of these is faith.—*Samuel McComb, D. D.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

A Singing Pilgrim.

Mr. Robson, of Shields, once had to go down into a coal mine to consult a miner about some evidence wanted at once. When he got to the bottom of the shaft, he asked the man in charge how he could find his client. "Oh!" he replied, "you will have no difficulty in finding him. He is one of your blessed Methodists, and is sure to be singing." As Robson went along the dreary drift of the mine, he said to himself, "Surely if a man be singing here, it must be 'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair we wretched sinners lay!'" But he had not gone very far when he heard a cheery voice singing:

"I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine.
Here shines undimmed one perfect day,
And all my night has passed away."

That is what the grace of God can do. It can turn night into day and sorrow into song.—*J. H. Jowett.*

The Peace of God.

Loch Lomond, in Scotland, is one of the most beautiful sheets of placid water in the world. It is often visited by tourists from all nations. An album is kept in the famous belfry near Rossdhu Castle, in which are recorded some of the first impulsive exclamations of distinguished persons, just as uttered when the exquisite prospect burst suddenly upon them from the outlook. John MacDonald, the venerable old man, seemed struck with an affecting sense of its suggestiveness as a spiritual symbol. He was subdued into a meditative silence all the hour that he spent on the spot. It was observed that he scarcely spoke aloud. What he was thinking about, however, it is greatly interesting to discover from a letter he wrote. In this he fairly quotes a verse of Scripture as his best form of description, "Oh, how sweet and tranquil was the bosom of that lake! As I sat there, I thought of "the peace of God which passeth all understanding."—*Charles S. Robinson, D. D.*

The Call of the Other World.

A few weeks ago, a friend dug from the woods a clod of earth, black and heavy, without a suggestion of life, and incased about the edges with ice and snow. Placed in an earthen dish, it has stood since then in my window, where the sun has poured its warmth into the heart of the cold, dark clod. I held it in my hand today, and was thrilled with the mystery of its beauty! Every part of that once cold bit of earth is covered now with greenness and flowers. Tiny blossoms, so dainty and sweet as only the woods produce, varieties of grasses, little embryo bushes —the whole rich, productive forest is here in miniature. I have studied it eagerly, thrilled by its lesson. Who would have dreamed of this development when first this bit of ice-bound earth was brought to me? But the possibilities all were there; the seed of every beautiful growth was hidden within it. Dropped by the passing wind, they had lain under the winter snows, waiting the touch of spring.

Thus in your heart and mine has God put wondrous possibilities. They wait only to "know the power of his resurrection" to spring into the beauty and bloom. Put them where the great sun can reach them! Let the warmth of the light divine strike to their roots, and lo! what marvel of development we see. And after the winter of death is over, who shall foretell the possibilities of the life eternal through the power of him who was dead, but is alive for evermore?

Oh, if we could only lift up our hearts and live with him! Live new lives, high lives of love and hope and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud and the letting of the life out to its completion.—*J. M. Buckley, D. D.*

Godliness is Profitable.

The funeral was over and the friends walked away. The minister overtook an old man and walked beside him. He had been the partner and for fifty years the friend of the man who had gone.

"If there is any man who knows a man," said the old man to the minister, "it is his partner. He sees both sides of him, sees him in his dealings with others when the interest of the two is the same, and sees him in the adjustments of matters within the

firm where each is looking out for his own. If any man knows whether that man was an honest man, whether his religion lasted all the week through and all the year round, I know it. And I tell you he was a man, every inch of him. His religion was in the sixteen ounces he put into every pound; it measured thirty-six inches to every yard. That man had religion."

"I am sure of it," said the minister, "and such a character is worth many sermons as a proof of what religion really is. It is fitting that such a life should live on in heaven."

"Yes," said the old man, "and I believe it will. But even if I knew that it would not, I should say, 'This life has been worth while.'"

"Goodness is always worth while," said the pastor.

"Tell me this," said the old man. "What would you do, what would you say, if next time you stand in the pulpit, there should come to you and to your congregation the absolute knowledge that all your hopes and beliefs about heaven are wrong; that this world is all that you have ever known and all you are ever to know? What would you say to your people?"

"What should I say?" repeated the minister, "I might be too much disappointed and grieved to speak at all, for I believe in immortality, and the faith grows more dear and more sure with each life such as this we have known. But I think I know what I should say if such sudden knowledge came to me and my congregation. I should say, 'Brethren, there will be service here as usual on next Sunday morning at half-past ten. And this will be my text: Godliness is profitable * * having promise of the life that now is.'"

"It's a good text," said the older man.—*Youth's Companion.*

Take Christ With You for Joy.

"I hope you'll have a pleasant time, son," said I, as the latter was starting out to spend the evening.

"Thank you; I always do, for I take it with me," was the reply.

And that is a great big secret. Most people wish to have a good time. And that's right. But so many of them seem to fail. Why don't they take it with them? They can; they should.

Going on an outing with some friends, a young lady, before starting, put a spray of sweet eglantine in her bosom. She quite

forgot its presence. But all day long she and her intimate companions kept getting the delicious odor of the sweet brier and wondered where it was.

So in all your life. The good time is in you. It is with you as to whether you have good neighbors and find pleasant people everywhere you go. The glory of the heavens, the gorgeousness of the sunrise and the sunset, the sweetness of bird songs, the beauty of waving trees and blooming flowers, the very goodness of God itself—all are in you, all depend on what you are, on what you have brought with you.

What kind of a time do you want to have? It rests with you. Will you walk in clear light or stumble along in gloom? Will you be strong and joyous or weak and sad? It rests with you.

A Well of Living Water Within.

Some years ago, my friend, Dr. Handley Moule, visited the excavations in the Forum at Rome. While there, as the rubbish was being cleared away, suddenly there gushed forth the waters of a spring that had been choked for centuries. Poor little spring! Longing to express itself, and flash in the sunlight, but choked by the accumulation of the years! Let us see to it that our lives are as a well of water springing up unto everlasting life; if not, let us ask God to clear the rubbish away that the water may flow.—*F. B. Meyer.*

The Christian's Triumph Over Trials.

Humboldt tells of being deeply touched and impressed by finding a beautiful flower on the edge of the crater of Vesuvius. In a little hollow in the lava, ashes and dust had settled, and when rain had fallen there was a cupful of rich soil ready. Then a bird or the wind had borne a seed and dropped it into this bit of garden on the crater's lip, and a sweet flower grew there. No wonder the great traveler was so moved by such a glimpse of beauty in such a place.

The Kingdom First.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." This principle of the kingdom, like all divine laws, is always fulfilling itself. Charging that the churches

are in possession of the prosperous people is only putting the cart before the horse. A proper statement is that true church life results in prosperity.—*The Advance.*

Christ Our Peace.

At a *takaya*, or shrine, outside the city of Cabul, there lived a Moslem mystic who decided to visit India in order to ascertain what the "foreigner" taught regarding Jesus. He came by the way of the Khyber Pass, and first visited the Church of England Mission, at Peshawur. Then he went to the Presbyterian Mission at Rawul Pindee, and afterward to the Baptist Mission at Delhi, the Methodist Mission at Lucknow, the Moravian Mission in Lahoul, the Romanist in Calcutta, and so on for a period of three years or more. And then he returned to the shrine of his forefathers. People from far and near came to see him and asked him to tell his story.

Putting his hand to his forehead, and then stroking his beard, he said, "Oh, I was bewildered! There was so much of it. For the prophet truly said the Christians are divided into seventy-two sects. But there was one central truth which I think I can put into a Persian aphorism, and it is this: Maseeh eem roz aram—Christ is peace today."—*The Homiletic Review.*

The Christian's Joy.

I used to visit a woman engaged in a "sweated industry." She lived in a small, ill-lighted, unsanitary room in a slum. She worked through the weary days and knew nothing of holidays. Her wage was small, her occupation precarious, and her health indifferent; yet she would work away, singing hymns, her favorite hymn being:

"I feel like singing all the time,
My tears are wiped away,
For Jesus is a friend of mine,
I'll praise him all the day."

The "sweated" woman was one of the happiest beings I have ever known. What was her secret? What prompted her happiness? It was religion—the religion of Christ. And the religion of Christ is the supreme factor in inspiring cheerfulness in adversity.

Herein is the chief glory of Christianity; its message of good cheer. When Jesus came to humanity, the world was shrouded

in dull care. Cheerfulness was associated with sensual pleasure. God was a mystery, the future life black with uncertainty. Jesus came—the Light of the World—and at his coming the angel declared to the shepherds, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."—*The Cheerful Life.*

Anticipating Heaven.

It was said of a pious old Puritan that heaven was in him before he got to heaven. A Scotchman being asked if ever he expected to go to heaven, gave the quaint reply, "Why, mon, I live there!" Yes, it is our privilege to live in these spiritual things which are the essential features of heaven, and often go there before we go to stay there. Heaven consists in nothing else than living, walking, abiding, resting in the divine presence. There are many souls who enter into this heaven before leaving the body.

A friend thought to comfort a poor blind man by bewailing his sightless condition—a poor kind of comfort, surely—but added, "But you have the great consolation; you will soon be in heaven." The poor man, raising his sightless eyes, replied, "Soon in heaven, did you say? Why, I have been there these ten years!" When Edward Payson was dying, he said, "If I had known twenty-five years ago what I know now, I might have walked in the light of the new Jerusalem all these years." He had just entered the Beulah Land experience.—*G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.*

Scattering Joy.

When that queen of singers, Jenny Lind, was once singing at Cincinnati, there was a poor woman dying of consumption in the great city; of course, an utter stranger to the singer. She had two little children, who had a strangely longing desire to hear the "Swedish nightingale." Their mother's poverty utterly prevented her granting their wish. But the little ones thought if they could "only see her," it would be some consolation, and they resolved to carry her as a gift the greatest treasure they had—a beautiful lily they had reared.

Their request to see her at the hotel was somewhat roughly refused; but still they urged their plea, until the childish voices attracted the attention of Jenny Lind, who was in an adjoining room. Opening the door, she inquired their errand, and, learning

of their wish to see her and hear her, she placed in their hands a "family" ticket for four people, and accepted the lily with loving words of thanks. That evening, the audience noticed that in lieu of the costly floral offerings sent her that day, the piano simply bore a pot containing a lily, and they saw also that as she left the platform she looked down on the front row and threw a kiss to two happy children seated there. Little marvel is it that all of us, who recall Jenny Lind and her marvelous singing, love even better to remember her beautiful Christian life and the numberless merciful and loving deeds that so adorned it.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Light for the Way.

A boy was walking with his father along a lonely road at night, carrying a lantern. He told his father he was afraid, because the lantern showed such a little way ahead. The father answered, "That is so, but if you walk straight on, you will find that the light will reach to the end of the journey." God often gives us light for only a little way ahead, but he always gives at least that, and so he always gives us light enough for the whole journey.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

God is Responsible.

A number of men were once talking about the burdens of duty, and one of them declared that they were sometimes too heavy to be borne. "Not," said another, "if you carry only your own burden, and don't try to take God's work out of his hands. Last year I crossed the Atlantic with one of the most skillful and faithful captains of the great liners. We had a terrific storm, during which for thirty-eight hours he remained on the bridge, striving to save his passengers. When the danger was over, I said to him, 'It must be a terrible thought at such a time that you are responsible for the lives of over a thousand human beings.' 'No,' he said solemnly, 'I am not responsible for the life of one man on this ship. My responsibility is to run the ship with all the skill and faithfulness possible to any man. God himself is responsible for all the rest.'"—*The Christian Age.*

Peace in Christ.

The peace of God cannot be understood by reason of its inexhaustibleness. This characteristic centers upon the fullness of the provision which has been made for each child, and for all the children of God. We can never attain to the limit of it. It reaches the simplest need and it can mount to the loftiest necessity. It embraces the atom and the empire and steadies every anxious heart with a repose that knows no cessation or disturbance. There is really no end set for the frankness or the child-like simplicity with which old John MacDonald, up there in the belfry, could bring all his daily harassments before his almighty Friend, casting any burden of care whatsoever upon him. But it is easy to know why such a deep-souled believer found it impossible to make any remarks fit to be put in an album; and why he said, as the best he had to offer finally, that the lake made him think of what passed his understanding.—*Interior.*

SERVICE FIFTEEN—Friday Evening

The Call of the Other World

TEXTS FOR SERVICE XV

In my Father's house are many mansions.—*John 14:2.*

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.—*Rev. 3:21.*

And there shall be no night there.—*Rev. 22:5.*

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—*Rom. 8:18.*

He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.—*Gal. 6:8.*

And every one that hath forsaken houses, * * * or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.—*Matt. 19:29.*

Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—*Ps. 16:11.*

And they shall reign for ever and ever.—*Rev. 22:5.*

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.—*Rev. 21:4.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

In my Father's house are many mansions.—John 14:2.

1. God, our Father.
2. Heaven, our Father's house.
3. Room for all. (John 10:16.)
4. The sanctifying influence of heavenly anticipation.

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne.—Rev. 3:21.

1. Sharers of Christ's holiness here—saints.
2. Sharers of Christ's power here—overcomers.
3. Sharers of Christ's glory there—"with me on my throne."

And there shall be no night there.—Rev. 22:5.

1. No night of sin. "In darkest Africa, London, Chicago."
2. No night of sorrow. Shadowed homes.
3. No night of death. "The valley of the shadow" past.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—Rom. 8:18.

1. In comparison with heaven's glory, deprivation of earth's prizes will seem a trifle.
2. Present afflictions light.
3. What shall be revealed to sight then is revealed to faith now.

He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.—Gal. 6:8.

1. The universal law of harvest.
2. Serving to the Spirit—consecrated living.
3. The glorious harvest—eternal joy.

And everyone that hath forsaken houses * * * or lands for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.—Matt. 19:29.

1. It costs heavily to follow Christ: Crosses, self-denial, self-sacrifice, relinquishment of many earthly prizes, sometimes martyrdom.
2. But it costs heavily to follow Satan; in character, in reputation, in peace of mind, in final despair.
3. Present sacrifice for Christ sustained by glorious anticipations of present and future recompense.

Thou wilt show me the path of life; in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—Ps. 16:11.

1. The paths of death and life.
2. The latter leads to glory.
3. Guidance assured for God's children.

And they shall reign for ever and ever.—Rev. 22:5.

1. Militant here; exiled heirs to the throne.
2. Triumphant there; "reign."
3. Everlasting glory; "forever."

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.—Rev. 21:4.

1. No tears there. "Do ye hear the children weeping?"
2. No suffering there. Earth's hospitals, asylums, wars, pestilences, famines.
3. No death.
4. "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory."

SUGGESTIONS

Occasional afternoon Bible readings may be held to advantage. Major Whittle was accustomed to lay special stress on these for deepening the spiritual life, and stimulating to personal work. A topic, consecration or soul-winning, for instance, was selected. Bible passages on it were distributed on slips, and as they were read, the leader commented on them.

The writer has found it best to postpone the formal reception of members into the church for several weeks, or even a month or two, after the close of the services. This will afford an opportunity for holding a semi-weekly or weekly training class, thus leading those who unite with the church to a more intelligent appreciation of the significance of the step.

In this interval, between the close of the services and the service for the reception of members, frequently, a number of those who have been hesitating, will reach a final decision. It will also give the pastor and others additional opportunity for personal work.

SEED THOUGHTS

Fear of death made Louis XV, of France, a coward. He would not suffer death to be spoken of, and avoided whatever would bring it to mind. It was but the device of the ostrich, but it shows his terror of the grim monarch. The vague, untried uncertainties of death render it naturally frightful to all. The heathen emperor, passing through dark agonies into the unknown, asked of his soul, "Into what places art thou now departing?" But the Christian, fronting death, knows that his soul departs into the bosom of Infinite Love, and into mansions prepared, and he finds refuge from the fear of death in the clear faith of an immortal life. To him whose life is hid with Christ in God.

There is no death! what seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.—*The Ripening Experience of Life.*

Some one has well expressed the Christian's good estate. "He has grace in possession and glory in reserve." The Christian is a sojourner. He is a traveler. He is enjoying the scenes of a foreign clime. But his richest possessions are at home. His real investments are in his native land. The Christian is looking toward and for heaven. He is hoping, expecting; yea, seeing its glories dimly outlined and foreshadowed. He is having now the earnest, the first-fruits, the foretaste of bliss immortal. By the temporal blessings he enjoys, and by the large hope he indulges of prospective glory at God's right hand, the Christian has a right to say, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."—*Hallock.*

Is there a future life? Yes. Because love never dies. Gifts such as prophecies and tongues, possessions such as principalities and powers pass away, but love abides. It stills the cry of pain, soothes the brow of care, brushes away the stain of sin, paints the world with colors of hope, and leads the way to the mansions of

the blessed. I notice the animal forgets its offspring when it is large enough to care for itself or when it is dead; but absence or death only increases man's love. Deep down in the heart of the father and mother is the image of the little one—that boy or girl who, years ago, passed into the unseen. With loving hands we hang upon the wall the pictures of those who have entered upon higher and eternal service. Gone! Yes, gone! But we love them more intensely. In our hearts there is a deep-seated longing to see something of them all through eternity. And of Christ, we love him more and more, and we shall never be satisfied until we see him face to face. Shall love's longing ever be satisfied?

"He hath not learned life's lesson well
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to sight and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own."—*Selected.*

When we are told that "there will be no night" in heaven, that the Lamb is the light thereof, we may naturally suppose at first thought, that all those attributes, and virtues, and graces, which shine so conspicuously in Christ, as we of the earth see him, will be still more discernible in the divine character as it is seen in heaven; that justice and holiness, and patience, and mercy, will be marked and characteristic features of that bright and happy place. But, upon a second thought, do we not see that, strictly considered, there can be no justice in heaven, no mercy, no faithfulness, any more than there can be a rainbow on earth when there is no storm-cloud. Justice and mercy and faithfulness, considered as separate and distinct attributes of God, are but the rainbow tints, the red, the orange, the yellow, and the violet, the decomposed elemental parts of the white light of truth, *they will all be there,* but they will be so blended as individually to be lost in the light of the love of God in Christ. The poet, Schiller, has expressed with exquisite skill the relation of beauty in art to truth in science, in lines still more true and forcible when considered as setting forth the separate attributes of God as they will co-exist in the light of his presence in the heavenly world.

"As in seven tints of variegated light
Breaks the lone shimmer of the lucid white,
As the seven tints that paint the iris bow,
Into the lucid white dissolving flow,
So truth in many-colored splendor plays,
Now on the eye enchanted with its rays,
Now in one luster gathers every beam,
And floods the world with light, a single stream."

Yes, heaven will be flooded with the light of truth, but it will not be the parti-colored truth of single attributes, but the single stream of the truth as it is in Jesus! But I may be reminded that there was a rainbow in heaven—true, but we must remember also that this was a vision of judgment. The rainbow surrounded the throne before the enemies of God were judged—that was before the clouds had all been cleared away; that was while there were still alterations of day and night; but that time, of which my text speaks, was a time when there were no clouds, no rainbows, no night, and when the light of truth reigned supreme! The old Norse mythology taught (I know not whence it got so great a truth), "that after death there comes a new day, and a *sun without a shadow.*" Now the distinct attributes of God as they are separated in this world seem to us to have shadows, but certainly there will be no shadow in heaven, where the "Lamb is the light thereof." The Lamb does not bring the light, but he *is* the light, and as he is everywhere, there can be no shadows, and therefore, everywhere in heaven,

"The noontide of glory eternally reigns."—*Dr. Holme.*

No one's expectation of the joys that God has in store for us have ever yet exceeded or equalled the reality of those joys. No one was ever disappointed in God's fulfillment of a promised blessing. The fulfillment is always better than our best hopes. And so it will be with death, which we dread even while we look forward to what it leads to. Dr. Charles F. Aked has well expressed the way in which we may confidently face death when he says, "The one surprise in death, for me, would be to find that death does not usher in the grandest, most glorious surprise of all." If God always does better than we hope for on earth, what will he not do for us when we are released from the limitations of earth?—*Selected.*

Cultivating holy fellowships and renewing and developing human loves is one of the occupations of the heaven-life. We have Christ's word for this. He says, "Many shall come from the east and the west, the north and the south, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." By the very constitution of our nature, we require company. We have been made to enjoy nothing alone. We are contagious creatures, and catch inspiration from one another. On this account we are essential to one another. Hence there could be heaven for us if we were isolated from our kind.—*Selected.*

How often we have heard it said, and how often we have read that the sweetest and most precious words in the English language are heaven, mother, home! What blessed memories are awakened by the last two, and what glorious expectations are inspired by the first! Home, for those who know what a real home is, means kindred, loved ones, peace, fellowship, rest, joy, and untold and multiplied blessings of inestimable value. Happy the child that has such a home. Happy the man or woman that can read from memory's pages the record of such a home.

In looking out beyond the confines of this mortal life, it is a real joy to feel that there remains for all God's people a resting place, a heaven, a home that is eternal. In this world the ideal home is not confined to palaces nor the mansions of the rich. Many of these abodes shelter more of misery and wretchedness than can be found in the hovels of the poorest people of any land. While there may be exceptions, it is still true that contentment with godliness will be found in many homes, where there is the scantiest supply of worldly goods.

But earthly homes, however happy they may be, are only temporary. Fathers and mothers die, and the children are scattered far and wide. If by chance one of them should return to re-visit the home of childhood, no mother's face is seen looking out of the window to gladden the heart of the returning wanderer; no father's hand clasp assures a cordial welcome to the old hearthstone; no brother or sister remains with whom sweet converse may be had concerning the vanished scenes and experiences of other days. Strangers have taken possession of the old home. There is nothing but the recollection of what once was home, and with a sad heart the visitor turns away, but not until he has

picked a bud from the white rose bush that his mother planted long, long years before, and which to his mind is as sacred as the bush that was ablaze with fire and yet not burned.

But the heaven of our faith and hope is far different, though alike in some respects, from all our earthly homes. Even the best of these give but faint and few suggestions of the home that the blessed Christ is preparing for those who love him. And why should it not be so, for—

"In the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
Where my Savior's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

"He is fitting up my mansion
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land."

—*Words of Cheer and Comfort.*

We do not know where heaven is. But God knows, and it is a reserved place for a kept people. The Lord Jesus Christ has gone to prepare it for those who love him. He is waiting there to receive his people unto himself as they are called away from earth. His loved ones are to be with him. His prayer was, that those who had been given him might be with him. He prayed that they might die, in good time. It is not a fearful thing, then, to die. It is only a going home, in accordance with the Savior's dying wish and prayer. There is to be no going out into the darkness. It will be a home-going into the warmth and light of the presence of the Lord.

Heaven is a great place, a large place, with room for many, a house of many mansions. There will be room in it for all who love God. There will be ample space for all their varied occupations. They will be active and busy in his service. Heaven will not be a place for idleness, nor mere ease-taking. His servants shall serve him, and there will be many forms of service. There will be nothing that can hurt nor defile. There will be no form of labor in which there shall not be usefulness and delight. There will be nothing done that can work evil or pain to any creature. There will be no pain, or anything that can produce sorrow. There

will be no war, or the use of anything by means of which war is waged. Heaven will be a place of glory and gladness. Those who are there will live continually to the glory of God.—*Selected.*

Many a heart full of affection gets no opportunity on earth of lavishing its full wealth and reaping the usury of mutual love. Behind our calm faces, there is often raging from day to day, a storm of unsatisfied longing, and the heart is bleeding in secret when the eyes are dry. We all begin life with boundless desires, confident that the world is full enough and life long enough to fulfill them all. But before life is half done. we have to dig the grave of many an impossible ambition and many a hopeless hope. The good and the beautiful are torn from us by the cruel hand of death, and we have to put up with those between whom and us there can be little sympathy and no understanding. The pure and pious have to dwell in the same home with souls that are godless and lips that blaspheme, and the gentle heart, sighing for peace, has to sojourn in the tents of the children of strife. Even the followers of Christ are often at war among themselves; one church persecuting another and parties anathematizing each other within the same church. Who does not sometimes sigh, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest?"—*Stalker.*

A paradisaic mirage petrifies into a continent abiding between the floods, anchored and wedged into the frame of the world. The New Jerusalem which hangs in the firmament of an exile's island apocalypse, too golden and glorious to be more than a cloud pageant afloat in gulfs of unsubstantial sky, descends slowly out of heaven from God, settles down upon the solid earth, and establishes itself.—*Kelley.*

What a pity that they should thus miss, through lack of faith, one of their chief joys, the deliverance assured to them in Jesus! It is our privilege, as Browning says, to "greet the unseen with a cheer," to feel that it well accords with "the noonday, the bustle of man's worktime" to think of, and prepare for, and pass to the higher work which waits us there.—*The Riches of His Grace.*

We can ever know more, but never know all. Through time and eternity, we can forever grow, feeling the sublime exhilaration

of expanded being, forever approximating infinite perfection, and yet never being fully able to compass it. The infinite must forever be beyond the finite. And so for each redeemed soul through all coming ages there always waits a brighter tomorrow and the roseate dawn of a grander future.—*Geo. B. Vosburg, D. D.*

The Christian fears not death, for he knows it will be his happiest day, and his bridge from woe to glory. Though it be the wicked man's shipwreck, it is the good man's putting into harbor, where, striking sails and casting anchor, he returns his lading with advantage to the owner, that is, his soul to God, leaving the hulk still moored in the haven, to be new built again, and fitted for an eternal voyage.—*Feltham.*

The Bible is our only source of information concerning the future life. Almost everyone has, at some time in life, earnestly wished to know more about heaven than the Bible has revealed. But we are not sure that a fuller and clearer revelation would serve any good purpose. Perhaps it would render men discontented with their present lot and unfit for present duty. Perhaps there is no power in human language to convey to men's minds a fuller and clearer idea of the heavenly world. It may be that in our present state we do not possess the capacity to comprehend these things even if they could be uttered in human speech. Whatever be the reason for the comparative obscurity in which this interesting subject has been left, it is enough for us to know that there is a holy city, where the saints of God are being gathered home to be forever with the Lord. We are invited to enter through the gates into that city, and the few faint glimpses of that heavenly place are enough to win our hearts to a holy life, and to cheer us on our journey through this vale of tears.—*Evangelical Messenger.*

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.
But in the afterward of years

It is a more familiar place,
A home unhurt by sigh or tears,
Where waiteth many a well-known face.
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day.
Not strange or cold, but very dear—
The glad homeland, not far away,
Where none are sick, or poor, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.
And as we think of all we knew
Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and longing o'er.—*Unidentified.*

Why do they come, these little ones that enter our homes by the gateway of suffering, and that linger with us a few months, uttering no words, smiling in a mysterious silence, yet speaking eloquently all the time of the purity and sweetness of heaven? Why must they open the tenderest fountains of our nature only to leave them so soon, choked with the bitter tears of loss? It is impossible wholly to answer such questions of the tortured heart; but one can say, in general, that these little temporary wanderers from a celestial home, come and go because of the great love of God. It is an inestimable blessing to have been the father of a child that has the stamp of heaven upon its brow, to hold it in one's arms, to minister to it, to gaze fondly down into the little upturned face, and to rejoice in the unsullied beauty of its smiles, and then give it back to God at his call, with the thought that in heaven, as upon earth, it is still our own child, a member of the household, still to be counted always as one of the children whom God hath given us. Such a love chastens and sanctifies the hearts of the father and mother, carries them out beyond time and sense, and gives them a hold upon the unseen. As things of great value always cost, it is worth all the sorrow to have known this holy affection, and to have this treasure in heaven.—*Advance.*

We have not learned the first lesson of Christ's holy religion, the meaning of the cross has not begun to dawn upon us, if we have not learned to see in it how God feels toward sin—that sin

is a thing so horrible and accursed that only in all the awful scene of Calvary can we see it rightly. He must nail it to the cross, and thrust it through with a spear and bury it out of his sight. It means that sin has so defiled and cursed us that God can find no remedy for us except in our being crucified with Christ, dead with Christ, buried with Christ; that the new man, the Christ, be formed in us, and that we live now only in the power of his resurrection. The word that runs through the Bible is not first of all happiness. The whole idea of the Bible—every command, every promise, every example, all the revelation of God, of heaven, of hell, all the life and sorrows and death of Jesus Christ, every breath and influence of it—teaches me that I want something very different from feeling comfortable.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

There is light without dimness or shadow. It is perpetual. We are not accustomed to such glory; and it should not be deemed strange if the unremitted service of the saints should be described according to our usual language. "Day and night" means perpetually. The saints in heaven never grow weary. They never suffer from physical weakness; nor does their long-continued service become distasteful. As the mathematician never finds aught but pleasure in his calculations, nor the philosopher in his inquiries, nor the merchant in his gains, nor the Christian in his contemplations, so neither does the saint in heaven in his varied, but glorious employments. But while others tire, the saint is always vigorous. The conversation, the thoughts, the songs of praise, which employ him, are never too long. Endless duration itself will not be sufficient to exhaust the energy, or diminish the interest of the glorified in the delightful service which they shall render perpetually to the everlasting God.—*Sermons.*

The bodies of the saints at the resurrection will be like the glorified body of Christ, and they will be totally free from the weaknesses and vices which mar our bodily constitution here. Ours is at present, as it is well called in Scripture, a body of humiliation. What ugliness and blemishes, what aches and tortures, what a thousandfold variety of disease it is subject to. I suppose there is scarcely a man in whose constitution there is not some weak spot; and multitudes live in a moving prison, which is a loathing both to themselves and others. But in heaven the

body, as well as the soul, will be without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. Can you remember any day in your life when you were absolutely healthy—say a spring morning, when you awoke with the sweet pulse of the awakening year in your blood, with strength going up every sinew, and when the steady hand executed with perfect freedom the suggestions of the clear brain? That is perhaps the best hint you can obtain of what the bodily state in heaven will be.—*Stalker.*

Now are we in training for work in the eternal world. God has purpose in entrusting us with heavenly powers, and the godly must be completely furnished unto every good work. (2 Tim. 3:17.) Such work must surely be an exhilaration, and every opportunity to do be an inspiration, and with immortal powers unflagging. Jesus has gone to prepare a place for us, and we are now preparing for our respective places at the right and left hand of God in honor and power, or in some inferior class, according as our several abilities shall be.

This work will be such as will glorify God in the exercise of his grace, filling us with wisdom and might, and love and joy, that we may carry blessings to others. Truly, such as we who have known God in the redemption of our souls, through Christ Jesus, are above all other creatures, for by this redemption we are differentiated from all others, and so qualified in fullest measure for such work; and being thus qualified, we shall not rest in sloth and idleness throughout eternity.

We may be certain that if we have not gained the faculty, and love to work for others here now, we shall be the same hereafter. If we fail to find work to do here, we would fail there. It is inconceivable that there should be drones in heaven, where the Father works, and Jesus works, and the Holy Spirit works. As there is no place in heaven for non-workers, therefore, there should be (and is there not?) no place in the church (the kingdom of God) on earth for such, nor for any who do not work in love, but for their own selfish glory and gain.

There is sweet rest in heaven from every fear and torment, with tireless and free exercise of boundless desire and use of every occasion to do the will of God, our Father, having the mind of Christ in us.—*Christian Work and Evangelist.*

Oh for more of the tent life amongst God's people! But it is only possible, when they catch sight, and keep sight, of "the city which hath foundations." When that city is a city of tradition or dream, men will begin to dig the foundations of permanent homes and ample fortunes. But when it is realized as the object of passionate persuasion, described by faith rising above the mists and plains of time, and embraced by outstretched eager arms, they dwell in tents, and confess themselves strangers and pilgrims.

It is said that when, in a strange land, the Swiss soldier hears the rude melody which gathers the cows back from the pastures, he is so filled with longings for home that he will cast down his sword, tear off his foreign livery, renounce his claims for wage, in order to hurry back to his mountain home. Would that such an effect might be experienced, after a spiritual sort, by many readers of these lines; who, as we speak of the inheritance, shall also array their spirits in the pilgrim garb, and start, not as they did in the middle ages for the holy sepulcher, or in quest of the holy grail, but for the New Jerusalem, on which the hand of invasion has never fallen, nor sin left its blight!—*F. B. Meyer.*

For the trusting child of God to live or die would be alike. If he lived, he would live unto the Lord; if he died, he would die to the Lord. The bed of down, surrounded by friends, or the martyr's stake, girt round with curses—what matter which? Stephen, dragged, hurried, driven, felt the glory of God streaming on his face; when the shades of faintness were gathering round his eyes, and the world was fading away into indistinctness, "the things prepared" were given him. His spirit saw what "eye had not seen." The later martyr bathes his fingers in the flames, and while the flesh shrivels and the bones are cindered, says, in unfeigned sincerity, that he is lying on a bed of roses. It would matter little what he was—the ruler of a kingdom or a tailor grimed with the smoke and dust of a workshop. To a soul filled with God, the difference between these two is inappreciable,—as if, from a distant star, you were to look down upon a palace and a hovel, both dwindled into distance, and were to smile at the thought of calling one large and the other small.

No matter to such a man what he saw or what he heard; for every sight would be resplendent with beauty, and every sound

would echo harmony; things common would become transfigured, as when the ecstatic state of the inward soul reflected a radiant cloud from the frame of Christ. The human would become divine —life, even the meanest, noble. In the hue of every violet, there would be a glimpse of divine affection, and a dream of heaven. The forest would blaze with Deity, as it did to the eye of Moses. The creations of genius would breathe less of earth and more of heaven.—*F. W. Robertson.*

If you are treading the upward way, you listen to the voices that float around it, till they grow familiar to your ear as your mother's voice, and sweet like that of your native river; till the habit of attention grows into your soul, and their ever-regarded sound always warms and cheers and swells your heart. Oh, what a happy meeting that will be, when your sun is set and your journey finished; when the voices that called you coming shall welcome you home; when the voices which came sweetly from afar, and sounded pleasant even amid the world's din, shall be sweeter yet close at hand, as they stir the leaves of the tree of life, and melt away upon that tranquil sea; when many holy ones and dear ones shall crowd around you, and greet you, now grown pure and holy as themselves, in accents so familiar and friendly that you will feel you are now at last at home. And then, more conscious of the soul's great worth, and more bent upon the bliss of others, you will add your own to that great voice which from heaven calls to all on earth, and says, "Come up hither!"—*Boyd.*

Says Dr. Matheson pithily: "We think of heaven as needing the photographs of earth to make earthly memory! The mount of God does not need to be made after the pattern of the human; the human has already been patterned after the mount of God." Heaven may be our portion beforehand, if our love is there; if our thoughts are there; if our conversation, meaning by the word, the whole conduct of our affairs, is already there. What folly to weigh trifles of wealth or poverty in the scale, as affecting our joy. Our convenience, our comfort, may depend on these, but not that deeper, more enduring thing, our humor and mood, our joy. For is not that Christ's joy? 'Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame!'"

It is seldom the Master's will that we carry no cross. Hidden from the sight of those around us, our cross may be revealed only to the eyes of our Savior. The hidden cross is often the heaviest. But we, too, sharing his cross, may endure it, whether or not the world know our secret, as seeing him who is to them invisible, and a tide of joy, present as well as prospective, may cover the waste places of our lives.—*The Joyful Life.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

He Had the True Hope.

Some Hindus were on a journey in India. The road was rough and long, and the sun burned hotly in the skies. Slowly they passed on the way, and as one day after another came to an end, many of the party grew faint and weary. There was one poor man who seemed a stranger to the rest; he was old and feeble and ready to sink from the heat and labor of the way. At last he fell and could not rise again. The Hindoos looked upon him, and finding that he was likely to die, they left him to perish without pity or help, for these heathen are unkind to the sick and dying. But there was among those travelers a missionary, on his way to a distant place to preach the gospel; he saw the old man fall and ran to aid him, while the rest passed along. Yet all his help could not now save his life. He knelt by the poor man's side and softly said in his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying traveler raised himself to reply, and, with a great effort said, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and then laid down his head again and died. The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer; and, from the calm and thoughtful manner in which the words were spoken, he could not but feel that the man had died safely in Christ. "How or where," thought he, "could this Hindu have got his hope?" And, as he looked at the dead body, he saw a piece of paper grasped tightly in one of the hands. He carefully took it out, and what was his surprise and delight when he saw it was a single leaf of the Bible, on which was the first chapter of the first Epistle of John, where these words are found. On that page a heathen man had met with the gospel.

The Inheritance of the Saints.

Many years ago, when the elder Forbes Winslow was living—the most eminent pathologist in diseases of the mind that England ever produced—there came over from France a young Frenchman to consult him. He brought letters of recommendation from many eminent men in France, among them one from Napoleon III, at that time Emperor of France. Dr. Forbes Winslow read the letters, and then turned to the young Frenchman, and said:

"What is your trouble?"

He said: "I don't know."

"Have you lost money?"

"No, not recently."

"Have you suffered in honor or reputation?"

"No, not so far as I know."

"Have you lost friends?"

"No, not recently."

"Then what is it keeps you awake?"

He said: "Doctor Winslow, I'd rather not tell."

Dr. Winslow said: "If you don't tell, I can't help you."

"Well," said the young Frenchman, "my trouble is this: I am an infidel, and my father was an infidel before me. But strangely enough, every night, when I lie down to sleep, this question rises before me: 'Eternity, where shall I spend it?' During the night I can think of but that one thing, and I can't sleep; or if I succeed in falling into troubled slumber, it is more awful than my waking hours, and I start from some horrid dream all a-tremble. That question haunts me all night—'Eternity, where shall I spend it?'"

Dr. Forbes Winslow said, "I can't help you, but I can tell you a physician who can." He took his Bible from a table, and turning to Isaiah 53:5, he read, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." There was a curl of scorn upon the Frenchman's lip. He said:

"Dr. Winslow, do you mean to tell me that a man in your eminent scientific position believes that effete superstition of Christianity?"

"Yes," said Dr. Forbes Winslow, "I believe in Jesus Christ, and I believe in the Bible; and believing in Christ and the Bible has saved me from becoming what you are."

The man dropped his head for a moment. Then he said, "If I am an honest man I ought at least to be willing to consider it, ought I not? Will you teach me?"

Dr. Winslow consented, and the physician of the mind became the physician of the soul. From the Bible he showed the young man the way out of darkness into light. In three or four days his doubts were all gone, and he went back to France with his

mind at rest, for he had settled the question of "Eternity, where shall I spend it?" He would spend it with Christ in glory.

"Eternity, where shall I spend it?"

Thank God, I know where I shall spend eternity. Do you?—*R. A. Torrey.*

When a Man is About to Die.

It is now the fashion not to tell a man when he is about to die. That is a question that belongs to the physician, and it may be that at times he is right about it. But I am sure there are times when that method is wrong.

A few months ago, in an eastern city, a good man was dying. The physicians spoke of a hypodermic to relieve the pain of the last hours and to let the patient depart peacefully and without knowing his condition. The sick man's brother favored this plan; his business partner and fellow member of the church said, "No, he is a brave man; tell him the truth;" the wife, in tears, could not decide. They sent for the minister and submitted the case to him. He said, "Tell him the truth."

They told him, and he said, "Gentlemen, I am not afraid to die, and have not been afraid of death for many years; but I do not think it would have been quite fair not to let me know. I thank you for telling me. About how long will it be?" They told him an hour, or possibly two hours. The first half hour he spent alone with his wife. After that he called in the friends who were there, and a few others whom he asked to have called by telephone. They sang a hymn; the minister offered prayer; he said his dying words, which are a rich heritage to his widow. A layman who was there told me that the scene at that death bed was to him an evidence, such as he had never known before, of the power of the gospel to make men brave and true. He could not measure the loss that his own spiritual life would have suffered without it.

I am more and more convinced that, however important it may be at times to conceal from a patient some details of his conditions, in the long run there is nothing so good for any man, sick or well, as the truth.—*The Advance.*

His Mother's Sermon.

He was broken that day, and his sobs shook the bed, for he was his mother's only son, and fatherless, and his mother, brave and faithful to the last, was bidding him farewell.

"Dinna greet like that, John, nor break yir hert, for 'tis the will o' God, and that's aye best.

"Here's my watch and chain," placing them beside her son, who could not touch them, nor would lift his head, "and when ye feel the chain about yir neck, it will mind ye o' yir mother's arms.

"Ye 'll not forget me, John, I ken that well, and I'll never forget you. I've loved ye here and I'll love ye yonder. Th'ill no be an 'oor when I no pray for ye, and I ken better what to ask than I did here, sae dinna be comfortless."

Then she felt for his head and stroked it once more, but he could not look or speak.

"Ye 'ill follow Christ, and gin he offers ye his cross ye'll no refuse it, for he aye carries the heavy end himself. He's guided yir mother a' thae years, and been as gude as a husband since yir father's death, and he 'ill hold me fast tae the end. He 'ill keep ye, too, John, I'll be watchin' for ye. Ye 'ill no fail me," and her poor cold hand, that had tended him all his days, tightened on his head.

But he could not speak, and her voice was failing fast.

"I canna see ye noo, John, but I know yir there, and I've just one other wish. If God calls ye to the ministry, ye 'ill no refuse."

A minute after she whispered, "Pray for me," and he cried, "My mother, my mother!"

It was a full prayer, and nothing left unasked.—*Ian Maclaren.*

"Eye Hath Not Seen."

A little heathen girl, walking out under the skies one night with her missionary teacher, who had taught her of heaven and heavenly things, exclaimed as she looked up into the stars, "O teacher, if the outside of heaven is so fair, what must it be to be there!" So can we say: If the suggestions we get, the hints and the intimations we get concerning heaven are so enticing, what must it be to be there!

Life a Pilgrimage.

A dervish was once traveling in Tartary, and arriving at the town of Balkh, mistook the king's palace for an inn, and, entering

one of the galleries, spread his carpet and took up his quarters.

Presently some of the guards found him, and were roughly dismissing him, when the king himself passed by, and was amused at the cause of the confusion. The dervish, however, remained unconcerned, and sought leave from the king to ask some questions.

"Who were the persons that lodged in this house when it was first built?" said the intruder.

"My ancestors," replied the king.

"And who lived here before you?" pursued his interrogator.

"My father."

"And who lives here now?"

"I myself."

"And who will be here after you?"

"My son."

"Ha," exclaimed the wise man, "I am right after all; a house which changes its tenants so often, and accommodates such a succession of guests, is not a palace, but an inn."

The Clearer Outlook.

An Englishman, at sixty years of age, writes in an interesting way to the London *Spectator* concerning the closing years of life. He says, "As one grows older, the outlook becomes clearer and calmer. I have been a doubter, but, like my forefathers, I can now find consolation in the services of the church. It is astonishing how the ordinary affairs of life seem to adapt themselves to your added years. One's pleasures are quicter, but quite as enjoyable. To live in the lives of your children, to watch their progress, the development of their minds, is one great source of pleasure." There is a verse in one of Baxter's hymns, which expresses very aptly the attitude of mind of this man and of many other sincere Christian people:

"If life be long, oh, make me glad
The longer to obey;
If short, no laborer is sad
To end the toilsome day."

Our Inheritance.

A dying judge, the day before his departure to be with Christ, said to his pastor, "Do you know enough about law to understand what is meant by joint-tenancy?"

"No," was the reply, "I know nothing about law; I know a little about grace, and that satisfies me."

"Well," he said, "if you and I were joint tenants on a farm, I could not say to you, that is your hill of corn and this is mine; that is your blade of grass, and this is mine; but we would share and share alike in everything on the place. I have just been lying here, and thinking with unspeakable joy, that Jesus Christ has nothing apart from me, and everything he has is mine."—*Sel.*

Looking On Ahead.

A young man living in New York, whose eyes had been troubling him, consulted an oculist.

"What you want to do," said the specialist, "is to take a trip every day on the ferry, or in New Jersey, Long Island—any place where you can see long distances. Look up and down the river, across the fields, or, if it comes to the worst, go to the top of a skyscraper, and scan the horizon from that point. The idea is to get distance. You use your eyes a great deal and always at close range. You can't use them any other way in town. Even when not reading and writing, the vision is limited by small rooms and narrow streets. No matter in what direction you look, there is a blank wall not far away to shut off sight."

Even so is it true in the matter of our spiritual vision. The reason so many of us do not understand the things of God better is because we do not get distance. We confine truth; we limit the divine to what we know—to what is immediately about us. Get out and get "distance."—*The Homiletic Review.*

The Other World.

In Dr. Rendel Harris' "Life of Frank Crossley," the modern St. Francis, there are several instances of victory over death. Major Crossley, the father, when he was dying, exclaimed. "Is this death? Why, this is nothing!" Fanny Crossley, the aunt, in her illness said, "How can any one call it a dark valley? It is all light and love!" Then stretching out her arms to Christ, she whispered, "I could *run* to meet him!" Frank Crossley, dying, said he had come to the river, and *there was no river!* —*R. F. Horton, D. D.*

Fitting Up Mansions.

"We build our heaven as we go along," said a dear old lady one day. "I once had friends who were traveling abroad for

several years. They intended to build a home on their return, and the dream of the home that was to be went with them in all their journeying When they could secure a beautiful picture, statue, or vase, they purchased it, and sent it home to await their coming. Rare and curious treasures, which would afterward be linked with happy memories, they forwarded for their future enjoyment. I love to think that we are doing the same for our heavenly home in these pilgrimage days on earth. The kindly deed that made a rare picture in somebody's life, the little sacrifice that blossomed into joy, the helpful friendship—all these we shall find again; and the patience we have gained, the 'song in the night,' which we have learned—whatever of beauty, tenderness, faith, or love we can put into other lines or our own—will be among our treasures in heaven."—*Forward.*

The Last Words of a Great Man.

Andrew Jackson died on Sunday, June 8, 1845. The family and slaves gathered around this great man as he was dying, at the age of seventy-eight. "My dear children," he said, "do not grieve for me. It is true that I am going to leave you. I am well aware of my situation. I suffer much bodily pain. But my sufferings are as nothing compared with those which our blessed Savior endured, that he might save all that put their trust in him. I hope and trust to meet you all in heaven, both white and black—both white and black." Then he kissed each one, his eyes resting last upon his grand-daughter, Rachel, and death came.

The Heavenly Welcome.

Deacon Wilkins was a good man who had devoted his life to relieving the distresses of the poor. A little child who knew him well, when she heard of his last sickness, was very sad till his death came, and then her face brightened, and she said: "Oh, mamma, I'm thinking how happy God must be today to have Deacon Wilkins with him!"

It was a little child's way of expressing the impression which such a life makes upon the world. The good man had gone to the joy awaiting one who had given to thousands a cup of cold water and a word of help and cheer in his name.—*The Youth's Companion.*

Not One Regret.

As a city missionary for many years, I have been at the deathbed of many a man and woman. I have heard all manner of confessions from those who were drawing near their end. Some have told of how their life has been full of trouble. Others have told of how they have made a failure of their opportunities. Others still have mourned because they had not given their hearts to the Savior before they came to their latter end. But there are some things that I never heard at any dying bed. I never heard anyone say, "It is a source of grief to me that I have tried to live for God and my fellowmen."—*Schauffler.*

Permanence.

Someone tells the story that a courtier riding in all the splendor of a triumphal kingly procession, asked his sovereign this question: "What is wanting here?" "Permanence," was the quick reply.

Three Deathbeds.

Mr. Pitt on his deathbed felt and deplored his own neglect of prayer. When told of his imminent danger, and invited to prepare himself by prayer for appearing before God, "I have too long neglected prayer during life," said he, "to have much confidence in its efficacy on my deathbed. But I throw myself on the mercy of God through Jesus Christ." This he uttered with a fervency but humbleness of devotion which was most touching.

Mrs. Cartwright, wife of the famous American preacher, was, after her husband's death, attending a meeting at Bethel Chapel, a mile from her house. She was called upon to give her testimony, which she did with much feeling, concluding with the words, "The past three weeks have been the happiest of all my life; I am waiting for the chariot." When the meeting broke up, she did not rise with the rest. The minister solemnly said, "The chariot has arrived."

At the siege of Leith, in 1560, the dying Mary of Lorraine was carried from her bed to the walls of the castle, to watch the fight. As the sun rose out of the forth, she saw the English columns surge like the sea waves against the granite ramparts, and, like the sea waves, fall shattered into spray.

The Death of a Christian.

About nine o'clock, Sir Thomas More was brought by the lieutenant out of the tower, his beard being long, which fashion he had never before used, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often towards heaven. He had been unpopular as a judge, and one or two persons in the crowd were insolent to him; but the distance was short and soon over, as all else was nearly over now. The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston. "For my coming down I can shift for myself." He then repeated the *Miserere* psalm on his knees; and when he had ended and had risen, the executioner begged his forgiveness. More kissed him. "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said. The executioner offered to bind his eyes.—*Froude.*

A Saint's Death.

Saint Cuthbert bent over a Roman fountain which still stood unharmed among the ruins of Carlisle, and the bystanders thought they caught words of ill-omen falling from the old man's lips. In a few days more, a solitary fugitive, escaped from the slaughter, told that the Picts had turned desperately at bay, as the English army entered Fife; that the king and the flower of his nobles lay a ghastly ring of corpses on the moorland. To Cuthbert these were the tidings of death. A signal of his death had been agreed upon, and one of those who stood by ran with a candle in each hand to a place whence the light might be seen by a monk who was looking out from the watchtower of Lindisfarne. As the tiny gleam flashed over the dark reach of sea, and the watchman hurried with his news into the church, the brethren of Holy Island were singing, as it chanced, the words of the psalmist, "Thou hast cast us out and scattered us abroad; thou also hast been displeased; thou hast shown thy people heavy things; thou hast given us a drink of deadly wine." The chant was the dirge, not of Cuthbert only, but of his church and people. —*Green's History of England.*

Savonarola's Death.

I stand among the pitiless multitude in the piazza on that memorable day. They make him taste the agony of death twice in the death of his monks; then he submits his neck to the halter,

and the hangman thrusts him from the scaffold, where the others hang dangling in their chains above their pyre that is to consume their bodies. "Prophet!" cries an echo of the mocking voice on Calvary, "now is the time for a miracle." The hangman thinks to please the crowd by playing the buffoon with the quivering form. A yell of abborrence breaks from them, and he makes haste to descend and kindle the fire that it may reach Savanarola while he is still alive. A wind rises and blows the flame away. The crowd shrinks back terrified. "A miracle! A miracle!" But the wind drops again, and the bodies slowly burn, dropping a rain of blood into the hissing embers. The heat moving the right hand of Savonarola, he seems to lift it and bless the multitude. The Piagnoni fall on the ground, sobbing and groaning; the Arabbiatti set on a crew of ribald boys, who, dancing and yelling round the fire, pelt the dead martyrs with a shower of stones.—*Howells.*

Waiting for the Summons.

"The caged bird, that all the autumn day
In quiet dwells, when falls the autumn eve,
Seeks how its liberty it may achieve—
Beats at the wires and its poor wings doth fray:
For now desire of migrant change doth sway:
This summer vacant land it longs to leave,
While its free peers on tireless pinions cleave
The haunted twilight, speeding south their way.
Not otherwise than as the prisoned bird
We here dwell, careless of our captive state,
Until light dwindles, and the year grows late,
And answering note to note no more is heard:
Then, our loved fellows flown, the soul is stirred,
To follow them where summer has no date."

"My Crown of Glory."

A minister fell into company with another traveler. After riding and talking together for some time, the stranger, looking into his face, said, "Sir, I think you must be on the wrong side of fifty." "On the wrong side of fifty! No, sir, I am on the right side of fifty." "Surely," the traveler answered, "you must be turned fifty." "Yes, sir, but I am on the right side of fifty, for every year I live I am nearer my crown of glory."

SERVICE SIXTEEN—Sunday Morning

Opportunity! Responsibility!

TEXTS FOR SERVICE XVI

Keep yourselves in the love of God.—*Jude 21.*

I know thy works.—*Rev. 3:8.*

But that which ye have already, hold fast till I come. —*Rev. 2:25.*

Even so ye, forasmuch as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church.—*1 Cor. 14:12.*

For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.—*Rom. 14:10.*

Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.—*1 Cor. 10:31.*

That ye may be blameless.—*Phil. 2:15.*

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord.—*Eph. 6:10.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

Keep yourselves in the love of God.—Jude 21.

1. Sin makes men lose the sense of God's love.
2. The cross reveals God's love.
3. Conversion, believing, is entrance into heart-realization of this love.
4. Growth in grace depends upon keeping in it; (1) Fellowship with Christ in his word. (2) In prayer. (3) In gracious ministries to others for his sake.

I know thy works.—Rev. 3:8.

1. The all-seeing God.
2. Christ notes fidelity and neglect.
3. "Practicing the presence of God" conduces to zeal.

But that which ye have already, hold fast till I come.—Rev. 2:25.

1. Salvation a trust committed to us; opportunity.
2. Our lifework is to safeguard it; responsibility.
3. The Master is coming for an accounting; accountability.

Even so ye, forasmuch as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the church.—1 Cor. 14:12.

1. Selfish desire for spiritual power; "zealous of spiritual gifts."
2. Unselfish desire; "excel to the edifying of the church."

For we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.—Rom. 14:10.

1. The great day of accounting.
2. The influence of its anticipation upon our living.
3. Life decides destiny.

Whether therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God.—1 Cor. 10:31.

1. Life's noblest motive.
2. All inclusive.
3. Such life and worship co-extensive.

That ye may be blameless.—Phil. 2:15.

1. A high ideal.
2. Possible of attainment; "She hath done what she could;" "A faithful minister of Jesus Christ;" "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."
3. A lower ideal is sinful.

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord.—Eph. 6:10.

1. A summary of duty.
2. Spiritual strength.
3. Obtained, not attained; "in the Lord.

SUGGESTIONS

This service should be used to make any who have remained indifferent to the solemn responsibility resting upon them, realize their accountability to God for their neglect. It should also be a toning up service for the faithful, to stimulate them to even greater zeal.

It is best to close the series of services when interest is deepest. To wait until it begins to wane is harmful. There will always be those who are eager to have the series prolonged, but, unless the indications in favor of it are too strong to be resisted, do not continue.

If you plan to hold weekly or semi-weekly conferences with those who expect to unite with the church, for spiritual training, emphasize the announcement this morning.

A brief evangelistic talk in the Sunday school can well have a place.

Personal words to individual teachers with reference to special members of their classes will count for good.

SEED THOUGHTS

Buckle cared more for his work than for himself; he was content to work with patient reticence, unknown and unheard of, for twenty years. He had scarcely won for himself the place which he deserved, than his health was found shattered by his labors. He went abroad to recover strength for his work, but his work was done with and over. He died of a fever at Damascus, vexed only that he was compelled to leave it uncompleted. Almost his last conscious words were, "My book! My book! I shall never finish my book." He went away as he had lived, nobly careless of himself, and thinking only of the thing which he had undertaken to do.—*Froude.*

"I have educated five observers," said Louis Agassiz, when asked, after he had spent fifteen years as a teacher of science in this country, what was the best result of his efforts. He thought the noblest profession in all the world was that of teacher.

Some men are said to be self-made men. The meaning of this is that they began life without means and with meager advantages, and by the dint of their own energy and industry have risen to distinction. Many take all the credit to themselves for their attainments and their achievements. A great king once said, "Is not this great Babylon which I have builded?" There are modern men of like passions. They have never learned the lesson taught in the Bible that they have nothing which they have not received. They have not made all, nor won all, but received all.

Saint James says, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." It is written in the Psalms, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." And the psalmist sings this to his soul, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." No man is self-made. God has made all that is good in us, and has freely given unto us all that is worth having. These mercies have come down to us through various channels, but all have come from God.—*The Christian Advocate.*

There isn't a saint before the throne of God who got there by chance. "An abundant entrance" is as possible today as ever, but it is not administered to the weak-kneed and faint-hearted. If you really want a crown, you must foster your strength and go to fighting for it.

Norman Macleod once wrote, "In Campbeltown I forgot God altogether." Backsliding Christians lose their power to help other imperilled souls.

Lost souls are all about us. They are our neighbors, in the houses next to us. They are in our congregations. Some of them are in our churches, and sit with us at the communion table. They are in our Sabbath schools, and some of them are teaching classes. They are in our homes. Wherever we turn we meet them. They are our friends, with whom we mingle every day. We are doing business with them and hold them in esteem. We would not like to be deprived of their social and business life and influence. Pleasant people, kind neighbors, husbands and wives, but lost. They are lost to all spiritual life, to all holy affection, to God and heaven. They have not been born from above, have never repented of sin and turned to God. They are enemies of God by wicked works, and yet are not conscious of their condition. Many of them justify themselves on the basis of their outward morality, and are saying, "What lack I yet?"—*S. E. Wishard, D. D.*

A weak faith on the part of Christians means a weak influence upon others. An old minister said strikingly, "I regret no sermon which has come out with 'This is so;' I have regretted a good many which have come out with 'Is this so?'" Luther's word would have sounded very different if he had said, "Here I drift; I can do no other." Men outside have not asked for a cocksureness that has forgotten how to question and investigate. They have not asked for bondage to a form. Not many have echoed the thoughtless cry against creeds. When a man said to me, "I believe that no man ought to have a creed," I doubt if he saw the contradiction in his sentence. Probably most men have rejoiced in the relaxing of doctrinal stringency, wisely or not. But how shall men be drawn to a faith which is not sure of itself? How shall men commit themselves to a vessel whose crew are all wearing life preservers?—*Selected.*

The world also will suffer as well as the church if we are not fervent. We cannot expect a gospel devoid of earnestness to have any mighty effect upon the unconverted around us. One of the excuses most soporific to the conscience of an ungodly generation is that of half-heartedness in the preacher. If the sinner finds the Christian nodding while he talks of judgment to come, he concludes that the judgment is a thing which he is dreaming about, and he resolves to regard it all as mere fiction. The whole outside world receives serious danger from the cold-hearted Christian, for it draws the same conclusion as the individual sinner; it perseveres in its own listlessness, it gives its strength to its own transient objects, and thinks itself wise for so doing. How can it be otherwise?—*Spurgeon.*

Ralph Waldo Emerson somewhere speaks of the experiments made at West Point to test the strength of guns. He said that Colonel Buford ordered the pieces of artillery fired once, twice, ten times, twenty times, in rapid succession—fifty times and a hundred times. At the hundredth shot the gun exploded. Mr. Emerson asks which discharge burst the gun, and his answer is, "Every charge." When finally the great superstition between the Rockies and the Sierras shall be broken to pieces, it shall be every lesson taught in the chapel school houses, every sermon preached in the chapels, every bit of work done in all the years of the past, that will have contributed to the result until the accumulating energy of a generation of self-sacrificing work for Christ shall have brought on a detonation which shall be heard across the land, and the giant superstition shall fall. There is nothing too hard for the gospel of Jesus Christ. So I say to you that on Indian reservations, in mining camps, in newly built cities, and in the Mormon fanaticism, there is a resistance that only patient work and faith in God Almighty and the combined energies of the church of Christ are going to overcome.—*Sunday School Times.*

Watch for opportunities for service. A man saw that the sand of the Atlantic coast, when driven by the storms, as it often was, would, after a while, grind the lenses of the lighthouses and make them semi-opaque. Then he interpreted the meaning of what he saw. Sand driven by a blast will grind glass. If the blast can

be controlled and the sand can be driven in accordance with a plan, it may be made to grind patterns on glass. Then he dared to spend his money to test the value of his thought. So came the sand blast of modern art. We remember the first mowing machine tried on our home farm more than a half century ago. The long bar, to which little triangles of knives were riveted, played back and forth between a score or two of "V"-shaped guards, the "V" being horizontal with its point forward toward the grass. That machine was stopped so that four horses could not draw it. The knives had drawn the bits of grass into the open spaces of the guards, packed them full, hard and tight, and the machine was dead. A mechanic in Cayuga county, New York, saw this sort of thing on some machine. "Here is my opportunity," he said. He bought a machine, filed out two-thirds of the upper bar of the horizontal "V," patented the invention, and was rich, very rich, in a few years.

Men do not reckon with themselves as they ought in this matter of opportunity. The eye is given for seeing, and he sins who shuts his eyes to the sights to be seen in God's world. The ear is given for hearing, and he sins who shuts his ears to the sounds to be heard on every side. One who waits for a hermit thrush to fly to his dooryard and sing from a lilac bush by his porch will never hear the incomparable note. To hear the hermit thrush one must make the opportunity.

No sluggard ever overtook opportunity. No dawdler ever compelled destiny. It is the one who dares and does things who is master of events. Genius invents an air-brake, but lacks the power to compel its use. Another genius in a place of power applies it to the trains of a great railway and multiplies the safety of passenger travel a thousandfold. Success is the result of stubborn stress. The cry "I had no chance" will not pass as a prayer for forgiveness. To every living soul there comes some opportunity. The soul that sees it, seizes it, compels it to be its own, rises to power.—*R. S. Holmes, D. D.*

Have we lost compassion for souls? Have we ceased to be troubled over their condition? Have we no more burdens, no tears for the multitudes that are rushing to destruction?

The old prophet cried out, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" Their sorrows were his.

Moses pleaded for the life of the sinners against God. "Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." As if he had said, "Reckon their sins to me, and let me die with them." His compassion, suffering with them, was so great that he was ready to die, rather than live and see his people destroyed.

The same sentiment, the same pity for the lost, compassion for the unsaved, is heard in that cry of Scotland's apostle, John Knox, "God, give me Scotland, or I die!"—*Herald and Presbyter.*

"At vesper tide,
One virtuous and pure in heart did pray,
'Since none I wronged in deed or word today,
From whom should I crave pardon? Master, say.'
A voice replied:
'From the sad child whose joy thou hast not planned.
The goaded beast whose friend thou didst not stand;
The rose that died for water from thy hand.' "

No one should keep the thought of death before him. Every one should consider death most thoughtfully for himself, dispose of it, and work on calmly the rest of his days. But we are not to put the thought of death so far away that we forget to take soundings on the voyage. It is well to take soundings even when you are not in danger. If you sound and find twenty fathoms and sound again and find fifteen fathoms, you are shoaling quickly. I would have every one of you dear fellows, who read this, to "heave out the lead." Have you realized how far your ship has gone? Heave out the lead! Take a look at others. When you came back after a long absence, you went to see your old chum. My, how surprised you were; the stripling of a lad had developed into a full-grown man. Of another you thought, "What an old chap he is getting." But remember that you look as old in his eyes as he does in yours. It is strange how we can mark landslides in others that we can not note in ourselves. Take

soundings. You are in the drift. The current is the gulf stream, carrying you toward arctic regions. The snow is fast falling on the summit. Life is shoaling fast with us all. The tracks of the "crow's foot" are to be seen around the eyes. The mirror reveals the gray hairs. We are fast nearing some shore. Throw out the lead! Take soundings!—*Selected.*

It is an unquestionable fact that, while the average church member may entertain kindly sentiments toward these lost multitudes, he has little or no compassion for them in their dreadful state. He never goes to his lost neighbor with a word of affectionate entreaty. How few of our church members have enough compassion for the souls that are deliberately marching down to endless woe to go after them, to attempt to constrain them to turn to God and live. It is questionable whether there are ten souls in a church of several hundred members who make it their business to try to persuade their unsaved neighbors to turn to God.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

One of the largest benefits of evangelistic services is the deepening of spiritual purpose and life in the church. The church takes a new place in the community when so filled with the redemptive love of Jesus Christ that it is no longer willing to regard itself as existing for its own enjoyment. The church is a force, not merely a felicity. The effect of a revival is the rediscovery and the rehabilitation of the church as the body of Christ in the world. Every consideration of human interest demands that we should gladly welcome and support religious activities calculated to accomplish the results mentioned.—*Conrad.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

Conquered After Defeat.

Because we have just failed is no reason for giving up. It is the more reason for not giving up. Mr. Speer tells of a boy who, preparing for Yale, saw a football game between Yale and Princeton, in which Yale won. He watched the Princeton men, after their team's defeat, singing and singing, cheering and cheering, and then marching in a great, solid mass, still singing and cheering, down into the city. After he had reached home, the boy said to his father, "I believe I would like to go to Princeton." "But you know they got licked today." "Oh, yes; but they didn't know it! I would like to go to a college where they don't know when they are beaten." And Mr. Speer adds, heartily, "Shall men have less of the spirit of Christ in their moral life?" A defeat by sin is not meant to be the end of the fight. It must not be, if we will only obey orders from the front. The captain is never through with a beaten man, unless the man turns deserter.

Service.

Should our Lord suddenly come into one of our churches and pass through the congregation and speak to certain Christian men and women in this way, "You will be saved because you have believed in me, but I have no use for you in my service. I cannot use you; you are of no account as a servant;" and then should turn to another and another and say, "You also shall be saved because you have believed in me; but you I choose and appoint for service; I have found in you that disposition which I highly prize and am delighted to employ in carrying out my purposes of grace toward sinners. I make you a 'steward of the manifold grace of God;' be faithful and I will give you a crown of righteousness in that day when I reward my servants," would not those who had been set aside and denied the privilege of serving their Lord feel that they were being deprived of an inestimable privilege? Well, there are hundreds who perhaps have not been prohibited from serving the Master, but have voluntarily withdrawn from any personal service for him, and are no doubt

secretly set aside from service. Just as men who indulge in unbelief are secretly cut off from life.

The Train Was Coming.

An incident occurred a few years ago at Hyde Park, which, it seems to me, illustrated the working church. A crowd stood on the platform, waiting for the train. There were judges, men of business, ladies, newspaper boys and bootblacks in the crowd, and on the track was an old man. Soon the rumble of the approaching train was heard, and all at once a scream went up from the people, for that old man on the track. One of the judges, with his paper in his hand, was signaling to the man to get off the track. Some of the ladies were crying. The little bootblacks shouted and swung their kits. The old man did not hear, and finally one, who stood there, rushed out and caught hold of him and pulled him off the track; with no very gentle grasp, to be sure, but he was saved. I did not hear anyone say, "How did you like the way in which I presented to that man the reasons for coming off the track?" The ladies didn't say, "How did my train hang, and did my dress look well as I ran across the platform?" Nothing of the kind. The man was saved, and that was all anybody cared for. I have been criticized many times for my way of doing. The other day, a brother spoke of my using my first clenched, and all those little things. I tell you, my friends, men are on the track, and will be run over and destroyed unless we pull them off, and never mind these little matters as to how we look while we are doing it. Let us keep our minds on this one thing, how to save them from death.—*Major Cole.*

The Reflex Influence of Devoted Service.

An Italian painter, Verrochio, was at work on a great picture, but because of the infirmities of old age, he was not able to complete it. He urged his pupil, Da Vinci, to undertake the task of finishing it. The young man shrank from the responsibility, but the old man pleaded. "Do your best, Da Vinci, for my sake," he said. The young man undertook the work, and did his best for his master's sake. With the effort came a new sense of responsibility. He became conscious of new powers and aspirations. Genius was awakened. The picture completed was a triumph of

art, and the old man wept for joy. There are spiritual powers and gifts in our heaven-born nature, of which we will never be sensible until we come to a clear consciousness of our ambassadorship. And this cannot be until, in all our work, we seek his approval rather than man's.—*The Master Workman.*

The Only Life Work That Endures.

Build the greatest monuments of earth, and have the greatest number of jewels that you please, it is only to be added to the great conflagration at the end. "The heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." Get something that will not be burned. The beauty of real Christianity is this: None will sing a louder hallelujah than the believers themselves over the hay and stubble, and reserve the gold and silver to the glory of God. The best way for us all to do our work is for us to do it ourselves; if each man does his work thoroughly, and each one sticks to his own place—has found out his place and sticks to it—and finds out his work and does it, then the great Christian work will go on.

In the coral reefs in the southern seas you see the corals working. They don't ask if the other is doing its work; they don't appoint committees to see if they are all working. They each work along and build up those great barriers and reefs. They are unconscious, but not unworthy instruments, by which a hand invisible rears magnificent structures in the mysterious deep. Look at wrestling Jacob. I believe Jacob's wrestling was his weakness. God in his grace would make him his witness. A man wrestled with him, and he had to put his thigh out of joint before he could get him to his senses.

One great hindrance, if not the greatest hindrance that I know of, is this. I draw your attention to a passage in the gospel according to Luke, the ninth chapter. Christ called his twelve disciples, "and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases, and he sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick;" and so on. They got authority over all devils, and diseases, without exception. The next thing you hear of them is, a poor man brought his son to have a devil cast out of him. They had all authority, and it was not a question of divine power. They had authority given to them. Why

had they not power to do it? They had no faith. But why did they not have faith? Read on and you will find where the secret of it lies: "Then there arose a reasoning among them, which of them should be greatest." That is the point. Is it the case with us? The Lord help us to examine our work, and see if "for us to live is Christ" or self.—*Moody.*

Popular With God.

A certain bishop says that he has received many letters from churches describing the pastor they wish sent to minister to them. Some have written him to send a man who would be popular with outsiders; some want a man popular with the young people; and yet others request a man who would be popular with those who emphasize a certain doctrine of the Bible. But the bishop declares that he has never yet had a request for a man who was popular with God. How congregational ideals account for meager spiritual harvests! Set God in the supreme place in our hearts and lives and multitudes of souls will be swept into the kingdom.

The Triumphant Shout.

At the time of the nomination of Lincoln for President of the United States, an effort was being made by eastern men to nominate Seward. There was at that time a resident of Chicago, whose voice could drown the roar of Lake Michigan in its wildest fury and could be heard across the lake on a calm day. Another man in the west had never found his equal in ability to shout and huzza. These two men, with powerful voices, came to the convention, organized a party to cheer and shout at the first mention of the name of Lincoln. When the time arrived during the immense gathering, at a given signal there rose such a shout as had not been heard since they cry of Marmion on Flodden Field, and the friends of Seward were discouraged. They tried to follow with cheers for their candidate, but they were instantly and absolutely drowned by the storm of applause and cheers for Lincoln. Thus did right win the day.

The Lord mighty in battle, the Lord of hosts, wants us to shout for him. He wants our whole-hearted service. At one time in the history of Israel, the enemy was overcome when the singers lifted up their voices unto the Lord in song. So are we admonished to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord."—*The Homiletic Review.*

The Fruitage of a Consecrated Life.

About eighty years ago, a merry, thoughtless girl of fourteen went to church one Sunday morning without one serious thought in her mind. But the Master's invitation, "Come unto me," struck home to her heart, and then and there she gave herself to be his forever. Soon after, she had an alarming illness, and from that time forward her health was always delicate. Obliged to give up her earnest desire for missionary work, she determined to use all the strength she had, however small it might be. To get time for prayer and work, she rose every morning at five and kept up the habit (except during illness) for seventy years, though it cost her a daily struggle, and only in extreme age was she persuaded to make the hour six in winter. She took up district visiting, night school and mothers' meeting work enthusiastically, and after her marriage she worked untiringly for the laborers employed by her husband, and for their wives and children. During her thirty years' widowhood, in spite of continued attacks of illness, her labors for the good of others were incessant and most varied in character. When over seventy, she started a Bible class for mothers, and one hundred and twenty were soon in membership. Severe illness at last obliged her to give up this class, but on her recovery, in answer to the prayers of many, her thoughts turned to the children, and at eighty-one she started a Band of Hope. The numbers so rapidly increased that three years later she built a room in her own garden for the meetings. On the very last evening of her life, after a full day, she started all the singing at her boys' Band of Hope, and herself gave an address.—*Mary Rowles Jarvis.*

Zeal For Christ.

A missionary in Russia was tried and sentenced to Siberia for preaching and teaching the gospel, and that without his knowing anything about the trial. "All right," he said, when he heard the sentence, "that is where I have been wanting to go for some time. I long to preach Christ there, and I have been studying how I might get there, as I do not have the means, and now the question is providentially solved for me—I am to go at the expense of the government." That was a happy solution of a perplexing question, and one which illustrates the fact that God sometimes causes the wrath of man to praise him. There is

nothing truer than that God has his eye affectionately upon his children, those who obediently wait for his will and wish, and will have all things work together for their good. Our faith in God and our appreciation of his personal care increases as the years come and go. He furnishes so many striking illustrations of his care that the fact of his providence is as plain as a, b, c. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want"—shall lack no good thing.

Honoring God's Claim.

It is related of the late Chancellor Cairns that when he was a mere lad he once heard three words which made a memorable impression upon him, "God claims you." Then came the question, "What am I going to do with the claim?" He answered, "I will own it, and give myself to God." He went home and told his mother, "God claims me." At school and college his motto was, "God claims me." As a member of Parliament, and ultimately as Lord Chancellor, it was still, "God claims me." When he was appointed Lord Chancellor, he was teacher of a large Bible class, and his minister, thinking that now he would not have time to devote to that purpose, said to him, "I suppose you will now require to give up your class?" "No," was the reply. "I will not; God claims me."

The Best Thing He Ever Did.

A physician in Africa never did a better thing for Christ than on a trip, of which he wrote: "I went with the determination not only to preach the gospel, but to bring back with me some boys for our school. I knew if I could get a few for a start, we would get plenty in years to come. The Lord answered my prayers, and when we marched back through streams and forests, about seventy prospective pupils went with me. That long line of children, so ignorant and needy, some footsore and weary, marching away from their homes of darkness and sin toward the light of the dear Savior who died for them, was a sight which would move a heart of stone. Sometimes a mother in parting with her child would follow along for miles and then take me by the hands and with tears rolling down her cheeks say, 'Doctor, this is my only child, you will take good care of him, won't you?' Human nature is very much the same here as elsewhere."

Christians Who Have Lost Christ.

Mr. Ruskin, speaking of the ninth capital in the Ducal Palace at Venice, says, "It is decorated with figures of the eight virtues —Faith, Hope, Charity, Justice, Temperance, Prudence, Humility, and Fortitude. The virtues of the fourteenth century are somewhat hard-featured; with vivid and living expression, and plain every-day clothes of the time. Charity has her lap full of apples and is giving one to a little child, who stretches his arm for it across a gap in the leafage of the capital. Fortitude tears open a lion's jaws; Faith lays her hand on her breast, as she beholds the cross; and Hope is praying, while above is a hand seen emerging from sunbeams—the hand of God, and the inscription above is 'Spes optima in Deo.' This design is rudely imitated by the fifteenth century workmen: the virtues have lost their hard features and living expression; they have now all got Roman noses, and have had their hair curled. Their actions and emblems are, however, preserved until we come to Hope—she is still praising, but she is praising to the sun only; the hand of God is gone!"

Wordly Christians Endangering Others.

Some time ago, I came up from Porto Rico. The ship that brought me was caught in a fearful storm. We were locked in the stateroom to keep us out of danger. After it was all over, I asked the captain if a storm like that was not the thing he most feared. No, it was not. Such storms, he said, were common. I asked him if, in sailing to the north, an iceberg was not the thing most feared. And again he said there were other things more to be feared. "What is it then," I asked, "that you fear most?" "A derelict," he said, "a derelict—a ship that bears no compass, no chart, no sailors, no commander, that sails from no port, and to no port, that simply drifts."—*J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.*

Improving Opportunities.

A business man on his way to prayer meeting saw a stranger looking wistfully into the open window of the church, and, moved by a strong impulse, he invited him to go in with him. The stranger consented, and it was the beginning of a Christian life for him and his family. He afterward said to the friend who invited him to prayer meeting, "Do you know that I have lived in this city seven years before I met you, and no one had ever

asked me to go to church? I had not been here three days before the groceryman and the dairyman and the politicians had hunted me up, yet in all these seven years you were the first man that had ever expressed an interest in my soul."—*The Baptist Record.*

Unimproved Opportunities; Culpable Neglect.

The caves of Kentucky, of which the Mammoth Cave is the largest and most famous, are rich in saltpetre. In 1806, Dr. Brown, of Lexington, rode a thousand miles on horseback to communicate this fact to the American Philosophical Society, and six or seven years later, the information became of great service to the government, during the war with Great Britain. Some time after that, a narrow crevice was found in the Mammoth Cave, opening into a pit. The miners had an idea that the place must be very rich in nitrous earth, and this opinion led to a curious discovery, which is described by Dr. Hovey, in a paper read before the American Geographical Society.

One of the miners, in making an examination of the crevice, dropped his lamp. He climbed down a little way into the ugly black hole and felt for his lamp with a stick. The stick in turn slipped from his hand, and went rattling down into the abyss.

The lamp was a simple affair, but, as it could not be replaced without a journey of two hundred miles, its loss was a serious matter. Accordingly a sprightly young negro was let down by a rope, as a sort of animated plummet, to gauge the depth of the pit.

He failed to recover the lamp, but brought back reports of an underground temple so magnificent that for a generation the report was current that the lad had lost his wits. Then, thirty years afterward, an old guide made his way from another direction into what is now called the Egyptian Temple, and there, side by side, found the missing lamp and stick, lying near the splendid columns of the temple.

There are six of the columns. They average eighty feet in height and twenty-five feet in diameter, and stand in a semi-circle, flanked by pyramidal towers. The material is gray oolite, fluted by deep furrows, veneered with yellow stalagmite, rich as jasper, and covered by tracery as elaborate as Chinese carving.

So, all around us there are glorious possibilities—the undiscovered, undeveloped riches of character, which need only Christ's grace applied to human hearts by earnest soul-winners to bring them to light.

An Opportunity Lost.

General Lew Wallace, writing on the capture of Fort Donelson, says, "The hero of the morning, General Pellow, made haste to blight his laurels. His vanity whistled itself into ludicrous exaltation. Instead of following the enemy with energy, he sent a telegram to say, 'The day is ours.' In a few hours an officer rode by at full speed shouting, 'All's lost! Save yourselves!' And the victory once gained had been wiped from the slate."

Left Undone.

On a voyage across the Atlantic my brother was called upon to preach at the evening service. He took as his theme the sins of omission, basing his sermon on these words of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." He pointed out that in the judgment it was what men had failed to do, which they could have done, that condemned them at the last. Men are ready to take great credit to themselves that they are not thieves, or covetous, or murderers, but overlook the fact that the Lord calls to account for the service they might have rendered, the opportunities they wasted. Men will be judged not alone for evil, but for good left undone.

Can anything be more searching than these words of Jesus to the condemned, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not?" How significant is his reply to their questions, "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?" "Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

What more he said I cannot tell, but this I know, that on two men the effect was tremendous. After the sermon he went on deck, that he, overheated from preaching, might walk to and fro in the cool breeze. Out of the darkness came a man, who said, "Are you the preacher of the evening?" "Yes!"

was the reply. "Who told you about me?" he asked. "I do not know you. How should I know anything about you?" was the answer.

Then followed a confession that he had quarreled with his home church, omitted his duties, but he declared that on his return home, God helping him, he would take them up. Long after my brother learned he had kept his word and was active and aggressive. It may be of interest to know that he was a lawyer of ability.

The next morning a German spoke to my brother, frankly confessing that, though confirmed in youth, he had become a skeptic, but saying that if more sermons of that character were preached greater good would be done. A year later this same man entered my brother's church on a communion Sunday, and when the communicants went to the altar, he humbly went forward and knelt with them. After the service he said that he could never shake off the effect of the words he heard, that they had led him back to his Savior, that he had purposely stopped in Philadelphia to tell this to the man to whom, under God, he owed his salvation, and finding them celebrating the communion had joyfully joined in the sacrament.

May we not learn that we, too, are held responsible for the services we might render and do not render, for the use of opportunities to minister that come to us.—*Augsburg Teacher.*

Keep Close To Christ.

During the memorable retreat of the French from Moscow the soldiers froze to death by hundreds. It is said that at night they gathered together such combustible material as they could find and made a fire. Then, gathering around it in circles as closely as possible, they lay down to sleep. In the morning, after a bitter night, those in the outer circles would be found dead—frozen to death. They were too far away from the source of heat. So the Christian's hope of life, of strength, of help in the warfare of life, lies in constant communion with Christ and with those who love him. To be on the borders of worldliness may be, and often is, fatal.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Turning Trial Into Triumph.

In early manhood Rev. Dr. George Matheson was engaged to a young woman of culture, social position and physical charm. Meanwhile his eyesight began to fail him. He consulted a noted oculist, and was informed that, within a few months, he would be incurably blind. With this information he went to the young lady whom he dearly loved, and whom he had hoped soon to wed. "Love seeketh not its own." Young Matheson left to the lady the option of letting their betrothal blossom into wedlock or of severing their engagement bonds. She promptly decided, and plainly announced that she did not care to be tied, throughout their mutual life on earth, to a man who was doomed to incurable blindness.

Staggering from the blow received, soon to lose his sight, having already lost a presumptive wife, he hastened to his room, took up paper and pen and wrote the hymn which is reproduced below. Mrs. Edgerton, in her "Favorite Hymns and their Authors," says, "The hymn was 'the fruit of the most severe mental suffering' endured by the author, and was truly an inspiration, the whole having been written and completed in about five minutes, and never retouched or corrected by the author." The hymn is as follows:

"O Love, that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light, that followest all my way,
I yield my flick'ring torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy, that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross, that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be."—*Christian Work.*

Waiting For the Vision.

H. Isabel Graham has written a beautiful story in the form of a legend of a monk who knelt continually in his cell and prayed to be fashioned into the likeness of the cross. He had made a vow that none should see his face until he had looked upon the face of Christ. So his devotions were unbroken. The birds sang by his cell window and the children played without, but the monk heeded not either the children or the birds—in the absorption of his soul in its passion for the Christ, he was oblivious to all earthly things. One morning he seemed to hear a spirit-voice saying that his prayer to see the Blessed One should be answered that day. He was very glad, and made special preparation for the coming of the vision. There was a gentle knocking at his door by and by, and the voice of a child was heard pleading to be fed and taken in. Her feet were cold, her clothing was thin. But the monk was so intent on the coming of the vision that he could not pause to minister to any human needs. Evening drew on, the place became dreary, the tapers burned low. Why was the vision so long in appearing? Then with bitter grief he heard the answer that the vision had already come, had lingered at his door, and then, unwelcomed, had sobbed and turned away. Jesus had come in the little child, cold and hungry, had knocked, and called, and waited, and grieved, had gone. The monk had been expecting some shining splendor, like the burning bush, or the transfiguration. The vision had come as a little child in need, seeking help, and he had not recognized it, and had refused to receive it.—*Westminster Teacher.*

SERVICE SEVENTEEN—Sunday Afternoon

Manhood for Christ

(Men's Platform Meeting)

TEXTS FOR SERVICE XVII

The First Psalm.

The Prodigal Son.

Ecclesiastes Twelve.

Daniel *1:8-16.*

Daniel *3:8-30.*

Daniel *5:1-9, 17-31.*

Daniel *6:1-28.*

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.—*1 John 2:14.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

The First Psalm.

1. The blessed life; God's blue-print of the ideal life.
2. What it shuns; evil associations; "the ungodly."
3. What it chooses; fellowship with Christ.
4. The glorious outcome; a flourishing and fruitful tree.

The Prodigal Son.

1. Squandered resources; "spent his substance."
2. The inevitable penalty; a starving swineherd.
3. Regret, repentance, return.
4. Pardon and restoration to privilege.

Ecclesiastes 12.

1. Evil days are coming; decrepitude; the loss of the power of enjoying earthly pleasure.
2. Spiritual joys the only resource then.
3. Prepare for that time by earthly alliance with Christ.

Daniel 1:8-16.

1. A righteous purpose; "purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself."
2. Nobly adhered to in the face of temptation. (v. 10.)
3. A God-blessed life.

Daniel 3:8-30.

1. Splendid fidelity to principle; "they serve not thy gods."
2. The calm confidence of faith; "our God is able to deliver."
3. The sustaining grace of a present Christ; "the Son of God."
4. The influence of courageous example; "no other God."

Daniel 5:1-9; 17-31.

1. Shutting God out of the life (Belshazzar).
2. Giving way to pride and passion; a great feast.
3. Weighed in God's balance (v. 27).
4. The ending of the day of grace; "in that night slain.'

Daniel 6:1-28.

1. The cost of fidelity to Christ (v. 10).
2. The demand for Christian courage (v. 16).
3. "A very present help in trouble" (vs. 21, 22).
4. The influence of courageous faith.

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.—1 John 2:14.

1. The strength of Christian manhood.
2. Is the result of successful struggle.
3. A young man's influence and opportunity.

SUGGESTIONS

If possible, have a male quartette. Use "men's hymns;" "Onward Christian Soldiers;" "The Son of Man goes forth to war, etc;" hymns of action, courage, challenge.

If you can secure a well-qualified Christian layman, whose influence for good in the community is strong, have him give the address, keeping to the topic of this service, and in line with the two weeks' meetings preceding.

Limit the service to an hour, and if in accordance with your custom, or you think best, during the concluding prayer or hymn, call for decisions for Christ.

Offer to meet any interested after the service.

If you have no men's organization this would be a good time to call a general meeting for the following Sunday afternoon for the purpose of definite organization. A men's brotherhood will prove of incalculable service in the work of your congregation.

I want to tell how one bright young dominie of New York City solved the problem of reaching and holding men, and set an example that a round dozen of the city churches have already followed. This is one of the few things I know all about, as I was one of the victims upon whom he operated.

After long consultation with himself he asked a dozen of the best business and professional men of his church to meet him in a personal way at his study on a given evening. They came, and after he had closed the door and placed himself between it and his visitors he outlined his purpose, and proposed a men's church club. Not a religious affair, but one of a social and literary character that would make the men of the congregation acquainted with each other.

He did not give his hearers time to object. He did not let them roam all over the field of moral and social endeavor, and spend a month or so in organization. He had his scheme fixed

up. He said, "As you have all agreed that it would be a good thing, and will help it along, suppose you commence now. Mr. Blank, will you take the chair?"

"Now, Mr. Chairman, I nominate the following officers, into whose hands this whole matter shall be committed."

That interested young parson then handed in a resolution which banded those present into a club, and with it the names of a president, vice president, secretary, treasurer and fifteen governors. Thus every man present found himself an official, with several places assigned to others who were not there.

The motion was unanimously adopted. Then one doubting Thomas—there will always be at least one of these in any dozen men, even on a jury—said, dubiously, "We're all right so far. We have plenty of officers, but where are our members?"

But that minister was ready for him. He outlined his scheme, and it was carried out with success.

A dinner to all the men of the congregation was announced. It was advertised from the pulpit and talked about in the pews. It was not to be an ice cream and frosted cake affair, but a genuine banquet, spread in the parish house, a list of toasts to be responded to by prominent men in the congregation, whose oratorical powers had heretofore been unknown.

Did they come? About 300 did. The affair opened with a bang, and ended with a hurrah.

At that point of the evening when everyone was happy, slips were handed around, and before the exercises were over that club had a membership of 200 or more.

That was some years ago. The club is alive and flourishing today. I will briefly relate some of the things that have kept it alive, so that those to whom this is addressed can profit by its example.

All details of government are left in the hands of the governors. That simplifies matters. The fees are $2 per year, which includes a ticket to the annual dinner, which is always given on the resumption of work in November. If there is a deficit, the governors quietly make it up among themselves. Meetings are held on the first Monday evenings of the months

of November, December, January, February, March and April. The April meeting sees the installation of the new officers, and is also a reception to the ladies, and they all come.

The entertainments at the monthly meetings are varied. One night was given to the telling of stories. A dozen men were designated in advance, each of whom should tell the best story he ever heard. There was a phonographic evening. There was a very funny moot court. One night the boys of the club gave a burlesque on a district school. A couple of army officers spoke one evening. The president of the clearing house showed how money is handled in New York. Dr. Vandewater gave his experiences as a chaplain in the Spanish war. The presidents of the police and fire boards talked on heroism in those departments. Charles Nelan, the cartoonist, gave a chalk talk. At the close of each entertainment a table filled with refreshments is exposed to view, and each man helps himself to coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts, cheese, pickles, etc.,—it is surprising how far a couple of dollars will go.

Now here comes in the one novel feature that has kept the club alive and made it a success.

At the annual dinner of each year the president reads off a list of five special committees on entertainments, of three members each.

Each of the committees has charge of the meeting for a specified month. It is their duty to provide the program for that one evening, and you can be certain that no committee cares to be outdone by the rest. The result is that the entertainment is first-class, and at the same time the work is divided. There is always something new; and it takes a mighty poor man who cannot get up enthusiasm enough to do good work for at least one evening in the year.—*Plain Dealer.*

SEED THOUGHTS

I read in a circular letter of the Y. M. C. A., that after careful investigation they find that "less than one-tenth of the young men of this city are in churches and Sunday schools." If this is true, it is a tremendous fact and shows a pestilential fault somewhere. It would have been a startling announcement to General Sherman, about the time he was attacking Atlanta, that less than one-tenth of his army believed in the Union cause. It would disturb the public confidence to hear that nine out of every ten clerks were incredulous as to the policy of honesty. It would hardly do much good in either case to add that the mothers, and wives, and sisters of these men were all true to the Union and to fidelity in financial dealings. "I write unto you," said St. John—not to your mothers or sisters. There is no safety here in proxy-religion, no very cheerful outlook in churches where the piety is mostly feminine.

I quote again from the circular to show how the world stands on its evil side to attract the young. It says, "There are in this city 2,567 licensed liquor saloons, 14 theaters, 491 licensed billiard and pool tables, 40 bowling-alleys, and 10 shooting-galleries—about 3,100 in all—besides hundreds of other places where gambling or other vices are indulged in." "The vast majority of their patrons are young men." Now I am not lumping together these places as all alike evil and debasing, but only in contrast to the other figures. Certainly these 3,100 and more places have as patrons "less than one-tenth of the young women of the city," and only a decaying and frouzy fraction of elderly men—so, they must be supported by the pleasant vices of young men. The circular does not go into the darker chambers of vice, which lead down to the dead, and I only hint at them in passing. Surely the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye, that make up two-thirds of the temptation of the world to you, are emphasized sufficiently as existing facts.—*C. H. Hill, D. D.*

"Seek ye first * * * righteousness," said Christ, and here comes the gist of the whole matter. If a man says that he believes in Jesus Christ, he means that he not only believes in Christ's death but in Christ's life—that he believes that his own life should be a healing, helpful, pure, and righteous one, after the pattern of that led by Christ. And it seems to me it is here where seekers so often go wrong. Men want to be saved from hell, but they don't want to be saved from sin. Like Balaam, they want to die the death of the righteous and to live the life of the wicked. Sentimental desires about heaven will never get a man into it. It is as if an engineer, desiring to erect a fort, should go to the selected site and think to himself that a bastion should be prepared here, and a rampart there, and a ditch in another place, but until the pickaxe and the spade are put to work, no fort will arise, however much he may dream.

Is it not even thus many of us are acting today? We would like an ark of safety, a refuge for our souls; but we have neevr tried to pull up a single weed of bad habit, or endeavored to cut down the undergrowth which lumbers the ground. We have never earnestly striven to surrender our besetting sin, we don't in our heart of hearts desire to be delivered from it. How can God save a man if he takes this position? The apostle James tells us, "Let not such a man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."

The end and aim of all religion is to save a man from unrighteousness and to make him righteous, to save a man from sin and to make him pure, to turn a man from an evil doer into a doer of good.—*Quinton Hogg, in Men.*

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on earth, and that it rests with you to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say, "nothing succeeds like success." Effort—honest, manful, humble effort, succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind and stupefy. Get knowledge, all you can. Be thorough in all you do and remem-

ber, though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable. Quit you like men, be strong and exercise your strength. Work onward and upward; and may the blessings of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward."—*Gladstone.*

More and more the world-battles of the future will be fought with spiritual weapons. Spiritual ideals and moral principles are taking the place of physical weapons. In spite of standing armies and powerful navies, civilization is asking —must ask, if it really is civilization—What is right? And in the end righteousness will and must prevail. This is the code of the disciple of Christ; this is his working principle. Even if he turns to a physical weapon it is only that he may make it the easier for the spiritual ideal to win its way. The young men of the future will more and more find this ideal and realize it. Honesty in business, integrity in politics, purity and truthfulness in all social life must be not only their cardinal principles, but the actual weapons with which they shall win the great world-battle under the banner of Christ, the eternal Master and King. This, to the young man whose life is consecrated to the service of our Lord, is no mere sentiment, but rather it furnishes the practical, every-day principle for life and conduct. To make the righteousness of God prevail in all life and to win others to this standard is his mission. In business, in politics, in society, everywhere, does his opportunity exist; and the law of Christ knows no compromise, no halfway measure, no retrograde movement.—*William F. Slocum.*

The ordinary layman is shy of being called "spiritual." He wants to be called "practical," and the other term he regards as a direct contradictory. Spirituality suggests a weird unearthliness—a monkish and mystical pietism. He is far readier therefore to load himself with the concrete temporal interests of the church than to take any part in its ministry to the inner nature.

The church will never get its full quota of power out of its men members until it convinces them that spirituality is not an uncanny distortion or abatement of manliness; that it does not take men out of the world but only gives them a larger

life in a completer universe. A brotherhood has no higher mission than to make men feel it worth while to avail themselves of the nearer personal friendship of God. Here the prayer unions can help.—*The Interior.*

There is a general impression that women are more religious than men. It is not true. They are more impressionable, and yield easily to certain impassioned appeals. They are oftener called, by the conditions of the sex, to face the danger of death. They are more anxious for things "lovely and of good report," by their instincts of home-life. But these things are only adjuncts of religion. There are other things in it, where the masculine mind is essential. Who would leave any vast power of life in the community to either sex—to the female sex only? The whole history of the religions of the entire world demonstrates that no religion can continue on any such half-way arrangement. It is false in fact. The women will, by their sympathies and necessities, follow on with the men. No young man starts for Coney Island of a bright Sunday in the "leafy month of June," that he can not find one of the sympathetic sex who discovers that she is in need of sea-air. He has been shut up in a close office all the week, and may need a change. She has been free all the week, but can find an excuse for turning her back on her church, with a little persuasion. Good women will not hold out in being more religious than the men. Surely it is a feeble timber on which to build a hope of church life for any long time.—*The Homiletic Review.*

Convictions on moral and religious questions are born of earnest and serious thought, and a man without convictions is a man without force. Many people are intellectually valueless simply because they will not think and prepare themselves to think by careful examination of religious and moral problems. The young man of the future as well as of the present must be able to think out for himself his position on all moral questions. His actions will be regulated by his convictions, and his convictions will come by clear and vigorous thinking. The battle of the future is one of ideas, and its victories will be won by those who are able to put ideas into action by

means of noble lives. Facilities for intellectual preparation for one's life-work are not merely a good thing; they are essential if our young men are to achieve as they bring things to pass in the days that are to come. The day will come, for many, at least, when it will be recognized that it is a crime for a man to hold false or weak views on important questions, and that a person is simply doing his duty when he prepares to form and hold right convictions in regard to the work of the kingdom of Christ.—*Men.*

Your After-man, have you ever thought of him; the sort of creature you will be ten years, twenty years, or even thirty years from now? His destiny is in your hands, in your keeping. You can, by your actions, either make his life happy or miserable. It is on you alone he depends, and he has to depend without a chance to plead his case. Yet, although mute, he is there, and the actions which you perform today not only affect your life, but affect his.

What sort of a brain and body are you going to leave for his inheritance, to that dim, shadowy person whose life will be in the future? Will it be a body strong and active, a mind sharp and acute, a nervous system that is in normal order; or will he have to do with a sickly body, a feeble brain, because you forgot him, because you thought you lived only in the present, thought that your actions would live and have influence only in the present?

His condition depends upon you. If you want a good investment, invest in your After-man. Act today, so that twenty years from now, with a strong body, and trained mind, your After-man can step in and continue your work. To do this only a little care, a little forethought, a little restraint is necessary.

In the first place, evil habits should be shunned, for if you begin them you plant the seeds that will grow and mature in after years. Then the best use should be made of the present in training body and mind along useful lines, so that in years to come you will not be handicapped by lack of knowledge. It will pay, there is no doubt, pay ten-fold. Indeed, you will

never be sadder than if, twenty years from now, your Afterman, broken in body and mind, has occasion to exclaim:

"The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree I planted; they have torn me and I have bled."—*Egbert Wallace, in The Congregationalist.*

The atheism in business is perhaps the most deadly assault against Christianity in our day, for it establishes selfishness as the supreme motive of work and, selfishness of anti-Christ.

You will find men belonging to societies holding Jesus Christ as the supreme Lord, who practically refuse to allow any interference with them or with their schemes for six days in the week. On the seventh day they enter his house to listen to his instruction, and to pray for his blessing, begging in every prayer "to enter heaven at last," without any notion, apparently, that their way to heaven lies through the work and experience of the coming six days. Christ to them is the king of Sunday. They refer to him all Sunday questions, that is, questions of religious belief, questions of religious experience, and such conduct as involves principally questions of morals. But how small a part of life do such questions take up for most of us? May we not, without extravagance, say of the ordinary citizen that, except when some heresy is noised abroad, he lives in ignorance of his creed? His religious experience comes nearer to him, doubtless, but I suppose few persons—too few, alas!—refer to their religious experience in settling practical questions of business. And while I would not intimate that the majority of respectable people ignore moral principles in business, yet it will be granted that the most prevalent and potent of these principles are negative, like that of honesty, and these the majority of respectable people do not need. They do not need to be reminded of the Ten Commandments to make them deal fairly.

Now, when you have taken out of the aggregate of life simply these three—questions of religious belief, of religious experience and of conduct chiefly moral—have you not left vastly more, as men count, than you have taken? Have you not left six days in the week? Have you not left that whole range of activities and interests called the business of life,

with its immediate and imperative stress upon us day by day? Have you not, in fact, taken out just what you suppose God can be appeased with, and left everything that you really want until you die?

That is what I mean by saying that men are atheists in business and that they make selfishness the supreme motive of work. So far from this being regarded extravagant, I fear it will strike most persons as a truism. Men look for this sort of thing in business, and although they might object to calling it selfishness, yet that a man has a right to select what business he pleases and conduct it as he pleases so long as he violates no moral law—this is supposed to be conceded by all. But it is not conceded by Jesus Christ. Consider, I beg you, how grotesque this view of life becomes the moment we hold it up to the cross! In the light of that awful splendor, how dare we talk of doing what we please or as we please?—*T. H. Lewis.*

We are encircled by temptation, because we are placed in a world where evil abounds.

You are tempted—I am tempted—we are all tempted; not all to the same extent, or in the same way. We have each our own special susceptibilities, our distinctive temptations—what is a temptation to one may be no temptation to another. But throughout life—from the commencement to the close—the tempter continually confronts us, and with seductive subtlety seeks to allure us from the path of virtue. He knows where our character is the weakest, and that is the point around which he concentrates his forces. What need have we, therefore, to be on the alert, and listen to our divine Master, who, knowing the conditions of our life, and with his penetrating insight into human character, speaks to each one of us in the words of our motto text, and says, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

Robert McCheyne, than whom few have lived a more consecrated life, on being asked what was his secret power over sin, replied, "Prayerful watchfulness;" and the testimony of multitudes, if asked, would be the same. Prayerful watchfulness is an absolute condition of personal spiritual growth and

effective successful service. It is the path of safety—the way to victory. It has been well said that "watchfulness without prayerfulness is presumption, and prayerfulness without watchfulness is hypocrisy." So it is. To pray to be kept from evil, and then to read a suggestive novel—or to open the ears to impure conversation—or to associate with companions of questionable character—or to put ourselves into favorable position with "the sin which doth so easily beset us," is the most aggravated form of inconsistency it is possible to image. It is like asking God to preserve us from fire, and then deliberately to put our hand into the flame.

May God save us from such dishonoring hypocrisy! To begin the day with prayer, and then carelessly to fulfill its engagements without exercising self-management, self-control, and self-government, and then at its close to ask God to forgive all our blunders and our sins, may be a comfortable, easy-going religion, but it is not the religion of Christ. No. The religion of Jesus Christ involves conflict and struggle. It is a warfare. We have to engage in a hand-to-hand fight against the powers of evil. I appeal to your experience—is it not so? God has given us the priceless privilege of prayer, by which we may obtain from him the strength necessary to overcome the strongest temptation; but thus fortified, we must be continually on the watch, so that the hour of temptation may be the time of victory. It is temptation boldly met, heroically fought, and courageously overcome in the strength of Christ, that will develop in our character those moral and spiritual excellencies which compose the highest type of Christian manhood.

What has been our attitude toward temptation during the year that has just gone? Have we resisted, or have we fallen? What is the record of the year as regards our personal history? Let us press home to ourselves this solemn inquiry. We do well to remember that when we fall under temptation, in the fall we lose something of will and character-forming power which cannot be recovered—one fall makes its repetition all the easier, just as the resistance of evil makes evil the more easily resisted.—*Sir George Williams.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

"I Need Life First."

"If I could resist the devil and his temptations, and take a decided stand as a Christian among my companions and fellow-workmen, I think it would be better with me. I could be a true Christian then as well as others, and I believe I would soon be saved and have the assurance."

So the young man said, and no doubt he sincerely meant it. He had been urged again and again to "take his stand" as a believer, and he had attempted it many a time, and as often had he been defeated. His only idea of conversion to God seemed to be "taking a stand for Christ," "showing his colors," and the like.

Sitting down beside him I whispered in his ear, "But have you been converted, dear friend? Have you got spiritual life in your soul? It is deeply important that you should first be clear on that." To this there was no response. The query seemed beyond the circle of his thoughts; so I went on to say, "You know that the first thing you need is life, and there can be no 'taking a stand,' and no 'resisting' of temptation till then. You must go down the stream carried, like a dead fish, with the current, unless you have life. You know a living fish can go against the stream, but a dead one cannot; neither can you resist temptation until you have got spiritual life."

"That's just where I'm wrong," said the youth; "I never thought of that before. I need life first. I can do nothing till I get life. And that's where I've missed the mark."

And others have missed the mark there too. The sinner needs life before he can stand or walk or work. He cannot live the Christian life if he has not got it; the life must be in him before it can manifest itself.

Reader, have you got life? "He that hath the Son hath life." "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. 6:23.) "Whosoever will," may have it.

By Taking Heed Thereto According to Thy Word.

Green, in his *History of the English People,* gives a marvelous testimony to the effect of the Bible in Elizabeth's reign. No greater moral change ever passed over a nation than passed over England during the years which parted the middle of the reign of Elizabeth from the meeting of the Long Parliament. England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible. Its literary and social effects were great, but far greater was the effect of the Bible on the character of the people at large. One dominant influence told on human action. The whole temper of the nation felt the change. A new conception of life, a new moral and religious impulse, spread through every class.—*Epworth Herald.*

Christ Wants Strong, Brave Men.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote! Sir, before God I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment:—Independence now, and independence forever.—*Daniel Webster.*

Christian Courage.

Early Christian history records the scene in which a wealthy widowed mother, Felicitas, and her seven sons were summoned before Publius, and were commanded, under penalty of death, to renounce the name of Christ. Her eldest son was whipped with thongs until life was nearly gone. "Renounce the name and live," said the officer, when the aged mother bade her son stand fast and live in glory. Under the furious blows of the whip he sank into death. In her tortured presence her next two sons were beaten with clubs, while her voice bade them remember him who died for them rather than yield to brutish command. The fourth was taken from her embrace and flung from the rock near which they stood. The other three, one by one, were beheaded, while to each her words of courage were true to her faith. This was more than courage;

it was comfort. It was a strengthening and inspiring to duty; urging a heroism she herself at last exemplified, in bearing her own torture until her own head fell under the blow of the knife.

The Higher Gain.

In his plea for Captain John Brown, Thoreau makes a vigorous onset on the criticisms levelled by some of his countrymen against the hero of the slave movement.

"I hear another ask Yankee-like, 'What will he gain by it?' as if he expected to fill his pockets by this enterprise. Such an one has no idea of gain, but in this worldly sense. If it does not lead to a 'surprise' party, if he does not get a new pair of boots, or a vote of thanks, it must be a failure. 'But he won't gain anything by it?' Well, no, I don't suppose he could get four-and-sixpence a day for being hung, take the year round; but then he stands a chance to save a considerable part of his soul—and such a soul!—when you do not. No doubt you can get more in your market for a quart of milk than for a quart of blood; but that is not the market that heroes carry their blood to."

God's Heroes.

Sir Charles Elliot, governor of Bengal, India, tells this story, which emphasizes that heroic consecration is just as great today as in the days of the early church:

"The next heir to the chieftain or king was a quiet man, making no outward show, but he and his wife had turned from idols to serve the living God. As I got to know him more and more, I saw how honest and true a man he was. The chieftain died, and this man was the next heir. The people came to him and said, 'We like you very much, but if you are to be our king you must sacrifice to the gods of the valleys, the forests, the mountains, the rain god, the cholera god, and the other evil spirits who have power to hurt us. If not, we must choose another man.'

"His answer at once was, 'I cannot do it! I serve the true God.' And so he had to earn his living by keeping a little shop, and working on his own little field. He never spoke of

this great deed abroad, and yet he was, perhaps, the only man living in the world who had given up a kingdom for Christ's sake."

A Man's Opportunities.

Sixteen years ago Professor Babcock invented the milk test machine. He knew his invention would bring him a fortune if he should patent it, as every progressive dairyman would wish to use it; but he choose to tell of it in a bulletin scattered broadcast, to which he added the words, "This is not patented." He wanted to help other people; his was the love that "seeketh not its own."

Two men were in college together. One, a plodding farm hand had saved enough for his course of study. His chum, a brilliant man, was forced to leave college by the sudden death of his father. A few days after his departure he received this message:

"Dear Jack, I've been thinking things over. There's no possible question but that you'll get more out of a college course than I could. You'll surely make a mark in the world. I can never be more than a fourth-rate lawyer. Economically considered, therefore, to educate me and leave you out, is reckless extravagance. I enclose a check for the amount I've saved, which was to give me my course. This will see you through with strict economy. Of course, I know you will not want to do this; but I've thought it all out, and it's the plain, common sense of the situation. Moreover, I shall disappear by the time you receive this, and nobody will know where I am. So you couldn't return the check, anyhow. Good-by and good luck."

Moral Courage.

A young man in a London omnibus noticed the blue ribbon total abstinence badge on a fellow-passenger's coat, and asked him in a bantering tone "how much he got" for wearing it. "That I cannot exactly say," replied the other, "but it costs me about twenty thousand pounds a year." The wearer of the badge was Frederick Charrington, son of a rich brewer, and the intended successor of his father's wealth. But he sacrificed

all and devoted himself to the cause of temperance. How much are you willing to sacrifice for your neighbor's good?

The Man Who Dared.

Where are the wise men—the great astrologers and the Chaldeans? Where are the wise men of Babylon today? But that old Hebrew—he went down to shine. Thank God he shines all along. He has been shining these 2,500 years. Now, he dared to be called religious. He dared to be called narrow-minded. I believe if you had gone up to some man in Babylon and asked him about Daniel he would have said, "Well, he is a good man—a very good man; but you know he is a very narrow-minded man—a bigoted man. While he was in the king's household he wouldn't eat meat or drink wine—wouldn't touch them at all. He lived on pulse and water, and came near losing his head." But, my dear friends, look at the way that man has stood all these centuries. He dared to be odd; he dared to be peculiar.—*Moody.*

Honor at Cost of Life.

In the Colon cemetery, near Havana, there stands a beautiful and costly marble shaft known as the Students' Monument. In November, the Governor of the island and other American officials attend a memorial service, annually held at the foot of this shaft, in honor of a group of young men who would not betray their companions.

A group of students from the University of Havana vented their hatred of a Spanish official by desecrating his tomb in the Espada cemetery. As the school stood together in refusing to disclose the offender, the Governor-General issued a decree that every tenth boy in the school should suffer death. On November 27, 1869, these lads were lined up in front of one of the university buildings and were executed by a detachment of Spanish soldiers. These young men chose an ignominious death, rather than violate a standard of honor.—*The Homiletic Review.*

Men Who Have Been Side-tracked.

A few years since, one of the pastors in Chicago organized his willing workers into a number of flying squadrons, and a house-to-house canvass was made of all the residence section lying

within reasonable walk of their place of worship. And to the surprise of all except the pastor, the callers found more church members upon the sidetracks than on the main line. That no particular creed or polity was responsible for this condition of things was evidenced by the fact that the "strays" belonged to every denomination under the sun; and they were shunted with equal impartiality from the Calvinistic trunk lines and Arminian transcontinental systems as well as from "come-outer" branches and "seceder" stubs. Meanwhile all the churches are suffering from "a dearth of rolling stock" while the sidetracks are choked to suffocation with useless and decaying cars. For there can be no gainsaying the fact that a Christian will go to pieces faster on a sidetrack than on the regular run.—*The Interior.*

Paying the Piper.

The man who lives high for a few years, and pays for it by the starvation diet prescribed by the doctor, and by unutterable torments which no physician can cure, has taken his choice, and perhaps has calculated his chances, and is only reaping that which he has sown. He had his choice in the beginning, he takes the consequences at the end; and usually regrets when too late the mistakes which he has made. But it is quite probable if the work were to be done over again, he would do as he did before. Appetite is strong, will is sometimes weak, the conscience is often dormant, and unless men do really fear God, and have regard for his will, they are unlikely to yield to the control of principle; they will have their way, and risk the consequences, and "mourn at the last," when their mourning is in vain.

If men would sit down at the beginning and count the cost, matters might be different, but there are few who are ready to do this. They have their will and their way, and not only do they themselves suffer in consequence, but they inflict calamities upon others who, though innocent, yet are compelled to bear the burdens and endure the miseries which are caused by their transgression of physical law. As the young criminal not only brings sorrow to himself, but also breaks his mother's heart, and brings down father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, so many persons transgress the laws of life, and bring sorrows, burdens, trials and afflictions upon friends and kindred, parents and children, who, instead of being helped and comforted as they should be, are

weighted down with troubles which others have brought upon themselves through neglect and recklessness and disobedience to divine laws, written in their nature as plainly as laws were written upon the tables of stone.

Let persons think carefully before they enter upon courses which lead to sickness, sorrow and distress; and let those who have entered upon such courses halt and hesitate before they determine to persist in a path which can only end in sorrow, suffering and vain regrets.—*The Christian.*

Wanted, Gideons.

In Victor Hugo's sketch of the battle of Waterloo in *Les Miserables,* he brings out elements sometimes forgotten. "Napoleon had already been impeached before the Infinite," he says. His statement is altogether just, for selfishness, despotic cruelty, disregard for the rights of individuals and of nations have been impeached before the Infinite from the foundation of the world. But the divine impeachment was only made effective in that particular instance, when the Iron Duke of Wellington and the English regulars, trained in their youth on the football fields of Eton and Rugby, trained in their maturity in a score of hard-fought battles, stood up and received the full shock of that fierce attack of the French troops without giving way; and then gathering their full strength, flung themselves upon the enemy and drove them back. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon! The sword of the Lord and of Wellington! The sword of the Lord and of those brave souls, few though they may be in numbers, who cause the impeachments of the Almighty to stand fast!

A Man's Job.

Suspended above the desk of an American bank president is this motto, "Do the hard things first." Ten years ago he was only a clerk in the bank, and he was asked how his success had been so rapid. He replied that he had lived up to the text. For a long time he was conscious that he was not getting on as fast as he should. He was not keeping up with his work; it was distasteful to him. By doing the easy things first and putting off the difficult tasks, he became intellectually lazy, and felt an increasing incapacity for his work.

But one morning he woke up and took stock of himself. The thought came to him that he had been neglecting the difficult duties, and at once began to "clean house." It was not half so hard as he expected. Then he took a card and wrote on it, "Do the hard things first," and put it where he could see it every morning. He has been doing the hard things ever since.

"Forward, Men!"

An example of holy heroism always "strengthens the wavering line" of weaker ones. Before the battle of Five Forks, when, after prolonged exertions, flesh and blood seemed unable to respond to fresh calls, Sheridan, after an impassioned address to the men he called "my army," gave the order, "Cowards to the rear!" Not a trooper obeyed. To his next call, "Forward!" the whole line moved in a whirlwind of victory. So the immovable and unterrified soldier Paul, looking ever into the eye of his captain, not only advances steadily, but confirms the faith of his brethren. The conclusion of the whole matter is thus written by Luke: "We ceased, saying, 'The will of the Lord be done.'"—*Griffis.*

One Thousand Successful Men.

I have on my desk a list of one thousand successful men of this nation. By "successful" I do not mean mere money-makers, but men who have given us new conceptions of steam, electricity, construction work, education, etc. These are the men who influence our moral as well as physical lives. They construct for better things.

How these men started in work is interesting. Their first foothold in work is a fine study.

Two hundred started as farmers' sons.

Two hundred started as messenger boys.

Two hundred were newsboys.

One hundred were printers' apprentices.

One hundred were apprenticed in manufactories.

Fifty began at the bottom of railway work.

Fifty—only fifty—had wealthy parents to give them a start.
—*Juvenile Court Record.*

"Ye That Are Men Now Serve Him."

Paul's persistency was not obstinacy. He, too, was inspired, and understood God's will better than Agabus.

"He saw a hand they could not see,
Which beckoned him away;
He heard a voice they could not hear,
Which would not let him stay."

Fifteen hundred years afterward Luther, advised by a friend not to proceed to Worms because of the dangers which threatened him there, said, "I would go to Worms were there as many devils there as tiles on the housetops." Later he wrote in regard to a great enemy, "I would enter Leipzig though it should rain Duke Georges for nine days running."

Erasmus shared Luther's convictions and was far more learned, but he said, "I have always been cautious; I would rather die than cause a disturbance * * * * When we can do no good we have a right to be silent * * * * A worm like me must not dispute with lawful rulers * * * There are seasons when we must even conceal the truth." Cowardice like this brings about no reformation. It needed a man who counted not life dear for Christ's sake.

Our Personal Responsibility.

Every man is responsible for receiving the light when it is given. No one may hide in a cave and then excuse himself by saying, "I can see no light!" An important legal principle is this, "Ignorance of the law is no defense for its transgression." Men should know the law, and they are held accountable to it. Some men in Chorazin, Bethsaida or Capernaum might have said, in response to Christ's words, "We have been so busy with our trading or pleasures or self-absorptions, that we did not know that anything special had happened in our cities or that any 'mighty works' had been wrought there." They should have known. "Mighty works" have been wrought in some of our communities, in some of our churches, in some of our homes, when souls have been "born from above." Christ might well say, "If the mighty works, which have been done in your community, your church, your home, had been done in China, they would have repented. Verily I say unto

you, it shall be more tolerable for China in the day of judgment than for you!" One man transformed in character; one home changed in its spirit; one life filled with new impulses—these are "mighty works"; these are evidences of the present power of Christ; these become "witnesses" against those who fail to discern the spiritual forces working in them.—*Monday Club Sermons.*

Men's Need of Christ.

You might as well quench the sun, and suppose that the world could get on without light, as to think that men or nations could do without God.

Farrar says, "There is not a historian of the fifteenth century who does not admit that a fearful moral retrogression followed on the overflow of faith."

The Life of Unselfish Service.

Ruskin, the great English writer, insists that the life that does not know any giving up of self is an unworthy life. Again and again he calls to self-denial and self-sacrifice if we are to follow our Master. Ruskin was born heir to nearly a million dollars, and by his writings earned another fortune. Possessed of youth, wealth and fame, he was courted by all the rich and great, but he gave himself and his means to the poor. He saw multitudes of men and women toiling in shops for eighty hours a week, and he decided to devote himself to their uplifting. To this purpose he gave a tenth of his fortune, then a third, a half, and finally all his means.

Life's Splendid Opportunities.

The Gunnison tunnel is one of the wonders of modern civil engineering. It is the longest underground waterway in the world, and has been constructed under the most discouraging difficulties. For four years the men, with their drills, have been at work boring the mountain, and now, finally, the President, from a platform, high above the waters, touched the button and gave the signal for the opening of the channel that will carry the water of the river over a territory of 150,000 acres, and convert what is now almost worthless land into one of the richest sections of the whole west.

The story is a wonderful one of daring and skill. The Gunnison flows in a narrow gorge from two thousand to three thousand feet in depth, rushing, roaring, dashing in fruitless fury against its walls, leaping over precipices, until it issues in the plain where only a few settlers have found the means of living. So deep is the canon that in places the sun is not seen and it is consequently known as the Black Canon. The preparatory survey of the river was one of the most daring ever undertaken. No man had ever lived to pass through that gorge. When a message came from the Department at Washington inquiring about the feasibility of a tunnel, two men volunteered for the service. They were lowered straight down twenty-five hundred feet, with an outfit of a rubber mattress for a boat, some instruments and a small food supply. They committed themselves to the torrent, landing here and there to take observations and make measurements. Dashed through fearful rapids and falls, hurled through a natural tunnel into the unknown beyond, on the twelfth day they emerged, exhausted and nearly naked, cold and wet and hungry. "The Gunnison tunnel is feasible," was their brief message, and quickly the work was begun. Six miles through rock and gravel beds, striking streams of water and fumes of poisonous gas, exposed at times to falling roof, the work has been driven and now the opening has been made, and as soon as the wall can be cemented, the channel, ten and a half by eleven and a half feet, will empty thirteen hundred cubic feet of water a second into a canal twelve miles long, to make the Uncompaghre Valley one of our most productive sections. *The United Presbyterian.*

"Staying Power."

Good impulses are abundant and cheap. They will never hold you in a sharp fight unless you have the staying power which Christ imparts. To stand the sneers of scoffers, to resist the rush for sudden wealth, to conquer fleshly appetites, to hold an unruly temper under control, to keep base passions subdued, and to direct all your plans and purposes straight toward the highest mark, require a power above your own. Christ's mastery of you will give you self-mastery; yea, and mastery

over the powers of darkness and of hell. Faith will fire the last shot, and when the battle of life ends you will stand among the crowned conquerors in glory.—*T. L. Cuyler, D. D.*

The Superiority of Moral Forces.

Amid the tumult of revolutionary upheavals in Turkey the superiority of moral force over mere brute force was demonstrated in more than one instance. One case of it is described as taking place within the Parliament House. When thousands of mutinous soldiers, fully armed, filled the square of St. Sofia, and other thousands of excited populace crowded the neighboring streets, a committee from the rioters entered the assembly and insisted on certain demands. One of the deputies, an Armenian, it is said, rose in his place, regardless of personal danger, and replied to them, "The Chamber of Deputies, which is the highest representative of the nation, cannot enter into discussion with you. After respectfully presenting your demands you must withdraw from this place so that the chamber may conduct its discussion independently. The chamber is not afraid of anyone; it fears only its own conscience." The effect of this answer upon the deputies is said to have been electric. It gave courage to them all and the committee was obliged to retire, leaving them to pursue their deliberations without armed interference.—*The Missionary Herald.*

SERVICE EIGHTEEN—Sunday Evening

The Fruits of Indecision

TEXTS FOR SERVICE XVIII

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"The Parable of the Virgins."—*Matt. 25:1-13.*

The night cometh.—*John 9:4.*

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—*Jer. 8:20.*

Then shall the end come.—*Matt. 24:14.*

The valley of decision.—*Joel 3:14.*

And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.—*1 Kings 20:40.*

Our lamps are gone out.—*Matt. 25:8.*

And Gallio cared for none of those things.—*Acts 18:17.*

Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.—*Acts 26:28.*

When I have a convenient season.—*Acts 24:25.*

CLUES TO TEXTS

The Parable of the Virgins.—Matt. 25:1-13.

1. The coming bridegroom.
2. Preparation—oil reserves.
3. Unreadiness—empty lamp.
4. The shut door—the irrevocable past.

The night cometh.—John 9:4.

1. The close of the day of opportunity for service.
2. The setting of the sun of grace.
3. The darkness of endless despair.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—Jer. 8:20.

1. Ample opportunity for salvation provided.
2. Prodigal neglect.
3. An alarming realization.

Then shall the end come.—Matt. 24:14.

1. Under the spell of the present, men forget the future.
2. Nevertheless, "Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day."
3. The end of the longest earth-life will surely come; are we ready for it?

The valley of decision.—Joel 3:14.

1. Life means constant choosing.
2. These choices fix character. "Character is reiterated choice."—George Eliot.
3. These choices determine destiny.
4. With what care they should be made. "Choose thou my way."

And as thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.—1 Kings 20:40.

1. Our temptation to absorption in the relatively unimportant; many a life a pursuit of trifles.
2. As a result we miss life's higher meaning; heaven's messenger.
3. Many awaken to a realization of their folly too late; "he was gone."

Our lamps are gone out.—Matt. 25:8.

1. Wasted opportunities.
2. Realized need.
3. No supplies are available.

And Gallio cared for none of those things.—Acts 18:17.

1. An overestimate of earth.
2. An underestimate of heaven.
3. The great insanity—worldliness.

Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.—Acts 26:28.

1. The "almost" Christians.
2. Almost cannot avail.
3. Altogether Christians alone are safe.

When I have a convenient season.—Acts 24:25.

1. Procrastination the tendency.
2. Its folly; difficulties increase with years.
3. Its danger; too often the more convenient season never comes.
4. "Today, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." "Now is the accepted time." "Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

SUGGESTIONS

Concentrate all forces upon this closing service.

A brief, direct talk in the young people's meeting should not be overlooked.

If you held a conference with the personal workers on the previous evening, their influence for good has been at work throughout the day. Urge them to be on the alert for improving opportunities before and after this evening service.

Make the opening service of song contribute toward the end in view—the revealing of any still undecided.

The after-talk and after-meeting have special significance. Prepare for them prayerfully.

Invite callers to your study, or offer to make appointments elsewhere, during the week following.

Do not continue the services unless there is the most urgent demand for it.

Plan to use "follow-up methods," and encourage inquirers to make appointments with you. The aftermath of special services will often almost equal the harvest gathered while they were in progress.

SEED THOUGHTS

Once more. Listen! The answer you give to that question will settle your destiny. Don't forget that. You will go up or down as you answer that question. All you know about the next world is from this book, and it talks about two places. It talks about the rest that remains for the people of God; it talks about the many mansions and the streets of gold, and it does not trouble me about the streets of gold or many mansions. All that I care about is getting where Jesus is, and meeting my mother again, and if you give me Jesus and my mother you can put me back in my gypsy tent and that will be heaven. I want no better heaven than Christ and my mother and my loved ones. You may have the streets of gold and the walls of jasper, but that would not be heaven for me if I hadn't Christ and those I loved. I think we shall all be surprised when we get there. No eye hath seen it or ear heard it. It has not entered into the heart of man, the things that God has prepared for those that love him. I am sure nobody else knows what the last world will be like, and I pray God none of you may know. But to lose Christ and those I love would be hell enough for me.—*Gipsy Smith.*

There is no now—only a past of which we know a little, and a future of which we know far less and far more. No sooner have I spoken the word now, than that now is dead and another now is dying.—*George MacDonald.*

One of the most puzzling as well as saddest problems to many earnest Christians, is the spectacle of men living without God in the world and apparently content so to live. Persons to whom God is the reality of all realities, who cultivate the sense of his presence and delight to commune with him in private and public devotions, finding relief in every exigency of life in casting their burdens on the Lord, cannot understand the practically pagan lives which so many of their fellowmen are living.

But after all, this progressive paralysis of a man's nature on its Godward side is not so great a mystery. It takes place under a law with whose workings we are all familiar. That law is that the disuse of any faculty of the soul or function of the body is followed by its gradual decay. Muscles that are not brought into exercise shrivel. An arm that does not work will presently be unable to do so. A man who would refuse to leave his chair or bed would find after a while that his limbs had lost their power. The human eye, if shut up to perpetual darkness, would fare no better than the eye of the mole. So with our mental faculties. There is no way to preserve their alertness except by keeping them in exercise. The poor thinking which has become chronic with so many of us is the penalty on our refusal to do good and hard thinking in the past. The very capacity for logical processes is dwindling and its vanishing-point is almost in sight. The difference between people in the matter of memory is not by any means only one of original endowment; it is largely due to difference in self-training. If we fail to cultivate this faculty, it will constantly become more impotent and unreliable. Nothing disappears more quickly than unused knowledge. And in this same way it is a great mistake for anyone to suppose that opportunity of salvation will be as good and hopeful after years of neglect of God as it is today. God's mercy will be no less, indeed, and his grace will be as potent where it can find entrance and room to work. But it is just the capacity on the human side to receive him that becomes impaired, and at last atrophied. Drummond's words carry a penetrating admonition, "The soul in its highest sense is a vast capacity for God. It is like a curious chamber added on to being, and somehow involving being, a chamber with elastic and contractile walls; which can be expanded, with God as its guest, illimitably, but which without God shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the divine is gone, and God's image is left without God's spirit. One cannot call what is left a soul; it is a shrunken, useless organ, a capacity sentenced to death by disuse, which droops as a withered hand by the side, and cumbers nature like a rotted branch." In this view

of the matter a new and solemn meaning attaches to the question whose significance has perhaps been dulled to us by frequent repetition, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—*The Lutheran Observer.*

Those who reject Christ, and in him the forgiveness of sins, remain under the judgment of death, in spite of the fact that the "free gift has come upon" them "unto life." Moreover, the knowledge of sins forgiven tends to holiness, not to more sin; for when a man knows enough about sin to care for forgiveness, he knows enough about it to loathe it, and to desire with all his heart to be quit of it. The danger is not that men will abuse the gift of God, but that they will despise and neglect it. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2:3). Now, how can I neglect a thing that has not come to me? God's salvation, including his forgiveness, has come to us as a free and unconditional gift. The acceptance of that gift does not lead men to sin, but the neglect of it leaves them in sin.—*Pentecost.*

Count von Moltke, the great German strategist and general, chose for his motto, "Erst wägen, dann wagen" (First weigh, then venture), and it is to this he owes his great victories and successes. Slow, cautious, careful in planning, but bold, daring, even seemingly reckless in execution, the moment his resolve is made. Vows must ripen into deeds, decision must go on to performance.—*Selected.*

Whilst the reading, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," may be disputed, it is a truth of tremendous importance. Almost persuaded is no better than not persuaded at all. Almost is to be lost. Some time ago, on Mount Washington, two experienced climbers were caught in a storm of icy sleet. They struggled bravely, but in vain. One of the dead men was found a couple hundred yards from the Summit House, the flesh of the fingers worn to the bone by contact with the ice-covered rocks over which he had crawled in his struggle to reach the top and safety. Almost safe when strength failed and death came. How terribly sad! Yet Christ comes and opens the door of salvation. Men see him, hear his

invitation, are drawn towards him, and then turn away. Almost persuaded but not quite. Almost saved but lost, not as those gallant men, struggling to enter—no one has ever failed who sought safety with Christ—but turning from the persuasions of the Spirit, of their own better nature to the sins they loved, like Agrippa, they died miserably as he did, lost.—*Selected.*

"Here I am," says one, "with snow in my hair, winter in my blood, and, worst of all, with ice in my soul, waiting for the stroke that will soon cut me down. Oh, for the sensibility I had when every sermon seemed like a sword-thrust, and every appeal rung in my soul like a thunderclap!"—*Selected.*

One of the excuses frequently given is, "I want to think about it." You assume that you are so serious in the matter that you want to ponder solemnly and deeply whether your life belongs to God or not; or whether your soul is in danger or not. How absurd! Where is the man who does not know without thinking about it that his life belongs to God, and that he is lost as long as he refuses to yield his life to him? If you were in a burning house and someone cried to you to fly for your life, would you say, "I want to think about it?" If you had fallen into the sea and someone were to throw you a line, calling on you to grasp it, would you say, "I want to think about it?" And yet, you are in danger every day of dying unsaved, and knowing what to do to be saved, you still say, "I want to think about it." If I were to ask you what you want to think about you could not tell me. In your heart you know that your real purpose is to get rid of one who asks you an unpleasant question. You really do not want to think about religion at all. You know that you should be a Christian; that you can be a Christian; that you can hold out; that you never can know how faithful you can be until you try; and that you cannot be saved as long as you reject the only Savior, Jesus Christ. You know enough. You need to act. Do not men dodge every kind of unpleasant duty by saying, "I want to think about it?" This excuse has robbed God of the service of many men and populated perdition.—*Dr. Wiest.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Atrophy of the Spiritual.

I have said that in one respect my mind has changed during the last twenty or thirty years. Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it, poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a school-boy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. I have also said that formerly pictures gave me considerable, and music very great delight. I have lately tried to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. Music generally sets me thinking too energetically on what I have been at work on, instead of giving me pleasure. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause me the exquisite delight which it formerly did. * * This curious and lamentable loss of the higher aesthetic tastes is all the sadder, as books on history, biographies and travels (independently of any scientific facts which they may contain) and essays on all sorts of subjects interest me as much as they ever did. My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive, A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine, would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the motional part of our nature.—*Darwin's "Life and Letters."*

The Irrevocable Past.

Mr. Moody tells a similar story of a man in one of our insane asylums who walked up and down in the mad-house constantly, and his cry was, "If I only had!" That was his cry from morning till night in all his wakeful hours. His story was this: He was employed by a railroad company to take care of a swing-bridge, and he received a dispatch from the superintendent that an extra train would pass over the road, and that he must not turn the bridge until the train has passed. One after another came and tried to have him open the swing-bridge, and he refused to do it. At last a friend came and over-persuaded him, and he opened the bridge. He had no more than done so, when he heard the train coming. There was not time to close the bridge, and he saw the train leap, with all its living freight, into the abyss of death. His reason reeled and tottered upon its throne, and the man went mad. His cry was. "If I only had! If I only had!"

Ye Cannot Serve God and Mammon.

Raedwald, King of East Anglia, loth to decide either for paganism or Christianity, had in the same temple both a pagan and a Christian altar facing one another.

Fatal Delay.

The saddest of the many sad sights which I have witnessed was the death of a man who had been brought into the hospital terribly injured by a fall from a ladder.

He refused at first to believe that recovery was impossible, and when he could no longer disguise from himself the fact, his terror and excitement were terrible; and his answer, when gently and persuasively advised to think upon the love of God, and call upon him for pardon and support, made us shudder.

"God!" he hissed; "don't talk to me of him. I never would think of him, and I won't now. No, that I won't."

"But you are going to him, my poor man," said the chaplain tenderly, anxiously. "Oh, remember that you belong to him, he is your maker; you cannot keep yourself from him."

These words appeared to rouse him more fully to the fact of his nearness to death, and suddenly every feature settled into a wild expression of terror, he stared wildly around him, the

perspiration streamed from his forehead and trickled down his white cheeks, and so visible were the agitations that convulsed his frame that tears of mingled pity and awe filled our eyes.

"What am I to God, eh?" he suddenly shouted fiercely, and he then fixed a fiery glance upon the chaplain as if to demand a reply.

"You are one for whom his dear Son died, to win forgiveness," he was answered. "Yes, Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. God so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten son Jesus Christ, to the end that all who believe on him shall not perish—"

"Stop, will you?" interrupted the dying man, angrily, threateningly; "I know what's in the Bible, but it's nothing to me, it never was, and can't be now—now when I'm just leaving the world. No more of it, I say."

Then commenced the awful rattle in his throat, his lips became blanched, his teeth chattered, and there was something dreadful in the brief pause that followed those words.

Presently his breath came in quick convulsive sobs, and his last words were spoken with great difficulty.

"Ha, that's it," he said, thickly. "I—I've let the devil keep my thoughts of religion out of my heart so long that now—now they can't get in; he's made it as hard as iron. Can't alter now, * * * might have been different—could have served God had I chosen. * * * Folks can make their own choice about that. * * * I served the devil."

The last few words, though spoken in a whisper, were spoken with great vehemence. Presently he was struggling in vain for breath, and clenching his hands in agony, and so he passed away.

Then over the ward fell a strangely solemn hush, which, at the end of a few minutes, was broken by the chaplain, who, in a voice tremulous with emotion and earnestness, slowly upraised the fitting prayer, "From hardness of heart and contempt of thy word and commandment—good Lord, deliver us." —*Hammond.*

A Savior No Longer.

In a distant city, a man driving down the street lost control of his horse, and as it ran violently through the crowded streets, all were sure that only death was before the driver, when suddenly, an old man rushing out into the middle of the street, seized the frightened horse by the bit, hurled him back, and saved the life of the man in the carriage. The rescuer was one of the most prominent judges of the city. Not a great while after, the man who had been saved, was arrested for a crime, and by a singular coincidence, he was sent for trial to this very judge. The trial was concluded and the time for sentence had come, when the prisoner was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him. He rose tremblingly, took hold of the chair in front of him, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he said, "Why, judge, don't you know who I am? I am the man you saved the other day in the runaway. Have mercy on me. You were merciful to me then, pity me now." The judge was much moved; he was still for a moment, then he said, "I did recognize you, and I am sorry for you, but you must remember that then I was your savior, but today I am your judge." What a change it was; but O men and women, if you are not saved, the time is coming when just that change in Christ shall take place for you.

Opportunity.

I have in mind two towns situated along the Mississippi river, one in Illinois, the other on the Iowa side. In pioneer days, one of the towns was a busy, thriving frontier metropolis; a village, of course, but important for those times. A well-patronized stage-line ran through it; it was a central market for grain and produce and quite a shipping-point for cargoes that were rafted down the river; and it supplied the country for miles around with groceries and dry-goods. The other town was scarcely a town at all, only a few straggling loghouses with the proverbial blacksmith shop. By and by the news spread that a railroad was to run that way. Well, in the minds of the citizens of the first town there was only one possible place to cross the river, and that was where they were.

And so they made no effort to secure the railroad. They folded their municipal arms in utter indifference. And so sure were they that the line would run through their commanding town that they offered no inducements or concessions whatever. The other little handful of homeseekers realized that if their prospective town was ever going to amount to anything they must have the railroad, and that if they got the railroad they would have to "hustle," to use a western phrase. And so they hustled. As a result, the first town did not get the railroad and Oquawka now is just a lazy, sleepy, little fisherman's town, while Burlington is a growing city.

It is a good illustration of the way in which men individually and collectively are oftentimes blind to their best interests and stupidity sin away their days of grace.—*Homiletic Review.*

Too Late.

About sundown one evening a man was carried over the falls. Who he was is not known. His dress and appearance indicated respectability, and after he got into the rapids his self-possession was extraordinary. His boat was a very good one, decked over the bow, and I should think would carry three or four tons. No other than a person unacquainted with the current above the rapids would venture so near them. I was on the head of Goat Island when I first discovered the boat, then nearly half a mile below the foot of Navy Island, and nearly two miles above the falls. There seemed to be two in the boat. It was directed toward the American shore —the wind blowing from the shore, and the sail was still standing. Being well acquainted with the river, I regarded the position of the boat as extraordinary and hazardous, and watched it with intense anxiety. Soon I discovered the motion of an oar, and, from the changing direction of the boat, concluded it had but one. While constantly approaching nearer and nearer the rapids I could discover it was gaining the American shore, and by the time it had got near the first fall in the rapids, half a mile above Goat Island, it was directly above the island. There it was turned up the river, and for some time the wind kept it nearly stationary. The only hope

seemed to be to come directly to Goat Island, and whether I should run half a mile to give the alarm or remain to assist in case the boat attempted to make the island, was a question of painful doubt. But soon the boat was again turned toward the American shore. Then it was certain that it must go down the American rapids. I ran for the bridge, rallied a man at the toll-gate, and we ran to the main bridge in time to see the boat just before it got to the first large fall in the rapids. Then I saw but one man—he standing at the stern with his oar changing the course of the boat down the current, and as it plunged over he sat down. I was astonished to see the boat rise, with the mast and sail, standing, and the man again erect directing the boat toward the shore. As he came to the next and to each succeeding fall he sat down, and then would rise and apply his oar in the intermediate current. Still there was hope that he would come near enough to the pier to jump, but in a moment it was gone. Another, that he might jump upon the rock near the bridge, but the current dashed him from it under the bridge, breaking the mast. Again he rose on the opposite side. Taking his oar, and pointing his boat toward the main shore, he cried, "Had I better jump from the boat?" We could not answer, for either seemed certain destruction. Within a few rods of the falls the boat struck a rock, turned over and lodged. He appeared to crawl from under it, and swam with the oar in his hand until he went over the precipice. Without the power to render assistance—for half an hour watching a strong man struggling with every nerve for life, yet doomed with almost the certainty of destiny to an immediate and awful death, still hoping with every effort for his deliverance—caused an intensity of excitement I pray God never again to experience.—*Buffalo Advertiser.*

Costly Delay.

After the battle of Chancellorsville General Hooker, instead of quickly following up his victory with another attack, delayed it for a day. The golden moment was thus lost, and it never afterwards appeared again to the same extent. Soldiers' legs have as much to do with winning great victories as their arms.

Knowledge Without Action.

A German editor named Dr. Hoeber wrote a full description of the dangers of Alpine climbing, and all about how to avoid accidents; and then, going there recently on his vacation, and attempting to scale the Matterhorn, lost his life through a fall.

Paul gave all diligence to make his calling and election sure, but at the same time expressing the fear—"lest when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."

The Invisible Deadline.

There is a time we know not when,
A point we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.
There is a line by us unseen
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth,
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.
The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay,
That which is pleasing still may please
And care be thrown away.

But on the forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark
Unseen by men; for men as yet
Are blind and in the dark.
Oh! where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed?
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost.

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end and where begin
The confines of despair?
An answer from the skies is sent
—Ye that from God depart
While it is said "Today—repent
And harden not your heart."

"What is the Next Station?"

This was the question I asked of the station-master, as I sat waiting for the train. I had gone some miles into the country to visit an aged lady, who was very sick, and whose house was near the railway-station; and having finished my call, I was sitting in the waiting-room until the returning train should arrive.

I found myself alone with the depot-master, an aged man with white hair, and a face which told of care and the stern usage of time and hard work.

"What is the next station?" I inquired, being unacquainted with the road, which was a branch line running into the country.

"The next station is the last," he answered. "It is the terminus of the line. You passed a good many stopping places coming out, sir; but there is only one more as you go on."

There was a pause for a moment in the conversation; then, evidently understanding my errand, he asked:

"How is the old lady, sir?"

"She is fast nearing the last station," I replied. "She is very sick; and besides, she is seventy years old, and has reached the terminus of life as laid down in the Book; for you know the Bible says that 'the days of our years are three score years and ten,'—seventy years, that is, "seven stations."

There was quite a pause in the conversation again, during which the old man seemed to be thinking. Then he said:

"According to that, I suppose I may be pretty near the end of my route, since I am just turning seventy. Well, I am not sorry. I have worked hard and seen a good deal of trouble, and I shall not feel badly to get through."

"What is the next station?" I asked abruptly. "You say you are fast nearing the end of your journey of life, and that you have passed seven stations already. What is the next station?"

"Ah, nobody knows about that!" he answered. "We know about the past, but what is going to be hereafter no one can tell. I only hope that I shall be better off in the next world than I have been in this; but I cannot say certainly, for no one has ever come back from that world to tell us anything about it."

"Ah, but you are mistaken there!" I interrupted. "There is One who has come back, and told us about the future life. Do you not know that Jesus Christ rose again from the dead, 'and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel?"—*Leaflet.*

Be In Earnest.

There appeared at the door of our mission house in Unalaska, Alaska, an Eskimo boy, who had come a thousand miles, working his way as he could, because he had heard through some traders that at the mission house was a man who could tell him of the great King whom he should worship. The missionary, to test him, asked, "Would you like to study books?" "Study books little; study about great King very much," answered the boy. That earnest seeker was given the knowledge for which he hungered, and will become an enlightener to his own people.—*Sunday School Journal.*

Fatal Indecision.

A youth who gave promise of unusual ability was offered a fine opportunity to go to college, then to a professional school, if he wished. "Oh, I don't know!" was his answer; and again, "What's the use? I'm pretty well off now." Then the time within which he might decide in the affirmative flew by, and he went through life with undeveloped powers and crippled ability. Did he not really choose the lower life in not definitely choosing the higher?

The captain of a ship knew that his vessel was not in perfect condition to meet emergencies. He repeatedly put off going about making improvement, meaning to do it "some-

time." Then came a terrible accident and great loss of life. Is it too much to accuse that captain of having chosen to cause the death of many human beings? The jury before whom he was tried did not think it too much. Of old one neglected to see that his life-house was built on a rock, and in due time his house fell. Did he choose the disaster?—*New Century.*

Perilous Procrastination.

And of another, we are told, who in the full vigor of youth and health was trusting to the thought that there was "time enough," when he was dashed from a flying vehicle and borne insensible to the nearest dwelling. A physician was sent for in haste, and as the wounded youth came to himself his first question was, "Must I die? Must I die?" His firm and yet quivering tone, his earnest and almost desperate look demanded an honest answer, and it was given. He was told that he could not live more than a single hour. Rousing up at once to a full sense of the awful reality, he cried out in deep and fearful anguish, "God knows I have made no preparation for this. I have trusted to the future. I never dreamed of dying so. What shall I do—what shall I do to be saved?" He was told that he must repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. "But how shall I repent, and how shall I believe?" he again cries out, almost in distraction. But there is no time for explanation. Death will not wait for it. The work must be done—the whole work of life done—crowded into one short hour, and that an hour of intense bodily suffering and mental anguish and distraction. Parents were weeping over him. Friends were hurrying to and fro in all the agony of grief. And there the poor sufferer, his eye gleaming with desperation, and with an agony of earnestness continues the cry, "What shall I do?" till in one short hour his voice is hushed in death and his soul has passed to eternity.—*Homiletic Review.*

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